This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

249 s. 107

A. 6. $\frac{853}{2}$

16 B. $\frac{670}{2}$

CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON:

Printed for T. Payne, at the Mews-Gate; and
T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies (Successors
to Mr. Cadell) in the Strand.

1796.

249. s. 107.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK III.

		Page
Chap. I.	A few kind Offices, -	
II.	A Pro and a Con, -	27
III.	An Author's Notion of Travelling, - -	46
IV.	An internal Detection,	68
V.	An Author's Opinion of Visiting - -	88
VI.	An Author's Idea of Order,	112
VII.	A Maternal Eye, -	136
VIII.	Modern Ideas of Duty,	154
IX.	A few Embarrassments,	173
X.	Modern Ideas of Life,	194
XI.	Modern Notions of Penitence,	209
XII.	Airs and Graces, -	222
XIII.	Attic Adventures, -	243

BOOK

249 . 107

A. 6. $\frac{853}{2}$

1 6 B. $\frac{670}{2}$

2249 a. 107

A. 6. 853/2

16 B. 670/2

extending a thought beyond the present inſtant, again felt tranquil and happy: while to Edgar ſhe appeared ſo completely all that was adorable, that he could only remember to repent his engagement with Dr. Marchmont.

Her ſecret opinion that he was diſſatisfied with his lot, gave a ſoftneſs to her accents that enchanted him; while the high eſteem for his character, which mingled with her pity, joined to a lowered ſenſe of her own, from a new-born terror leſt that pity were too tender, ſpread a charm wholly new over her native fire and vivacity.

In a few minutes, they were overtaken by Mandlebert's gardener, who was bringing from Beech Park a baſket of flowers for his maſter. They were ſelected from curious hot-houſe plants, and Camilla ſtopt to admire their beauty and fragrance.

Edgar preſented her the baſket; whence ſhe ſimply took a ſprig of myrtle and geranium, conceiving the preſent to be deſigned for Indiana. "If you are fond of geraniums,"

niums," ſaid he, "there is an almoſt endleſs variety in my green-houſe, and I will bring you to-morrow ſome ſpecimens."

She thanked him, and while he gave orders to the gardener, Miſs Margland and Indiana advanced from the houſe.

Miſs Margland had ſeen them from her window, where, in vain deliberation, ſhe had been conſidering what ſtep to take. But, upon beholding them together, ſhe thought deliberation and patience were hopeleſs, and determined, by a deciſive ſtroke, to break in its bud the connection ſhe ſuppoſed forming, or throw upon Camilla all cenſure, if ſhe failed, as the ſole means ſhe could deviſe to exculpate her own ſagacity from impeachment. She called upon Indiana, therefore, to accompany her into the Park, exclaiming, in an angry tone, "Miſs Lynmere, I will ſhew you the true cauſe why Mr. Mandlebert does not declare himſelf—your couſin, Miſs Camilla, is wheedling him away from you."

Indiana, whofe belief in almoft whatever was faid, was undifturbed by any fpecies of reflection, felt filled with refentment, and a fenfe of injury, and readily following, faid—"I was fure there was fomething more in it than I faw, becaufe Mr. Melmond behaved fo differently. But I don't take it very kind of my coufin, I can tell her!"

They then hurried into the Park; but, as they came without any plan, they were no fooner within a few yards of the meeting, than they ftopt fhort, at a lofs what to fay or do.

Edgar, vexed at their interruption, continued talking to the gardener, to avoid joining them; but feeing Camilla, who lefs than ever wifhed for their communications, walk inftantly another way, he thought it would be improper to purfue her, and only bowing to Mifs Margland and Indiana, went into the houfe.

"This is worfe than ever," cried Mifs Margland, "to ftalk off without fpeaking, or even offering you any of his flowers,

which,

which, I dare ſay, are only to be put into the parlour flower-pots, for the whole houſe."

"I'm ſure I'm very glad of it," ſaid Indiana, for I hate flowers; but I'm ſure Mr. Melmond would not have done ſo; nor colonel Andover; nor Mr. Macderſey more than all."

"No, nor any body elſe, my dear, that had common ſenſe, and their eyes open; nor Mr. Mandlebert neither, if it were not for Miſs Camilla. However, we'll let her know we ſee what ſhe is about; and let Sir Hugh know too: for as to the colonels, and the enſigns, and that young Oxford ſtudent, they won't at all do; officers are commonly worth nothing; and ſcholars, you may take my word for it, my dear, are the dulleſt men in the world. Beſides, one would not give up ſuch a fine fortune as Mr. Mandlebert's without making a little ſtruggle for it. You don't know how many pretty things you may do with it. So let us

ſhew her we don't want for ſpirit, and ſpeak to her at once."

Theſe words, reviving in the mind of Indiana her wedding clothes, the train of ſervants, and the new equipage, gave freſh pique to her provocation: but finding ſome difficulty to overtake the fleet Camilla, whoſe pace kept meaſure with her wiſh to avoid them, ſhe called after her, to deſire ſhe would not walk ſo faſt.

Camilla reluctantly loitered, but without ſtopping or turning to meet them, that ſhe might ſtill regale herſelf with the perfume of the geranium preſented her by Edgar.

"You're in great haſte, ma'am," ſaid Miſs Margland, "which I own I did not obſerve to be the caſe juſt now!"

Camilla, in much ſurprize, aſked, what ſhe meant.

"My meaning is pretty plain, I believe, to any body that choſe to underſtand it. However, though Miſs Lynmere ſcorns to be her own champion, I cannot, as a friend,

friend, be quite ſo paſſive, nor help hinting to you, how little you would like ſuch a proceeding to yourſelf, from any other perſon."

"What proceeding?" cried Camilla, bluſhing, from a dawning comprehenſion of the ſubject, though reſenting the manner of the complaint.

"Nay, only aſk yourſelf, ma'am, only aſk yourſelf, Miſs Camilla, how you ſhould like to be ſo ſupplanted, if ſuch an eſtabliſhment were forming for yourſelf, and every thing were fixt, and every body elſe refuſed, and nobody to hinder its all taking place, but a near relation of your own, who ought to be the firſt to help it forward. I ſhould like to know, I ſay, Miſs Camilla, how you would feel, if it were your own caſe?"

Aſtoniſhed and indignant at ſo ſudden and violent an aſſault, Camilla ſtood ſuſpended, whether to deign any vindication, or to walk ſilently away: yet its implications involuntarily filled her with a thouſand other, and leſs offending emo-

tions than thofe of anger, and a general confufion crimfoned her cheeks.

"You cannot but be fenfible, ma'am," refumed Mifs Margland, "for fenfe is not what you want, that you have feduced Mr. Mandlebert from your coufin; you cannot but fee he takes hardly the fmalleft notice of her, from the pains you are at to make him admire nobody but yourfelf."

The fpirit of Camilla now rofe high to her aid, at a charge thus impertinent and unjuft. "Mifs Margland," fhe cried, "you fhock and amaze me! I am at a lofs for any motive to fo cruel an accufation: but you, I hope at leaft, my dear Indiana, are convinced how much it injures me." She would then have taken the hand of Indiana, but difdainfully drawing it back, "I fhan't break my heart about it, I affure you," fhe cried, "you are vaftly welcome to him for me; I hope I am not quite fo odious, but I may find other people in the world befides Mr. Mandlebert!"

"O,

" O, as to that," ſaid Miſs Margland, " I am ſure you have only to look in order to chuſe; but ſince this affair has been ſettled by your uncle, I can't ſay I think it very grateful in any perſon to try to overſet his particular wiſhes. Poor old gentleman! I'm ſure I pity him! It will go hard enough with him, when he comes to hear it! Such a requital!—and from his own niece!"

This was an attack the moſt offenſive that Camilla could receive; nothing could ſo nearly touch her as an idea of ingratitude to her uncle, and reſting upon that, the whole tide of thoſe feelings which were, in fact, divided and ſubdivided into many croſſing channels, ſhe broke forth, with great eagerneſs, into exclaiming, " Miſs Margland, this is quite barbarous! You know, and you, Indiana, cannot but know, I would not give my uncle the ſmalleſt pain, to be miſtreſs of a thouſand univerſes!"

" Why, then," ſaid Miſs Margland, " ſhould you break up a ſcheme which

he has ſo much ſet his heart upon? Why are you always winning over Mr. Mandlebert to yourſelf, by all that flattery? Why are you always conſulting him? always obliging him? always of his opinion? always ready to take his advice?"

"Miſs Margland," replied Camilla, with the extremeſt agitation, "this is ſo unexpected—ſo undeſerved an interpretation,—my conſultation, or my acquieſcence have been merely from reſpect; no other thought, no other motive—Good God! what is it you imagine?—what guilt would you impute to me?"

"O dear," cried Indiana, "pray don't ſuppoſe it ſignifies. If you like to make compliments in that manner to gentlemen, pray do it. I hope I ſhall always hold myſelf above it. I think it's their place to make compliments to me."

A reſentful anſwer was riſing to the tongue of Camilla, when ſhe perceived her two little ſprigs, which in her recent diſorder ſhe had dropt, were demoliſhing under the feet of Indiana, who, with appa-

rent

rent unmeaningneſs, but internal ſuſpicion of their giver, had trampled upon them both. Haſtily ſtooping ſhe picked them up, and, with evident vexation, was blowing from them the duſt and dirt, when Indiana ſcoffingly ſaid, "I wonder where you got that geranium?"

"I don't wonder at all," ſaid Miſs Margland, "for Sir Hugh has none of that ſpecies; ſo one may eaſily gueſs."

Camilla felt herſelf bluſh, and letting the flowers fall, turned to Indiana, and ſaid, "Couſin, if on my account, it is poſſible you can ſuffer the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs, tell me but what I ſhall do—you ſhall dictate to me—you ſhall command me."

Indiana diſclaimed all intereſt in her behaviour; but Miſs Margland cried, "What you can do, ma'am, is this, and nothing can be eaſier, nor fairer: leave off paying all that court to Mr. Mandlebert, of aſking his advice, and follow your own way, whether he likes it or not, and go to ſee Mrs. Arlbery, and Mrs. every body

elſe, when you have a mind, without waiting for his permiſſion, or troubling yourſelf about what he thinks of it."

Camilla now trembled in every joint, and with difficulty reſtrained from tears, while, timidly, ſhe ſaid—"And do you, my dear Indiana, demand of me this conduct? and will it, at leaſt, ſatisfy you?"

"Me? O dear no! I demand nothing, I aſſure you. The whole matter is quite indifferent to me, and you may aſk his leave for every thing in the world, if you chuſe it. There are people enough ready to take my part, I hope, if you ſet him againſt me ever ſo much."

"Indeed, indeed, Indiana," ſaid Camilla, overpowered with conflicting ſenſations, "this is uſing me very unkindly!" And, without waiting to hear another word, ſhe hurried into the houſe, and flew to hide herſelf in her own room.

This was the firſt bitter moment ſhe had ever known. Peace, gay though uniform, had been the conſtant inmate of her breaſt, enjoyed without thought, poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed without ſtruggle; not the ſubdued gift of accommodating philoſophy, but the inborn and genial produce of youthful felicity's beſt aliment, the energy of its own animal ſpirits.

She had, indeed, for ſome time paſt, thought Edgar of too refined and too ſuſceptible a character for the unthinking and undiſtinguiſhing Indiana; and for the laſt day or two, her regret at his fate had ſtrengthened itſelf into an averſeneſs of his ſuppoſed deſtination, that made the idea of it painful, and the ſubject repugnant to her; but ſhe had never, till this very morning, diſtruſted the innoxiouſneſs either of her pity or her regard; and, ſtartled at the firſt ſurmiſe of danger, ſhe had wiſhed to fly even from herſelf, rather than venture to inveſtigate feelings ſo unwelcome; yet ſtill and invariably, ſhe had concluded Edgar the future huſband of Indiana.

To hear there were any doubts of the intended marriage, filled her with emotions indefinable; to hear herſelf named

as the cauſe of thoſe doubts, was alarming both to her integrity and her delicacy. She felt the extremeſt anger at the unprovoked and unwarrantable harſhneſs of Miſs Margland, and a reſentment nearly equal at the determined petulance, and unjuſtifiable aſperſions of Indiana.

Satisfied of the innocence of her intentions, ſhe knew not what alteration ſhe could make in her behaviour; and, after various plans, concluded, that to make none would beſt manifeſt her freedom from ſelf-reproach. At the ſummons therefore to dinner, ſhe was the firſt to appear, eager to ſhew herſelf unmoved by the injuſtice of her accuſers, and deſirous to convince them ſhe was fearleſs of examination.

Yet, too much diſcompoſed to talk in her uſual manner, ſhe ſeized upon a book till the party was ſeated. Anſwering then to the call of her uncle, with as eaſy an air as ſhe could aſſume, ſhe took her accuſtomed place by his ſide, and began,

for

for mere employment, filling a plate from the diſh that was neareſt to her; which ſhe gave to the footman, without any direction whither to carry, or enquiry if any body choſe to eat of it.

It was taken round the table, and, though refuſed by all, ſhe heaped up another plate, with the ſame diligence and ſpeed as if it had been accepted.

Edgar, who had been accidentally detained, only now entered, apologizing for being ſo late.

Engroſſed by the pride of ſelf-defence, and the indignancy of unmerited unkindneſs, the diſturbed mind of Camilla had not yet formed one ſeparate reflexion, nor even admitted a diſtinct idea of Edgar himſelf, diſengaged from the accuſation in which he ſtood involved. But he had now amply his turn. The moment he appeared, the deepeſt bluſhes covered her face; and an emotion ſo powerful beat in her breaſt, that the immediate impulſe of her impetuous feelings,

ings, was to declare herſelf ill, and run out of the room.

With this view ſhe roſe; but aſhamed of her plan, ſeated herſelf the next moment, though ſhe had firſt overturned her plate and a ſauce-boat in the vehemence of her haſte.

This accident rather recovered than diſconcerted her, by affording an unaffected occupation, in begging pardon of Sir Hugh, who was the chief ſufferer, changing the napkins, and reſtoring the table to order.

"What upon earth can be the matter with Miſs Camilla, I can't gueſs!" exclaimed Miſs Margland, though with an expreſſion of ſpite that fully contradicted her difficulty of conjecture.

"I hope," ſaid Edgar ſurprized, "Miſs Camilla is not ill?"

"I can't ſay I think my couſin looks very bad!" ſaid Indiana.

Camilla, who was rubbing a part of her gown upon which nothing had fallen, affected

affected to be too busy to hear them: while Sir Hugh, concluding her silent from shame, entreated her not to think of his cloaths, which were worth no great matter, not being his best by two or three suits. Her thoughts had not waited this injunction; yet it was in vain she strove to behave as if nothing had happened. Her spirit instigated, but it would not support her; her voice grew husky, she stammered, forgot, as she went on, what she designed to say when she began speaking, and frequently was forced to stop short, with a faint laugh at herself, and with a colour every moment encreasing. And the very instant the cloth was removed, she rose, unable to constrain herself any longer, and ran up stairs to her own room.

There all her efforts evaporated in tears. "Cruel, cruel, Miss Margland," she cried, "unjust, unkind Indiana! how have I merited this treatment! What can Edgar think of my disturbance? What can I devise to keep from his knowledge the barbarous

barbarous accuſation which has cauſed it?"

In a few minutes ſhe heard the ſtep of Eugenia.

Aſhamed, ſhe haſtily wiped her eyes; and before the door could be opened, was at the further end of the room, looking into one of her drawers.

"What is it that has vexed my deareſt Camilla?" cried her kind ſiſter, "ſomething I am ſure has grieved her."

"I cannot gueſs what I have done with—I can no where find—" ſtammered Camilla, engaged in ſome apparent ſearch, but too much confuſed to name any thing of which ſhe might probably be in want.

Eugenia deſired to aſſiſt her, but a ſervant came to the door, to tell them that the company was going to the ſummer-houſe, whither Sir Hugh begged they would follow.

Camilla beſought Eugenia to join them, and make her excuſes: but, fearing Miſs Margland would attribute her abſconding

to

to guilt, or cowardice, ſhe bathed her eyes in cold water, and overtook her ſiſter at the ſtairs of the little building.

In aſcending them, ſhe heard Miſs Margland ſay, " I dare believe nothing's the matter but ſome whim; for to be ſure as to whims, Miſs Camilla has the moſt of any creature I ever ſaw, and Miſs Lynmere the leaſt; for you may imagine, Mr. Mandlebert, I have pretty good opportunity to ſee all theſe young people in their real colours."

Overſet by this malignancy, ſhe was again flying to the refuge of her own room, and the relief of tears, when the conviction of ſuch poſitive ill-will in Miſs Margland, for which ſhe could aſſign no reaſon, but her unjuſt and excluſive partiality to Indiana, checked her precipitancy. She feared ſhe would conſtrue to ſtill another whim her non-appearance, and reſuming a little freſh ſtrength from freſh reſentment, turned back; but the various keen ſenſations ſhe experienced as ſhe entered the ſummer-houſe, rendered

dered this little action the most severe stretch of fortitude, her short and happy life had yet called upon her to make.

Sir Hugh addressed her with some kind enquiries, which she hastily answered, while she pretended to be busy in preparing to wind some sewing silk upon cards.

She could have chosen no employment less adapted to display the cool indifference she wished to manifest to Miss Margland and Indiana. She pulled the silk the wrong way, twisted, twirled, and entangled it continually; and while she talked volubly of what she was about, as if it were the sole subject of her thoughts, her shaking hands shewed her whole frame disordered, and her high colour betrayed her strong internal emotion.

Edgar looked at her with surprize and concern. What had dropt from Miss Margland of her whims, he had heard with disdain; for, without suspecting her of malice to Camilla, he concluded her warped by her prejudice in favour of Indiana.

diana. Dr. Marchmont, however, had bid him judge by proof, not appearance; and he resolved therefore to investigate the cause of this disquiet, before he acted upon his belief in its blamelessness.

Having completely spoilt one skein, she threw it aside, and saying "the weather's so fine, I cannot bear to stay within,"—left her silk, her winders, and her work-bag, on the first chair, and skipt down the stairs.

Sir Hugh declined walking, but would let nobody remain with him. Edgar, as if studying the clouds, glided down first. Camilla, perceiving him, bent her head, and began gathering some flowers. He stood by her a moment in silence, and then said: "To-morrow morning, without fail, I will wait upon Mrs. Needham."

"Pray take your own time. I am not in any haste."

"You are very good, and I am more obliged to you than I can express, for suffering

ſuffering my officious interference with ſuch patience."

A ruſtling of ſilk made Camilla now look up, and ſhe perceived Miſs Margland leaning half out of the window of the ſummer-houſe, from earneſtneſs to catch what ſhe ſaid.

Angry thus to be watched, and perſuaded that both innocence and dignity called upon her to make no change in her open conſideration for Edgar, ſhe anſwered, in a voice that ſtrove to be more audible, but that irreſiſtibly trembled, "I beg you will impartially conſult your own judgment, and decide as you think right."

Edgar, now, became as little compoſed as herſelf: the power with which ſhe inveſted him, poſſeſſed a charm to diſſolve every heſitating doubt; and when, upon her raiſing her head, he perceived the redneſs of her eyes, and found that the perturbation which had perplexed him was mingled with ſome affliction, the moſt tender

tender anxiety filled his mind, and though ſomewhat checked by the vicinity of Miſs Margland, his voice expreſſed the warmeſt ſolicitude, as he ſaid, "I know not how to thank you for this ſweetneſs; but I fear ſomething diſturbs you?—I fear you are not well, or are not happy?"

Camilla again bent over the flowers; but it was not to ſcent their fragrance; ſhe ſought only a hiding place for her eyes, which were guſhing with tears; and though ſhe wiſhed to fly a thouſand miles off, ſhe had not courage to take a ſingle ſtep, nor force to truſt her voice with the ſhorteſt reply.

"You will not ſpeak? yet you do not deny that you have ſome uneaſineſs?—Could I give it but the ſmalleſt relief, how fortunate I ſhould think myſelf!—And is it quite impoſſible?—Do you forbid me to aſk what it is?—forbid me the indulgence even to ſuggeſt——"

"Aſk nothing! ſuggeſt nothing! and think of it no more!" interrupted Ca-

milla, “ if you would not make me quite —— ”

She ſtopt ſuddenly, not to utter the word unhappy, of which ſhe felt the improper ſtrength at the moment it was quivering on her lips, and leaving her ſentence unfiniſhed, abruptly walked away.

Edgar could not preſume to follow, yet felt her conqueſt irreſiſtible. Her ſelf-denial with regard to Mrs. Arlbery won his higheſt approbation; her compliance with his wiſhes convinced him of her eſteem; and her diſtreſs, ſo new and ſo unaccountable, centered every wiſh of his heart in a deſire to ſolace, and to revive her.

To obtain this privilege haſtened at once and determined his meaſures; he excuſed himſelf, therefore, from walking, and went inſtantly to his chamber, to reclaim, by a haſty letter to Dr. Marchmont, his procraſtinating promiſe.

CHAP. II.

A Pro and a Con.

WITH a pen flowing quick from feelings of the moſt generous warmth, Edgar wrote the following letter:

To Dr. Marchmont.

Accuſe me not of precipitance, my dear Doctor, nor believe me capable of forgetting the wiſdom of your ſuggeſtions, nor of lightly weighing thoſe evils with which your zeal has encompaſſed me, though I write at this inſtant to confeſs a total contrariety of ſentiment, to call back every promiſe of delay, and to make an unqualified avowal, that the period of caution is paſt! Camilla is not happy—ſomething, I know not what, has diſturbed the gay ſerenity of her boſom: ſhe has forbid me to enquire the cauſe;

—one way only remains to give me a claim to her confidence.—O Doctor! wonder not if cold, tardy, fufpicious—I had nearly faid unfeeling, caution, fhrinks at fuch a moment, from the rifing influence of warmer fympathy, which bids me footh her in diftrefs, fhield her from danger, ftrengthen all her virtues, and participate in their emanations!

You will not do me the injuftice to think me either impelled or blinded by external enchantments; you know me to have withftood their yet fuller blaze in her coufin: O no! were fhe defpoiled of all perfonal attraction by the fame ravaging diftemper that has been fo fierce with her poor fifter; were a fimilar cruel accident to rob her form of all fymmetry, fhe would yet be more fafcinating to my foul, by one fingle look, one fingle word, one fweet beaming fmile, diffufing all the gaiety it difplays, than all of beauty, all of elegance, all of rank, all of wealth, the whole kingdom, in fome wonderful aggregate, could oppofe to her.

Her

Her face, her form, however penetrating in lovelineſs, aid, but do not conſtitute, her charms; no, 'tis the quick intelligence of ſoul that mounts to her eyes, 'tis the ſpirit checked by ſweetneſs, the ſweetneſs animated by ſpirit, the nature ſo nobly above all artifice, all ſtudy —O Doctor! reſtore to me immediately every veſtige, every trait of any promiſe, any acquieſcence, any idea the moſt diſtant, that can be conſtrued into a compliance with one moment's requiſition of delay!

EDGAR MANDLEBERT.

Gleves Park, Friday Evening.

* * *

Camilla, meanwhile, ſhut up in her room, wept almoſt without ceſſation, from a ſenſe of general unhappineſs, though fixed to no point, and from a diſturbance of mind, a confuſion of ideas and of feelings, that rendered her incapable of reflection. She was again followed by Eugenia, and could no longer refuſe, to her

tender anxiety, a ſhort detail of the attack which occaſioned her diſorder; happy, at leaſt, in reciting it, that by unfolding the cauſe, there no longer remained any neceſſity to repreſs the effects of her affliction.

To her great ſurpriſe, however, Eugenia only ſaid: "And is this all, my dear Camilla?"

"All!" exclaimed Camilla.

"Yes, is it all?—I was afraid ſome great misfortune had happened."

"And what could happen more painful, more ſhocking, more cruel?"

"A thouſand things! for this is nothing but a mere miſtake; and you ſhould not make yourſelf unhappy about it, becauſe you are not to blame."

"Is it then nothing to be accuſed of deſigns and intentions ſo criminal?"

"If the accuſation were juſt, it might indeed make you wretched: but it is Miſs Margland only who has any reaſon to be afflicted; for it is ſhe alone who has been in the wrong."

Struck with this plain but uncontro-

vertible

vertible truth, Camilla wiped her eyes, and ſtrove to recover ſome compoſure; but finding her tears ſtill force their way, "It is not," ſhe cried, with ſome heſitation, "it is not the aſperſions of Miſs Margland alone that give me ſo much vexation—the unkindneſs of Indiana—"

"Indeed ſhe is highly reprehenſible; and ſo I will tell her;—but ſtill, if ſhe has any fears, however ill-founded, of loſing Edgar, you cannot but pardon—you muſt even pity her."

Struck again, and ſtill more forcibly, by this ſecond truth, Camilla, aſhamed of her grief, made a ſtronger and more ſerious effort to repreſs it; and receiving ſoon afterwards a ſummons from her uncle, her ſpirit roſe once more to the relief of her dejection, upon ſeeing him ſeated between Miſs Margland and Indiana, and diſcerning that they had been making ſome ſucceſsful complaint, by the air of triumph with which they waited her approach.

"My dear Camilla," he cried, with a

look of much diſturbance, "here's a ſad ado, I find; though I don't mean to blame you, nor young Mr. Mandlebert neither, taſte being a fault one can't avoid; not but what a perſon's changing their mind is what I can't commend in any one, which I ſhall certainly let him know, not doubting to bring him round by means of his own ſenſe: only, my dear, in the mean while, I muſt beg you not to ſtand in your couſin's way."

"Indeed, my dear uncle, I do not merit this imputation; I am not capable of ſuch treachery!" indignantly anſwered Camilla.

"Treachery! Lord help us! treachery!" cried Sir Hugh, fondly embracing her, "don't I know you are as innocent as the baby unborn? and more innocent too, from the advantage of having more ſenſe to guide you by! treachery, my dear Camilla! why, I think there's nobody ſo good in the wide world!—by which I mean no reflections, never thinking it right to make any."

Indiana,

Indiana, ſullenly pouting, ſpoke not a word; but Miſs Margland, with a tone of plauſibility that was ſome covert to its malice, ſaid "Why then all may be well, and the young ladies as good friends as ever, and Mr. Mandlebert return to the conduct of a gentleman, only juſt by Miſs Camilla's doing as ſhe would be done by; for nothing that all of us can ſay will have any effect, if ſhe does not diſcourage him from dangling about after her in the manner he does now, ſpeaking to nobody elſe, and always aſking her opinion about every trifle, which is certainly doing no great juſtice to Miſs Lynmere."

Indiana, with a toſs of the head, proteſted his notice was the laſt thing ſhe deſired.

"My dear Indiana," ſaid Sir Hugh, "don't mind all that outward ſhew. Mr. Mandlebert is a very good boy; and as to your couſin Camilla, I am ſure I need not put you in mind how much ſhe is the ſame; but I really

think, whatever's the reaſon, the young youths of now-a-days grow backwarder and backwarder. Though I can't ſay but what in my time it was juſt the ſame; witneſs myſelf; which is what I have been ſorry for often enough, though I have left off repenting it now, becauſe it's of no uſe; age being a thing there's no getting ahead of."

"Well, then, all that remains is this," ſaid Miſs Margland, "let Miſs Camilla keep out of Mr. Mandlebert's way; and let her order the carriage, and go to Mrs. Arlbery's to-morrow, and take no notice of his likings and diſlikings; and I'll be bound for it he will ſoon think no more of her, and then, of courſe, he will give the proper attention to Miſs Lynmere."

"O, if that's all," cried Sir Hugh, "my dear Camilla, I am ſure, will do it, and as much again too, to make her couſin eaſy. And ſo now, I hope, all is ſettled, and my two good girls will kiſs one another, and be friends; which I am ſure I am myſelf, with all my heart."

Camilla hung her head, in ſpeechleſs perturbation, at a taſk which appeared to her equally hard and unjuſt; but while fear and ſhame kept her ſilent, Sir Hugh drew her to Indiana, and a cold, yet unavoidable ſalute, gave a ſpecies of tacit conſent to a plan which ſhe did not dare oppoſe, from the very ſtrength of the deſire that urged her oppoſition.

They then ſeparated; Sir Hugh delighted, Miſs Margland triumphant, Indiana half ſatisfied, half affronted, and Camilla with a mind ſo crowded, a heart ſo full, ſhe ſcarcely breathed. Senſations the moſt contrary, of pain, pleaſure, hope, and terror, at once aſſailed her. Edgar, of whom ſo long ſhe had only thought as of the deſtined huſband of Indiana, ſhe now heard named with ſuſpicions of another regard, to which ſhe did not dare give full extenſion; yet of which the moſt diſtant ſurmiſe made her conſider herſelf, for a moment, as the happieſt of human beings, though ſhe held herſelf the next as the moſt culpable for even wiſhing it.

She found Eugenia ſtill in her room, who, perceiving her increaſed emotion, tenderly enquired, if there were any new cauſe.

"Alas! yes, my deareſt Eugenia! they have been exacting from me the moſt cruel of ſacrifices! They order me to fly from Edgar Mandlebert—to reſiſt his advice—to take the very meaſures I have promiſed to forbear—to diſoblige, to ſlight, to behave to him even offenſively! my uncle himſelf, lenient, kind, indulgent as he is, my uncle himſelf has been prevailed with to inflict upon me this terrible injunction."

"My uncle," anſwered Eugenia, "is incapable of giving pain to any body, and leaſt of all to you, whom he loves with ſuch fondneſs; he has not therefore comprehended the affair; he only conſiders, in general, that to pleaſe or to diſpleaſe Edgar Mandlebert can be a matter of no moment to you, when compared with its importance to Indiana."

"It is a thouſand and a thouſand, a

million and a million times more important to me, than it can ever be to her!" exclaimed the ardent Camilla, "for ſhe values not his kindneſs, ſhe knows not his worth, ſhe is inſenſible to his virtues!"

"You judge too haſtily, my dear Camilla; ſhe has not indeed your warmth of heart; but if ſhe did not wiſh the union to take place, why would ſhe ſhew all this diſquiet in the apprehenſion of its breach?"

Camilla, ſurpriſed into recollection, endeavoured to become calmer.

"You, indeed," continued the temperate Eugenia, "if ſo ſituated, would not ſo have behaved; you would not have been ſo unjuſt; and you could not have been ſo weak; but ſtill, if you had received, however cauſeleſsly, any alarm for the affection of the man you meant to marry, and that man were as amiable as Edgar, you would have been equally diſturbed."

Camilla,

Camilla, convinced, yet ſhocked, felt the flutter of her heart give a thouſand hues to her face, and walking to the window, leaned far out to gaſp for breath.

"Weigh the requeſt more coolly, and you cannot refuſe a ſhort compliance. I am ſure you would not make Indiana unhappy."

"O, no! not for the world!" cried ſhe, ſtruggling to ſeem more reaſonable than ſhe felt.

"Yet how can ſhe be otherwiſe, if ſhe imagines you have more of the notice and eſteem of Edgar than herſelf?"

Camilla now had not a word to ſay; the ſubject dropt; ſhe took up a book, and by earneſt internal remonſtrances, commanded herſelf to appear at tea-time with tolerable ſerenity.

The evening was paſſed in ſpiritleſs converſation, or in liſtening to the piano-forte, upon which Indiana, with the utmoſt difficulty, played ſome very eaſy leſſons.

At

At night, the following anſwer arrived from Dr. Marchmont:

To Edgar Mandlebert, *Eſq.*

Parſonage Houſe, Cleves,
Friday Night.

My dear Friend,

I muſt be thankful, in a moment of ſuch enthuſiaſm, that you can pay the attention of even recollecting thoſe evils with which my zeal only has, you think, encompaſſed you. I cannot inſiſt upon the practice of caution which you deem unfounded; but as you wait my anſwer, I will once more open upon my ſentiments, and communicate my wiſhes. It is now only I can ſpeak them; the inſtant you have informed the young lady of your own, ſilences them for ever. Your honour and her happineſs become then entangled in each other, and I know not which I would leaſt willingly aſſail. What in all men is baſe, would to you, I believe, be impoſſible—to trifle with ſuch favour as may be the growth of your own undiſguiſed partiality.

Your

Your present vehemence to ascertain the permanent possession of one you conceive formed for your felicity, obscures, to your now absorbed faculties, the thousand nameless, but tenacious, delicacies annexed by your species of character to your powers of enjoyment. In two words, then, let me tell you, what, in a short time, you will daily tell yourself: you cannot be happy if not exclusively loved, for you cannot excite, you cannot bestow happiness.

By exclusively, I do not mean to the exclusion of other connections and regard; far from it; those who covet in a bride the oblivion of all former friendships, all early affections, weaken the finest ties of humanity, and dissolve the first compact of unregistered but genuine integrity. The husband, who would rather rationally than with romance be loved himself, should seek to cherish, not obliterate the kind feelings of nature in its first expansions. These, where properly bestowed, are the guarantees to that constant and respectable

tenderness,

tendernefs, which a narrow and felfifh jealoufy rarely fails to convert into diftafte and difguft.

The partiality which I mean you to afcertain, injures not thefe prior claims; I mean but a partiality exclufive of your fituation in life, and of all declaration of your paffion: a partiality, in fine, that is appropriate to yourfelf, not to the rank in the world with which you may tempt her ambition, nor to the blandifhments of flattery, which only foften the heart by intoxicating the underftanding.

Obferve, therefore, if your general character, and ufual conduct, ftrike her mind; if her efteem is yours without the attraction of affiduity and adulation; if your natural difpofition and manners make your fociety grateful to her, and your approbation defirable.

It is thus alone you can fecure your own contentment; for it is thus alone your reflecting mind can fnatch from the

time

time to come the dangerous ſurmiſes of a dubious retroſpection.

Remember, you can always advance; you can never, in honour, go back; and believe me when I tell you, that the mere ſimple avowal of preference, which only ultimately binds the man, is frequently what firſt captivates the woman. If her mind is not previouſly occupied, it operates with ſuch ſeductive ſway, it ſo ſoothes, ſo flatters, ſo bewitches her ſelf-complacency, that while ſhe liſtens, ſhe imperceptibly fancies ſhe participates in ſentiments, which, but the minute before, occurred not even to her imagination; and while her hand is the recompence of her own eulogy, ſhe is not herſelf aware if ſhe has beſtowed it where her eſteem and regard, unbiaſſed by the eloquence of acknowledged admiration, would have wiſhed it ſought, or if it has ſimply been the boon of her own gratified vanity.

I now no longer urge your acquieſcence, my dear friend; I merely entreat you

you twice to peruſe what I have written, and then leave you to act by the reſult of ſuch peruſal.

I remain
Your truly faithful and obliged
GABRIEL MARCHMONT.

Edgar ran through this letter with an impatience wholly foreign to his general character. "Why," cried he, "will he thus obtrude upon me theſe faſtidious doubts and cauſeleſs difficulties? I begged but the reſtitution of my promiſe, and he gives it me in words that nearly annihilate my power of uſing it."

Diſappointed and diſpleaſed, he haſtily put it into his pocket-book, reſolving to ſeek Camilla, and commit the conſequences of an interview to the impulſes it might awaken.

He was half way down ſtairs, when the ſentence finiſhing with, "you cannot excite, you cannot beſtow happineſs," confuſedly recurred to him: "If in that," thought

thought he, "I fail, I am a ftranger to it myfelf, and a ftranger for ever;" and, returning to his room, he re-opened the letter to look for the paffage.

The fentence loft nothing by being read a fecond time; he paufed upon it dejectedly, and prefently re-read the whole epiftle.

"He is not quite wrong!" cried he, penfively; "there is nothing very unreafonable in what he urges: true, indeed, it is, that I can never be happy myfelf, if her happinefs is not entwined around my own."

The firft blight thus borne to that ardent glee with which the imagination rewards its own elevated fpeculations, he yet a third time read the letter.

"He is right!" he then cried; "I will inveftigate her fentiments, and know what are my chances for her regard; what I owe to real approbation; and what merely to intimacy of fituation. I will poftpone all explanation till my vifit here expires, and devote the probationary interval,

terval, to an examination which ſhall obviate all danger of either deceiving my own reaſon, or of beguiling her inconſiderate acceptance."

This ſettled, he rejoiced in a maſtery over his eagerneſs, which he conſidered as complete, ſince it would defer for no leſs than a week the declaration of his paſſion.

CHAP. III.

An Author's Notion of Travelling.

THE next morning Camilla, ſad and unwilling to appear, was the laſt who entered the breakfaſt-parlour. Edgar inſtantly diſcerned the continued unhappineſs, which an aſſumed ſmile concealed from the unſuſpicious Sir Hugh, and the week of delay before him ſeemed an outrage to all his wiſhes.

While ſhe was drinking her firſt cup of tea, a ſervant came in, and told her the carriage was ready.

She coloured, but nobody ſpoke, and the ſervant retired. Edgar was going to aſk the deſign for the morning, when Miſs Margland ſaid—"Miſs Camilla, as the horſes have got to go and return, you had better not keep them waiting."

Colouring ſtill more deeply, ſhe was

going to difclaim having ordered them, though well aware for what purpofe they were come, when Sir Hugh faid—" I think, my dear, you had beft take Eugenia with you, which may ferve you as a companion to talk to, in cafe you want to fay any thing by the way, which I take for granted; young people not much liking to hold their tongues for a long while together, which is very natural, having fo little to think of."

" Mifs Eugenia, then," cried Mifs Margland, before Camilla could reply, " run for your cloak as foon as you have finifhed your breakfaft."

Eugenia, hoping to aid her fifter in performing a tafk, which fhe confidered as a peace-offering to Indiana, faid, fhe had already done.

Camilla now loft all courage for refiftance; but feeling her chagrin almoft intolerable, quitted the room with her tea undrunk, and without making known if fhe fhould return or not.

Eugenia followed, and Edgar, much amazed, ſaid, he had forgotten to order his horſe for his morning's ride, and haſtily made off: determined to be ready to hand the ſiſters to the carriage, and learn whither it was to drive.

Camilla, who, in flying to her room, thought of nothing leſs than preparing for an excurſion which ſhe now deteſted, was again ſurpriſed in tears by Eugenia.

"What, my deareſt Camilla," ſhe cried, "can thus continually affect you? you cannot be ſo unhappy without ſome cauſe!—why will you not truſt your Eugenia?"

"I cannot talk," ſhe anſwered, aſhamed to repeat reaſons which ſhe knew Eugenia held to be inadequate to her concern—"If there is no reſource againſt this perſecution—if I muſt render myſelf hateful to give them ſatisfaction, let us, at leaſt, be gone immediately, and let me be ſpared ſeeing the perſon I ſo ungratefully offend."

She

She then hurried down ſtairs; but finding Edgar in waiting, ſtill more quickly hurried back, and in an agony, for which ſhe attempted not to account, caſt herſelf into a chair, and told Eugenia, that if Miſs Margland did not contrive to call Edgar away, the univerſe could not prevail with her to paſs him in ſuch defiance.

"My dear Camilla," ſaid Eugenia, ſurprized, yet compaſſionately, "if this viſit is become ſo painful to you, relinquiſh it at once."

"Ah, no! for that cruel Miſs Margland will then accuſe me of ſtaying away only to follow the counſel of Edgar."

She ſtopt; for the countenance of Eugenia ſaid—"*And is that not your motive?*" A ſudden conſciouſneſs took place of her diſtreſs; ſhe hid her face, in the hope of concealing her emotion, and with as calm a voice as ſhe could attain, ſaid, the moment they could paſs unobſerved ſhe would ſet off.

Eugenia went down ſtairs.

" Alas! alas!" ſhe then cried, " into what miſery has this barbarous Miſs Margland thrown me! Eugenia herſelf ſeems now to ſuſpect ſomething wrong; and ſo, I ſuppoſe, will my uncle; and I can only convince them of my innocence by acting towards Edgar as a monſter.—Ah! I would ſooner a thouſand times let them all think me guilty!"

Eugenia had met Miſs Margland in the hall, who, impatient for their departure, paſſed her, and aſcended the ſtairs.

At the ſound of her footſteps, the horror of her reproaches and inſinuations conquered every other feeling, and Camilla, ſtarting up, ruſhed forward, and ſaying " Good morning!" ran off.

Edgar was ſtill at the door, and came forward to offer her his hand. " Pray take care of Eugenia," ſhe cried, abruptly paſſing him, and darting, unaided, into the chaiſe. Edgar, aſtoniſhed, obeyed, and gave his more welcome aſſiſtance to Eugenia; but when both were ſeated, ſaid—

ſaid—“ Where ſhall I tell the poſtillion to drive?”

Camilla, who was pulling one of the green blinds up, and again letting it down, twenty times in a minute, affected not to hear him; but Eugenia anſwered, “ to the Grove, to Mrs. Arlbery's.”

The poſtillion had already received his orders from Miſs Margland, and drove off; leaving Edgar mute with ſurprize, diſappointment and mortification.

Miſs Margland was juſt behind him, and conceived this the fortunate inſtant for eradicating from his mind every favourable pre-poſſeſſion for Camilla; aſſuming, therefore, an air of concern, ſhe ſaid—“ So, you have found Miſs Camilla out, in ſpite of all her precautions! ſhe would fain not have had you know her frolic.”

“ Not know it! has there, then, been any plan? did Miſs Camilla intend——”

“ O, ſhe intends nothing in the world for two minutes together! only ſhe did not like you ſhould find out her fickleneſs. You know, I told you, before, ſhe was all

 whim;

whim; and ſo you will find. You may always take my opinion, be aſſured. Miſs Lynmere is the only one among them that is always the ſame, always good, always amiable."

"And is not Miſs——" he was going to ſay Camilla, but checking himſelf, finiſhed with—"Miſs Eugenia, at leaſt, always equal, always conſiſtent?"

"Why, ſhe is better than Miſs Camilla; but not one among them has any ſteadineſs, or real ſweetneſs, but Miſs Lynmere. As to Miſs Camilla, if ſhe has not her own way, there's no enduring her, ſhe frets, and is ſo croſs. When you put her off, in that friendly manner, from gadding after a new acquaintance ſo improper for her, you ſet her into ſuch an ill humour, that ſhe has done nothing but cry, as you may have ſeen by her eyes, and worry herſelf and all of us round, except you, ever ſince; but ſhe was afraid of you, for fear you ſhould take her to taſk, which ſhe hates of all things."

Half

Half incredulous, yet half ſhocked, Edgar turned from this harangue in ſilent diſguſt. He knew the ſplenetic nature of Miſs Margland, and truſted ſhe might be wrong; but he knew, too, her opportunities for obſervation, and dreaded leſt ſhe might be right. Camilla had been certainly low ſpirited, weeping, and reſtleſs; was it poſſible it could be for ſo ſlight, ſo unmeaning a cauſe? His wiſh was to follow her on horſeback; but this, unauthorized, might betray too much anxiety: he tried not to think of what had been ſaid by Dr. Marchmont, while this cloud hung over her diſpoſition and ſincerity; for whatever might be the malignity of Miſs Margland, the breach of a promiſe, of which the voluntary ſweetneſs had ſo lately proved his final captivation, could not be doubted, and called aloud for explanation.

He mounted, however, his horſe, to make his promiſed enquiries of Mrs. Needham; for though the time was already paſt for impeding the acquaintance from

taking place, its progreſs might yet be ſtopt, ſhould it be found incompatible with propriety.

The young ladies had ſcarce left the Park, when Sir Hugh, recollecting a promiſe he had made to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold, of never ſuffering Eugenia to go abroad unattended by ſome gentleman, while Bellamy remained in the country, ſent haſtily to beg that Edgar would follow the carriage.

Edgar was out of ſight, and there was no chance of overtaking him.

"Lack-a-day!" ſaid Sir Hugh, "thoſe young folks can never walk a horſe but full gallop!" He then reſolved to aſk Dr. Orkborne to go after his pupil, and ride by the ſide of the chaiſe. He ordered a horſe to be ſaddled; and, to loſe no time by meſſages, the tardineſs of which he had already experienced with this gentleman, he went himſelf to his apartment, and after ſeveral vain rappings at his door, entered the room unbid, ſaying—"Good Dr. Orkborne, unleſs you are dead, which God

God forbid! I think it's ſomething uncomfortable that you can't ſpeak to a perſon waiting at your door; not that I pretend to doubt but you may have your proper reaſons, being what I can't judge."

He then begged he would get booted and ſpurred inſtantly, and follow his two nieces to Mrs. Arlbery's, in order to take care of Eugenia; adding, "though I'm afraid, Doctor, by your look, you don't much liſten to me, which I am ſorry for; my not being able to ſpeak like Horace and Virgil being no fault of mine, but of my poor capacity, which no man can be ſaid to be anſwerable for."

He then again entreated him to ſet off.

"Only a moment, ſir! I only beg you'll accord me one moment!" cried the Doctor, with a fretful ſigh; while, ſcreening his eyes with his left hand, he endeavoured haſtily to make a memorandum of his ideas, before he forced them to any other ſubject.

“ Really, Dr. Orkborne,” ſaid Sir Hugh, ſomewhat diſpleaſed, “ I muſt needs remark, for a friend, I think this rather ſlow: however, I can’t ſay I am much diſappointed, now, that I did not turn out a ſcholar myſelf, for I ſee, plain enough, you learned men think nothing of any conſequence but Homer and ſuch; which, however, I don’t mean to take ill, knowing it was like enough to have been my own caſe.”

He then left the room, intending to ſend a man and horſe after the chaiſe, to deſire his two nieces to return immediately.

Dr. Orkborne, who, though copiouſly ſtored with the works of the ancients, had a ſluggiſh underſtanding, and no imagination, was entirely overſet by this intruſion. The chain of his obſervations was utterly broken; he ſtrove vainly to reſcue from oblivion the ſlow ripening fruits of his tardy conceptions, and, proportioning his eſtimation of their value by their labour, he

he not only confidered his own lofs as irreparable, but the whole world to be injured by fo unfortunate an interruption.

The recollection, however, which refufed to affift his fame, was importunate in reminding him that the prefent offender was his patron; and his total want of fkill in character kept from him the juft confidence he would otherwife have placed in the unalterable goodnefs of heart of Sir Hugh, whom, though he defpifed for his ignorance, he feared for his power.

Uneafy, therefore, at his exit, which he concluded to be made in wrath, he uttered a dolorous groan over his papers, and compelled himfelf to follow, with an apology, the innocent enemy of his glory.

Sir Hugh, who never harboured difpleafure for two minutes in his life, was more inclined to offer an excufe himfelf for what he had dropt againft learning, than to refift the flighteft conceffion from the Doctor, whom he only begged to make hafte, the horfe being already at the door. But Dr. Orkborne, as foon as he

comprehended what was desired, revived from the weight of sacrificing so much time; he had never been on horseback since he was fifteen years of age, and declared, to the wondering baronet, he could not risk his neck by undertaking such a journey.

In high satisfaction, he would then have returned to his room, persuaded that, when his mind was disembarrassed, a parallel between two ancient authors which, with much painful stretch of thought, he had suggested, and which, with the most elaborate difficulty, he was arranging and drawing up, would recur again to his memory: but Sir Hugh, always eager in expedients, said, he should follow in the coach, which might be ready time enough for him to arrive at Mrs. Arlbery's before the visit was over, and to bring Eugenia safe back; "which," cried he, "is the main point, for the sake of seeing that she goes no where else."

Dr. Orkborne, looking extremely blank

at this unexpected propoſition, ſtood ſtill.

"Won't you go, then, my good friend?"

The Doctor, after a long pauſe, and in a moſt dejected tone, ſighed out, "Yes, ſir, certainly, with the greateſt—alacrity."

Sir Hugh, who took every thing literally that ſeemed right or good-natured, thanked him, and ordered the horſes to be put to the coach with all poſſible expedition.

It was ſoon at the door, and Dr. Orkborne, who had ſpent in his room the intervening period, in moaning the loſs of the time that was to ſucceed, and in an opinion that two hours of this morning would have been of more value to him than two years when it was gone, reluctantly obeyed the call that obliged him to deſcend: but he had no ſooner entered the carriage, and found he was to have it to himſelf, than leaping ſuddenly from it, as the groom, who was to attend him, was preparing to ſhut the door, he

haſtened back to his chamber to collect a packet of books and papers, through the means of which he hoped to recall thoſe flowers of rhetoric, upon which he was willing to riſk his future reputation.

The aſtoniſhed groom, concluding ſomething had frightened him, jumped into the coach to find the cauſe of his flight; but Sir Hugh, who was advancing to give his final directions, called out, with ſome diſpleaſure "Hollo, there, you Jacob! if Dr. Orkborne thinks to get you to go for my nieces in place of himſelf, it's what I don't approve; which, however, you need not take amiſs, one man being no more born with a livery upon his back than another; which God forbid I ſhould think otherwiſe. Nevertheleſs, my little girls muſt have a proper reſpect ſhewn them; which, it's ſurpriſing Dr. Orkborne ſhould not know as well as me."

And, much diſconcerted, he walked to the parlour, to ruminate upon ſome other meaſure.

"I am

"I am ſure, your honour," ſaid Jacob, following him, "I got in with no ill intention; but what it was as come acroſs the Doctor I don't know; but juſt as I was a going to ſhut the door, without ſaying never a word, out he pops, and runs up ſtairs again; ſo I only got in to ſee if ſomething had hurt him; but I can't find nothing of no ſort."

Then, putting to the door, and looking ſagaciouſly, "Pleaſe your honour," he continued, "I dare ſay it's only ſome maggot got into his brain from over reading and writing; for all the maids think he'll ſoon be cracked."

"That's very wrong of them, Jacob; and I deſire you'll tell them they muſt not think any ſuch thing."

"Why, your honour don't know half, or you'd be afraid too," ſaid Jacob, lowering his voice; "he's like nothing you ever ſee. He won't let a chair nor a table be duſted in his room, though they are covered over with cobwebs, becauſe he

he ſays, it takes him ſuch a time to put his things to rights again; though all the while what he calls being to rights is juſt the contrary; for it's a mere higgledy piggledy, one thing heaped o'top of t'other, as if he did it for fun."

The baronet gravely anſwered, that if there were not the proper ſhelves for his books he would order more.

"Why, your honour, that's not the quarter, as I tell you! why, when they're cleaning out his room, if they happen but to ſweep away a bit of paper as big as my hand, he'll make believe they've done him as much miſchief as if they'd ſtole a thouſand pound. It would make your honour ſtare to hear him. Mary ſays, ſhe's ſure he has never been quite right ever ſince he come to the houſe."

"But I deſire you'll tell Mary I don't approve of that opinion. Dr. Orkborne is one of the firſt ſcholars in the world, as I am credibly informed; and I beg you'll all reſpect him accordingly."

"Why,

"Why, your honour, if it i'n't owing to ſomething of that ſort, why does he behave ſo unaccountable? I myſelf heard him making ſuch a noiſe at the maids one day, that I ſpoke to Mary afterwards, and aſked her what was the matter?—'Laws, nobody knows,' ſays ſhe, 'but here's the Doctor been all in a huff again; I was juſt a duſting his deſk (ſays ſhe) and ſo I happened to wipe down a little bundle of papers, all nothing but mere ſcraps, and he took on as if they'd been ſo many guineas (ſays ſhe) and he kept me there for an hour looking for them, and ſcolding, and telling ſuch a heap of fibs, that if he was not out of his head, would be a ſhame for a gentleman to ſay' (ſays ſhe)."

"Fie, fie, Jacob! and tell Mary fie, too. He is a very learned gentleman, and no more a ſtory-teller than I am myſelf; which God forbid."

"Why, your honour, how could this here be true? he told the maids how they had undone him, and the like, only

becauſe

becauſe of their throwing down them few bits of papers; though they are ready to make oath they picked them up, almoſt every one; and that they were all of a crump, and of no manner of uſe."

"Well, well, ſay no more about it, good Jacob, but go and give my compliments to Dr. Orkborne, and aſk him, what's the reaſon of his changing his mind; I mean, provided it's no ſecret."

Jacob returned in two minutes, with uplifted hands and eyes; "your honour," cried he, "now you'll believe me another time! he is worſe than ever, and I'll be bound he'll break out before another quarter."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, as ſure as I'm here, he's getting together ever ſo many books, and ſtuffing his pockets, and cramming them under his arms, juſt as if he was a porter! and when I gave him your honour's meſſage, I ſuppoſe it put him out; for he ſaid, 'Don't hurry me ſo, I'm a coming;' making

making believe as if he was only a preparing for going out, in the ſtead of making that fool of himſelf."

Sir Hugh, now really alarmed, bid him not mention the matter to any one; and was going up ſtairs himſelf, when he ſaw Dr. Orkborne, heavily laden with books in each hand, and bulging from both coat pockets, ſlowly and carefully coming down.

"Bleſs me," cried he, rather fearfully, "my dear ſir, what are you going to do with all that library?"

Dr. Orkborne, wiſhing him good morning, without attending to his queſtion, proceeded to the carriage, calling to Jacob, who ſtood aloof, to make haſte and open the door.

Jacob obeyed, but with a ſignificant look at his maſter, that ſaid, "you ſee how it is, ſir!"

Sir Hugh following him, gently put his hand upon his ſhoulder, and mildly ſaid, "My dear friend, to be ſure you know beſt, but I don't ſee the uſe of

loading

loading yourſelf in that manner for nothing."

"It is a great loſs of time, ſir, to travel without books," anſwered the Doctor, quietly arranging them in the coach.

"Travel, my good friend? Why, you don't call it travelling to go four or five miles? why, if you had known me before my fall—However, I don't mean to make any compariſons, you gentlemen ſcholars being no particular good horſemen. However, if you were to go one hundred miles inſtead of four or five, you could not get through more than one of thoſe books, read as hard as you pleaſe; unleſs you ſkip half, which I ſuppoſe you ſolid heads leave to the lower ignoramuſſes."

"It is not for reading, ſir, that I take all theſe books, but merely to look into. There are many of them I ſhall never read in my life, but I ſhall want them all."

Sir Hugh now ſtared with increaſed perplexity;

perplexity; but Dr. Orkborne, as eager to go, ſince his books were to accompany him, as before to ſtay, told Jacob to bid the coachman make haſte. Jacob looked at his maſter, who ordered him to mount his mare, and the carriage drove off.

The baronet, in ſome uneaſineſs, ſeated himſelf in the hall, to ruminate upon what he had juſt heard. The quietneſs and uſual manner of ſpeaking and looking of Dr. Orkborne, which he had remarked, removed any immediate apprehenſions from the aſſertions of Jacob and Mary; but ſtill he did not like the ſuggeſtion; and the carrying off ſo many books, when he acknowledged he did not mean to read one of them, diſturbed him.

In every ſhadow of perplexity, his firſt wiſh was to conſult with his brother; and if he had not parted with both his carriages, he would inſtantly have ſet off for Etherington. He ſent, however, an expreſs for Mr. Tyrold, begging to ſee him at Cleves with all ſpeed.

CHAP. IV.

An internal Detection.

WHEN the chaiſe drove from Cleves-Park, all attempt at any diſguiſe was over with Camilla, who alive only to the horror of appearing ungrateful to Edgar, wept without controul; and, leaning back in the carriage, entreated Eugenia to diſpenſe with all converſation.

Eugenia, filled with pity, wondered, but complied, and they travelled near four miles in ſilence; when, perceiving, over the paling round a paddock, Mrs. Arlbery and a party of company, Camilla dried her eyes, and prepared for her viſit, of which the impetuoſity of her feelings had retarded all previous conſideration.

Eugenia, with true concern, ſaw the unfitneſs

unfitneſs of her ſiſter to appear, and propoſed walking the reſt of the way, in the hope that a little air and exerciſe might compoſe her ſpirits.

She agreed; they alighted, and bidding the footman keep with the carriage, which they ordered ſhould drive ſlowly behind, they proceeded gently, arm in arm, along a clean raiſed bank by the ſide of the road, with a pace ſuiting at once the infirmity of Eugenia, and the wiſh of delay in Camilla.

The ſound of voices reached them from within the paddock, though a thick ſhrubbery prevented their ſeeing the interlocutors.

"Can you make out the arms?" ſaid one.

"No;" anſwered another, "but I can ſee the poſtillion's livery, and I am certain it is Sir Hugh Tyrold's."

"Then it is not coming hither," ſaid a third voice, which they recollected for Mrs. Arlbery's; "we don't viſit: though I ſhould not diſlike to ſee the old baronet. They

They tell me is a humorift; and I have a tafte for all oddities: but then he has a houfe full of females, and females I never admit in a morning, except when I have fecured fome men to take the entertaining them off my hands."

"Whither is Bellamy running?" cried another voice, "he's off without a word."

"Gone in hopes of a rencounter, I doubt not," anfwered Mrs. Arlbery; "he made palpable aim at one of the divinities of Cleves at the ball."

Eugenia now grew uneafy. "Let us be quick," fhe whifpered, "and enter the houfe!"

"Divinities! Lord! are they divinities?" faid a girlifh female voice; "pray how old are they?"

"I fancy about feventeen."

"Seventeen! gracious! I thought they'd been quite young; I wonder they a'n't married!"

"I prefume, then, you intend to be more expeditious?" faid another, whofe voice fpoke him to be General Kinfale.

"Gracious!

"Gracious! I hope ſo, for I hate an old bride. I'll never marry at all, if I ſtay till I am eighteen."

"A ſtory goes about," ſaid the General, "that Sir Hugh Tyrold has ſelected one of his nieces for his ſole heireſs; but no two people agree which it is; they have aſſerted it of each."

"I was mightily taken with one of the girls," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "there was ſomething ſo pleaſant in her looks and manner, that I even felt inclined to forgive her being younger and prettier than myſelf; but ſhe turned out alſo to be more whimſical—and that there was no enduring."

Camilla, extremely aſhamed, was now upon the point of begging Eugenia to return, when a new ſpeech ſeized all her attention.

"Do you know, General, when that beautiful automaton, Miſs Lynmere, is to marry young Mandlebert?"

"Immediately, I underſtand; I am told

told he has fitted up his houſe very elegantly for her reception."

A deep ſigh eſcaped Camilla at ſuch publicity in the report and belief of the engagement of Edgar with her couſin, and brought with it a conſciouſneſs too ſtrong for any further ſelf-diſguiſe, that her diſtreſs flowed not all from an unjuſt accuſation: the ſound alone of the union ſtruck as a dagger at her heart, and told her, incontrovertibly, who was its maſter.

Her ſenſations were now moſt painful: ſhe grew pale, ſhe became ſick, and was obliged, in her turn, to lean upon Eugenia, who, affrighted to ſee her thus ſtrangely diſordered, beſought her to go back to the chaiſe.

She conſented, and begged to paſs a few minutes there alone. Eugenia therefore ſtayed without, walking ſlowly upon the bank.

Camilla, getting into the carriage, pulled up the blinds, and, no longer ſelf-deceived, lamented in a new burſt of ſorrow,

row, her unhappy fate, and unpropitious attachment.

This consciousness, however, became soon a call upon her integrity, and her regret was succeeded by a summons upon propriety. She gave herself up as lost to all personal felicity, but hoped she had discovered the tendency of her affliction, in time to avoid the dangers, and the errors to which it might lead. She determined to struggle without cessation for the conquest of a partiality she deemed it treachery to indulge; and to appease any pain she now blushed to have caused to Indiana, by strictly following the hard prescription of Miss Margland, and the obvious opinion of Eugenia, in shunning the society, and no longer coveting the approbation of Edgar. "Such, my dear father," she cried, "would be your lesson, if I dared consult you! such, my most honoured mother, would be your conduct, if thus cruelly situated!"

This thought thrilled through every vein with pleasure, in a sense of filial de-

ſert, and her ſole deſire was to return immediately to thoſe incomparable parents, under whoſe roof ſhe had experienced nothing but happineſs, and in whoſe boſoms ſhe hoped to bury every tumultuous diſturbance.

Theſe ideas and reſolutions, dejecting, yet ſolacing, occupied her to the forgetfulneſs of her intended viſit, and even of Eugenia, till the words: "Pray let me come to you, my dear Camilla!" made her let down the blinds.

She then perceived Mr. Bellamy earneſtly addreſſing her ſiſter.

He had advanced ſuddenly towards her, by a ſhort cut from the paddock, of which ſhe was not aware, when ſhe was about twenty yards from the chaiſe.

She made an effort to avoid him; but he planted himſelf in the way of her retreat, though with an air of ſupplication, with which ſhe ſtrove in vain to be angry.

He warmly repreſented the cruelty of thus flying him, entreated but the privi-

lege

lege of addressing her as a common acquaintance; and promised, upon that condition, to submit unmurmuring to her rejection.

Eugenia, though in secret she thought this request but equitable, made him no answer.

"O madam," he cried, "what have I not suffered since your barbarous letter! why will you be so amiable, yet so inexorable?"

She attempted to quicken her pace; but again, in the same manner, stopping her, he exclaimed: "Do not kill me by this disdain! I ask not now for favour or encouragement—I know my hard doom—I ask only to converse with you—though, alas! it was by conversing with you I lost my heart."

Eugenia felt softened; and her countenance, which had forfeited nothing of expression, though every thing of beauty, soon shewed Bellamy his advantage. He pursued it eagerly; depicted his passion,

deprecated her ſeverity, extolled her virtues and accompliſhments, and bewailed his unhappy, hopeleſs flame.

Eugenia, knowing that all ſhe ſaid, and believing that all ſhe heard iſſued from the fountain of truth, became extremely diſtreſſed. "Let me paſs, I conjure you, Sir," ſhe cried, "and do not take it ill —but I cannot hear you any longer."

The vivacity of bright hope flaſhed into the ſparkling eyes of Bellamy, at ſo gentle a remonſtrance; and entreaties for lenity, declarations of paſſion, profeſſions of ſubmiſſion, and practice of reſiſtance, aſſailed the young Eugenia with a rapidity that confounded her: ſhe heard him with ſcarce any oppoſition; from a fear of irritating his feelings, joined to a juvenile embarraſſment how to treat with more ſeverity ſo ſincere and ſo humble a ſuppliant.

From this ſituation, to the extreme provocation of Bellamy, ſhe was relieved by the appearance of Major Cerwood,

who having obſerved, from the paddock, the ſlow motion of the carriage, had come forth to find out the cauſe.

Eugenia ſeized the moment of interruption to preſs forward, and make the call to her ſiſter already mentioned; Bellamy accompanying and pleading, but no longer venturing to ſtop her: he handed her, therefore, to the chaiſe, where Major Cerwood alſo paid his compliments to the two ladies; and hearing they were going to the ſeat of Mrs. Arlbery, whither Camilla now forced herſelf, though more unwillingly than ever, he ran on, with Bellamy, to be ready to hand them from the carriage.

They were ſhewn into a parlour, while a ſervant went into the garden to call his miſtreſs.

This interval was not neglected by either of the gentlemen, for Bellamy was ſcarce more eager to engage the attention of Eugenia, than the Major to force that of Camilla. By Lionel he had been informed ſhe was heireſs of Cleves; he

deemed, therefore, the opportunity by no means to be thrown away, of making, what he believed required opportunity alone, a conqueſt of her young heart. Accuſtomed to think compliments always welcome to the fair, he conſtrued her ſadneſs into ſoftneſs, and imputed her ſilence to the confuſing impreſſion made upon an inexperienced rural beauty, by the firſt aſſiduities of a man of figure and gallantry.

In about a quarter of an hour the ſervant of Mrs. Arlbery ſlowly returned, and, with ſome heſitation, ſaid his lady was not at home. The gentlemen looked provoked, and Camilla and Eugenia, much diſconcerted at ſo evident a denial, left their names, and returned to their carriage.

The journey back to Cleves was mute and dejected: Camilla was ſhocked at the conſcious ſtate of her own mind, and Eugènia was equally penſive. She began to think with anxiety of a contract with a perſon wholly unknown, and to conſider the

the paſſion and conſtancy of Bellamy as the emanations of a truly elevated mind, and meriting her moſt ſerious gratitude.

At the hall door they were eagerly met by Sir Hugh, who, with infinite ſurpriſe, enquired where they had left Dr. Orkborne.

"Dr. Orkborne?" they repeated, "we have not even ſeen him."

"Not ſeen him? did not he come to fetch you?"

"No, Sir."

"Why, he went to Mrs. Arlbery's on purpoſe! And what he ſtays for at that lady's, now you are both come away, is a thing I can't pretend to judge of; unleſs he has ſtopt to read one of thoſe books he took with him; which is what I dare ſay is the caſe."

"He cannot be at Mrs. Arlbery's, Sir," ſaid Eugenia, "for we have but this moment left her houſe."

"He muſt be there, my dear girls, for he's no where elſe. I ſaw him ſet out myſelf, which, however, I ſhan't men-

tion the particulars of, having ſent for my brother, whom I expect every minute."

They then concluded he had gone by another road, as there were two ways to the Grove.

Edgar did not return to Cleves till the family were aſſembling to dinner. His viſit to Mrs. Needham had occaſioned him a new diſturbance. She had rallied him upon the general rumour of his approaching marriage; and his confuſion, from believing his partiality for Camilla detected, was conſtrued into a confirmation of the report concerning Indiana. His diſavowal was rather ſerious than ſtrong, and involuntarily mixt with ſuch warm eulogiums of the object he imagined to be meant, that Mrs. Needham, who had only named *a certain fair one at Cleves*, laughed at his denial, and thought the engagement undoubted.

With reſpect to his enquiries relative to Mrs. Arlbery, Mrs. Needham ſaid, that ſhe was a woman far more agreeable to the men, than to her own ſex; that ſhe was

was full of caprice, coquetry, and ſingularity; yet, though ſhe abuſed the gift, ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent and uncommon underſtanding. She was guilty of no vices, but utterly careleſs of appearances, and though her character was wholly unimpeached, ſhe had offended or frightened almoſt all the county around, by a wilful ſtrangeneſs of behaviour, reſulting from an undaunted determination to follow in every thing the bent of her own humour.

Edgar juſtly deemed this a dangerous acquaintance for Camilla, whoſe natural thoughtleſſneſs and vivacity made him dread the leaſt imprudence in the connexions ſhe might form; yet, as the reputation of Mrs. Arlbery was unſullied, he felt how difficult would be the taſk of demonſtrating the perils he feared.

Sir Hugh, during the dinner, was exceedingly diſturbed. "What Dr. Orkborne can be doing with himſelf," ſaid he, "is more than any man can tell, for he certainly would not ſtay at that lady's; when

when he found you were both come away; ſo that I begin to think it's ten to one but he's gone nobody knows where! for why elſe ſhould he take all thoſe books? which is a thing I have been thinking of ever ſince; eſpecially as he owned himſelf he ſhould never read one half of them. If he has taken ſomething amiſs, I am very ready to aſk his pardon; though what it can be I don't pretend to gueſs."

Miſs Margland ſaid, he was ſo often doing ſomething or other that was ill-bred, that ſhe was not at all ſurpriſed he ſhould ſtay out at dinner time. He had never yet fetched her a chair, nor opened the door for her, ſince he came to the houſe; ſo that ſhe did not know what was too bad to expect.

As they were riſing from the table, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an excuſe, that important buſineſs would prevent his coming to Cleves till the next day. Camilla then begged permiſſion to go in the chaiſe that was to fetch him, flattering

flattering herſelf ſomething might occur to detain her, when at Etherington. Sir Hugh readily aſſented, and compoſing himſelf for his afternoon nap, deſired to be awaked if Dr. Orkborne came back.

All now left the room except Camilla, who, taking up a book, ſtood ſtill at a window, till ſhe was arouſed by the voice of Edgar, who, from the Park, aſked her what ſhe was reading.

She turned over the leaves, aſhamed at the queſtion, to look for the title; ſhe had held the book mechanically, and knew not what it was.

He then produced the promiſed noſegay, which had been brought by his gardener during her excurſion. She ſoftly lifted up the ſaſh, pointing to her ſleeping uncle; he gave it her with a ſilent little bow, and walked away; much diſappointed to miſs an opportunity from which he had hoped for ſome explanation.

She held it in her hand ſome time,

ſcarcely ſenſible ſhe had taken it, till, preſently, ſhe ſaw its buds bedewed with her falling tears.

She ſhook them off, and preſſed the noſegay to her boſom. "This, at leaſt," ſhe cried, "I may accept, for it was offered me before that barbarous attack. Ah! they know not the innocence of my regard, or they would not ſo wrong it! The univerſe could not tempt me to injure my couſin, though it is true, I have valued the kindneſs of Edgar—and I muſt always value it!—Theſe flowers are more precious to me, coming from his hands, and reared in his grounds, than all the gems of the Eaſt could be from any other poſſeſſor. But where is the guilt of ſuch a preference? And who that knows him could help feeling it?"

Sir Hugh now awakening from a ſhort ſlumber, exclaimed—"I have juſt found out the reaſon why this poor gentleman has made off; I mean, provided he is really gone away, which, however, I hope not:

not: but I think, by his bringing down all thoſe books, he meant to give me a broad hint, that he had got no proper book-caſe to keep them in; which the maids as good as think too."

Then, calling upon Camilla, he aſked if ſhe was not of that opinion.

"Y--e--s, Sir," ſhe heſitatingly anſwered.

"Well, then, my dear, if we all think the ſame, I'll give orders immediately for getting the better of that fault."

Miſs Margland, curious to know how Camilla was detained, now re-entered the room. Struck with the fond and melancholy air with which ſhe was bending over her noſegay, ſhe abruptly demanded—"Pray, where might you get thoſe flowers?"

Covered with ſhame, ſhe could make no anſwer.

"O, Miſs Camilla! Miſs Camilla!—ought not thoſe flowers to belong to Miſs Lynmere?"

"Mr,

"Mr. Mandlebert had promiſed me them yeſterday morning," anſwered ſhe, in a voice ſcarce audible.

"And is this fair, Ma'am?—can you reckon it honourable?—I'll be judged by Sir Hugh himſelf. Do you think it right, Sir, that Miſs Camilla ſhould accept noſegays every day from Mr. Mandlebert, when her couſin has had never a one at all?"

"Why, it's not her fault, you know, Miſs Margland, if young Mr. Mandlebert chuſes to give them to her. However, if that vexes Indiana, I'm ſure my niece will make them over to her with the greateſt pleaſure; for I never knew the thing ſhe would not part with, much more a mere little ſmell at the noſe, which, whether one has it or not, can't much matter after it's over."

Miſs Margland now exultingly held out her hand: the deciſion was obliged to be prompt; Camilla delivered up the flowers, and ran into her own room.

The ſacrifice, cried ſhe, is now complete! Edgar will conclude I hate him, and believe Indiana loves him! — no matter!—it is fitting he ſhould think both. I will be ſteady this laſt evening, and to-morrow I will quit this fatal roof!

CHAP. V.

An Author's Opinion of Visiting.

WHEN summoned to tea, Camilla, upon entering the parlour, found Sir Hugh in mournful discourse with Edgar upon the non-appearance of Dr. Orkborne. Edgar felt a momentary disappointment that she did not honour his flowers with wearing them; but consoled himself with supposing she had preserved them in water. In a few minutes, however, Indiana appeared with them in her bosom.

Almost petrified, he turned towards Camilla, who, affecting an air of unconcern, amused herself with patting a favourite old terrier of her uncle's.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the Baronet, he leant also over the dog, and, in a low voice, said—"You have

have diſcarded, then, my poor flowers?"

"Have I not done right?" anſwered ſhe, in the ſame tone; "are they not where you muſt be far happier to ſee them?"

"Is it poſſible," exclaimed he, "Miſs Camilla Tyrold can ſuppoſe——" He ſtopt, for ſurpriſed off his guard, he was ſpeaking loud, and he ſaw Miſs Margland approaching.

"Don't you think, Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid ſhe, "that Miſs Lynmere becomes a bouquet very much? ſhe took a fancy to thoſe flowers, and I think they are quite the thing for her."

"She does them," he coldly anſwered, "too much honour."

Ah, Heaven! he loves her not! thought Camilla, and, while trembling between hope and terror at the ſuggeſtion, determined to redouble her circumſpection, not to confirm the ſuſpicion that his indifference was produced by her efforts to attach him to herſelf.

She

She had ſoon what ſhe conceived to be an occaſion for its exertion. When he handed her ſome cakes, he ſaid—"You would think it, I conclude, impertinent to hear any thing more concerning Mrs. Arlbery, now you have poſitively opened an acquaintance with her?"

She felt the juſtice of this implied reproach of her broken promiſe; but ſhe ſaw herſelf conſtantly watched by Miſs Margland, and repreſſing the apology ſhe was ſighing to offer, only anſwered—"You have nothing, you own, to ſay againſt her reputation—and as to any thing elſe——"

"True," interrupted he, "my information on that point is all ſtill in her favour: but can it be Miſs Camilla Tyrold, who holds that to be the ſole queſtion upon which intimacy ought to depend? Does ſhe account as nothing manners, diſpoſition, way of life?"

"No, not abſolutely as nothing," ſaid ſhe, riſing; "but taſte ſettles all thoſe

things,

things, and mine is entirely in her favour."

Edgar gravely begged her pardon, for ſo officiouſly reſuming an irkſome ſubject; and returning to Sir Hugh, endeavoured to liſten to his lamentations and conjectures about Dr. Orkborne.

He felt, however, deeply hurt. In naming Mrs. Arlbery, he had flattered himſelf he had opened an opportunity for which ſhe muſt herſelf be waiting, to explain the motives of her late viſit; but her light anſwer put an end to that hope, and her quitting her ſeat ſhewed her impatient of further counſel.

Not a word that fell from Sir Hugh reached his ear: but he bowed from time to time, and the good Baronet had no doubt of his attention. His eyes were perpetually following Camilla, though they met not a glance from her in return. She played with the terrier, talked with Eugenia, looked out of the window, turned over ſome books, and did every thing with an air of negligence, that, while

while it covered abſence and anxiety, diſplayed a ſtudied avoidance of his notice.

The leſs he could account for this, the more it offended him. And dwells caprice, thought he, while his eye followed her, even there! in that fair compoſition!—where may I look for ſingleneſs of mind, for nobleneſs of ſimplicity, if caprice, mere girliſh, unmeaning caprice, dwell there!

The moment ſhe had finiſhed her tea, ſhe left the room, to ſhorten her cruel taſk. Struck with the broken ſentence of "is it poſſible Miſs Camilla Tyrold can ſuppoſe——" the ſoft hope that his heart was untouched by Indiana, ſeized her delighted imagination; but the recollection of Miſs Margland's aſſertions, that it was the real right of her couſin, ſoon robbed the hope of all happineſs, and ſhe could only repeat—To-morrow I will go!—I ought not to think of him!—I had rather be away—to-morrow I will go!

She

She had hardly quitted the parlour, when the diſtant ſound of a carriage rouſed Sir Hugh from his fears; and, followed by Edgar and the ladies, he made what haſte he could into the court-yard, where, to his infinite ſatisfaction, he ſaw his coach driving in.

He ordered it ſhould ſtop immediately, and called out—" Pray, Dr. Orkborne, are you there?"

Dr. Orkborne looked out of the window, and bowed reſpectfully.

" Good lack, I could never have thought I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you! which you muſt excuſe, in point of being no relation. You are heartily welcome, I aſſure you; I was afraid I ſhould never ſee you again; for, to tell you the honeſt truth, which I would not ſay a word of before, I had got a notion you were going out of your mind."

The Doctor took not the ſmalleſt heed of this ſpeech, and the carriage drove up to the door. Sir Hugh then ſeating himſelf under the portico, ſaid—" Pray, Dr.

Dr. Orkborne, before you go to your ſtudies, may I juſt aſk you how you came to ſtay out all day? and why you never fetched Eugenia? for I take it for granted it's no ſecret, on the account Jacob was with you; beſides the coachman and horſes."

Dr. Orkborne, though not at all diſcompoſed by theſe queſtions, nor by his reception, anſwered, that he muſt firſt collect his books.

"The poor girls," continued the Baronet, "came home quite blank; not that they knew a word of my aſking you to go for them, till I told them; which was lucky enough, for the ſake of not frightening them. However, where you can have been, particularly with regard to your dinner, which, I ſuppoſe, you have gone without, is what I can't gueſs; unleſs you'd be kind enough to tell me."

The Doctor, too buſy to hear him, was packing up his books.

"Come, never mind your books," ſaid Sir Hugh; "Jacob can carry them for

you, or Bob, or any body. Here, Bob, (calling to the postillion, who, with all the rest of the servants, had been drawn by curiosity into the court-yard) whisk me up those books, and take them into the Doctor's room; I mean, provided you can find a place for them, which I am sorry to say there is none; owing to my not knowing better in point of taking the proper care; which I shall be sure to do for the future."

The boy obeyed, and mounting one step of the coach, took what were within his reach; which, when the Doctor observed, he snatched away with great displeasure, saying, very solemnly, he had rather at any time be knocked down, than see any body touch one of his books or papers.

Jacob, coming forward, whispered his master not to interfere; assuring him, he was but just got out of one of his tantarums.

Sir Hugh, a little startled, rose to return to the parlour, begging Dr. Orkborne

to take his own time, and not hurry himſelf.

He then beckoned Jacob to follow him.

"There is certainly ſomething in all this," ſaid he to Edgar, "beyond what my poor wit can comprehend: but I'll hear what Jacob has to ſay before I form a complete judgment; though, to be ſure, his lugging out all thoſe books to go but four or five miles, has but an odd look; which is what I don't like to ſay."

Jacob now was called upon to give a narrative of the day's adventures. "Why, your Honour," ſaid he, as ſoon as we come to the Grove, "I goes up to the coach door, to aſk the Doctor if he would get out, or only ſend in to let the young ladies know he was come for them; but he was got ſo deep into ſome of his larning, that, I dare ſay, I bawled it three good times in his ears, before he ſo much as lifted up his head; and then it was only to ſay, I put him out! and to it he went again, juſt as if I'd ſaid never a word;

till

till, at laſt, I was ſo plaguy mad, I gives the coach ſuch a jog, to bring him to himſelf like, that it jerked the pencil and paper out of his hand. So then he went ſtraight into one of his takings, pretending I had made him forget all his thoughts, and ſuch like out of the way talk, after his old way. So when I found he was going off in that manner, I thought it only time loſt to ſay no more to him, and ſo I turned me about not to mind him; when I ſees a whole heap of company at a parlour window, laughing ſo hearty, that I was ſure they had heard us. And a fine comely lady, as clever as ever you ſee, that I found after was the lady of the houſe, bid me come to the window, and aſked what I wanted. So I told her we was come for two of the Miſs Tyrolds. Why, ſays ſhe, they've been gone a quarter of an hour, by the opposite road. So then I was coming away, but ſhe made me a ſign to come into the parlour, for all it was brimful of fine company, dreſſed all like I don't

know what. It was as pretty a ſight as you'd wiſh to ſee. And then, your honour, they all begun upon me at once! There was ſuch a clatter, I thought I'd been turned into a booth at a fair; and merry enough they all was ſure!---'ſpecially the lady, who never opened her lips, but what they all laughed: but as to all what they aſked me, I could as ſoon conjure a ghoſt as call a quarter of it to mind."

"Try, however," ſaid Edgar, curious for further information of whatever related to Mrs. Arlbery.

"Why as to that, 'ſquire," anſwered Jacob, with an arch look, "I am not ſo ſure and certain you'd like to hear it all."

"No? and why not?"

"O! pray tell, Jacob," cried Miſs Margland; "did they ſay any thing of Mr. Mandlebert?"

"Yes, and of more than Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid Jacob, grinning.

"Do tell, do tell," cried Indiana, eagerly.

"I'm afeard, Miſs!"

Every

Every body assured him no offence should be taken.

"Well, then, if you must needs know, there was not one of you, but what they had a pluck at.—Pray, says one of them, what does the old gentleman do with all those books and papers in the coach?—That's what nobody knows, says I, unless his head's cracked, which is Mary's opinion.—Then they all laughed more and more, and the lady of the house said:—Pray can he really read?—Whoo! says I, why he does nothing else; he's at it from morning till night, and Mary says she's sure before long he'll give up his meat and drink for it.—I've always heard he was a quiz, says another, or a quoz, or some such word; but I did not know he was such a book-worm.—The old quoz is generous, however, I hear, says another, pray do you find him so?—As to that, I can't say, says I, for I never see the colour of his money.—No! then, what are you such a fool as to serve him for?—

for?—So, then, your-honour, I found, owing to the coach and the arms, and the like, they thought all the time it was your honour was in the coach. I hope your honour don't take it amiſs of me?"

"Not at all Jacob; only I don't know why they call me an old quiz and quoz for; never having offended them; which I take rather unkind; eſpecially not knowing what it means."

"Why, your honour, they're ſuch comical ſort of folks; they don't mind what they ſay of nobody. Not but what the lady of the houſe is a rare gentlewoman. Your honour could not help liking her. I warrant ſhe's made many a man's heart ache, and then jumped for joy when ſhe'd done. And as to her eyes, I think in my born days I never ſee nothing like 'em: they ſhines like two candles on a dark night afar off on the common——."

"Why Jacob," ſaid Sir Hugh, "I ſee you have loſt your heart. However, go on."

"Why,

"Why, as ſoon as I found out what they meant—That my maſter? ſays I, no, God be thanked! What ſhould I have to live upon if a was? Not ſo much as a cobweb! for there would not be wherewithal for a ſpider to make it."

Here Sir Hugh, with much diſpleaſure, interrupted him; "As to the poor gentleman's being poor," ſaid he, "it's no fault of his own, for he'd be rich if he could, I make no doubt; never having heard he was a gambler. Beſides which, I always reſpect a man the more for being poor, knowing how little a rich man may have in him; which I can judge by my own caſe."

Jacob proceeded.

"Well, if it is not Sir Hugh, ſays one of them, who is it?—Why, it's only our Latin maſter, ſays I; upon which they all ſet up as jolly a laugh again as ever I heard in my days. Jobbins, they're pure merry!—And who learns Latin? ſays one, I hope they don't let him work at poor old Sir

Hugh? No, ſays I, they tried their hands with him at firſt, but he thanked 'em for nothing. He ſoon grew tired on't.—So then they ſaid, who learns now, ſays they, do you?—Me! ſays I, no God be praiſed, I don't know *A* from *B*, which is the way my head's ſo clear, never having muddled it with what I don't underſtand.—And ſo then they all ſaid I was a brave fellow; and they ordered me a glaſs of wine."

What a ſet! thought Edgar, is this, idle, diſſipated, curious—for Camilla to aſſociate with!—the lively, the unthinking, the inexperienced Camilla!

"So then they aſked me, ſays they, does Miſs Lynmere learn, ſays they?—Not, as I know of, ſays I, ſhe's no great turn for her book, as ever I heard of; which I hope Miſs you won't take ill, for they all ſaid, no, to be ſure, ſhe's too handſome for that."

Indiana looked uncertain whether to be flattered or offended.

"But you have not told us what they

ſaid

ſaid of Mr. Mandlebert yet?" cried Miſs Margland.

"No, I muſt come to you firſt, Miſs," anſwered he, "for that's what they come upon next. But mayhap I muſt not tell?"

"O yes, you may;" ſaid ſhe, growing a little apprehenſive of ſome affront, but determined not to ſeem hurt by it; "I am very indifferent to any thing they can ſay of me, aſſure yourſelf!"

"Why, I ſuppoſe, ſays they, this Latin maſter ſtudies chiefly with the governeſs? —They'd ſtudy fiſty-cuffs I believe, if they did, ſays I, for ſhe hates him like poiſon; and there's no great love loſt between them."

"And what right had you to ſay that, Mr. Jacob? I did not aſk what you ſaid. Not that I care, I promiſe you!"

"Why, ſome how, they got it all out; they were ſo merry and ſo full of their fun, I could not be behind hand. But I hope no offence?"

 "O dear

"O dear no! I'm ſure it's not worth while."

"They ſaid worſe than I did," reſumed Jacob, "by a deal; they ſaid, ſays they, ſhe looks duced crabbed—ſhe looks juſt as if ſhe was always eating a ſour apple, ſays the lady; ſhe looks—"

"Well, well, I don't want to hear any more of their opinions. I may look as I pleaſe I hope. I hate ſuch goſſiping."

"So then they ſaid, pray does Miſs Camilla learn? ſays they;—Lord love her, no! ſays I."

"And what ſaid they to that?" cried Edgar.

"Why, they ſaid, they hoped not, and they were glad to hear it, for they liked her the beſt of all. And what does the ugly one do? ſays they.—"

"Come, we have heard enough now," interrupted Edgar, greatly ſhocked for poor Eugenia, who fortunately, however, had retired with Camilla.

Sir Hugh too, angrily broke in upon him,

him, ſaying: "I won't have my niece called ugly, Jacob! you know it's againſt my commands ſuch a thing's being mentioned."

"Why, I told 'em ſo, ſir," ſaid Jacob; "ugly one, ſays I, ſhe you call the ugly one, is one of the beſt ladies in the land. She's ready to lend a hand to every mortal ſoul; ſhe's juſt like my maſter for that. And as to learning, I make no quæry ſhe can talk you over the Latin grammar as faſt as e'er a gentleman here. So then they laughed harder than ever, and ſaid they ſhould be afeard to ſpeak to her, and a deal more I can't call to mind.—So then they come to Mr. Mandlebert. Pray, ſays they, what's he doing among you all this time?—Why, nothing particular, ſays I, he's only ſquiring about our young ladies.—But when is this wedding to be? ſays another. So then I ſaid—"

"What did you ſay?" cried Edgar haſtily.

"Why—nothing," anſwered Jacob, drawing back.

“ Tell us, however, what they ſaid,” cried Miſs Margland.

“ Why, they ſaid, ſays they, every thing has been ready ſome time at Beech Park;—and they'll make as handſome a couple as ever was ſeen.”

“ What ſtuff is this!” cried Edgar, “ do prithee have done.”—

“ No, no,” ſaid Miſs Margland; “ go “ on, Jacob!”

Indiana, conſcious and glowing at the words handſome couple, could not reſtrain a ſimper; but Edgar, thinking only of Camilla, did not underſtand it.

“ He'll have trouble enough, ſays one of the gentlemen,” continues Jacob, “ to take care of ſo pretty a wife.—She'll be worth a little trouble, ſays another, for I think ſhe is the moſt beautifulleſt girl I ever ſee—Take my word of it, ſays the lady of the houſe, young Mandlebert is a man who won't be made a fool of; he'll have his own way, for all her beauty.”

“ What a character to give of me to young

young ladies!" cried Edgar, doubtful, in his turn, whether to be hurt or gratified.

"O ſhe did not ſtop at that, ſir," reſumed Jacob, "for ſhe ſaid, I make no queſtion, ſays ſhe, but in half a year he'll lock her up."

Indiana, ſurprized, gave an involuntary little ſhriek: but Edgar, not imputing it to any appropriate alarm, was filled with reſentment againſt Mrs. Arlbery. What incomprehenſible injuſtice! he ſaid to himſelf: O Camilla! is it poſſible any event, any circumſtance upon earth, could induce me to practiſe ſuch an outrage? to degenerate into ſuch a ſavage?

"Is this all?" aſked Miſs Margland.

"No, ma'am; but I don't know if Miſs will like to hear the reſt."

"O yes," ſaid Indiana, "if it's about me, I don't mind."

"Why, they all ſaid, Miſs, you'd make the moſt fineſt bride that ever was ſeen, and they did not wonder at

Mr. Mandlebert's chufing you; but for all that—."

He ftopt, and Edgar, who, following the bent of his own thoughts, had till now concluded Camilla to be meant, was utterly confounded by difcovering his miftake. The prefence of Indiana redoubled the aukwardnefs of the fituation, and her blufhes, and the increafed luftre of her eyes, did not make the report feem either unwelcome, or perfectly new to her.

Mifs Margland raifed her head triumphantly. This was precifely fuch a circumftance as fhe flattered herfelf would prove decifive.

The Baronet, equally pleafed, returned her nod of congratulation, and nodding himfelf towards Edgar, faid; "you're blown, you fee! but what matters fecrets about nothing? which, Lord help me, I never knew how to keep."

Edgar was now ftill more difconcerted, and, from mere diftrefs what to fay or do, bid Jacob go on.

§ "Why

"Why then, they ſaid a deal more, how pretty ſhe was, he continued, but they did not know how it would turn out, for the young lady was ſo much admired, that her huſband had need look ſharp after her; and if—"

"What complete impertinence!" cried Edgar, walking about the room; "I really can liſten no longer."

"If he had done wiſely, ſays the lady of the houſe, he would have left the profeſſed beauty, and taken that pretty Camilla."

Edgar ſurprized, ſtopt ſhort; this ſeemed to him leſs impertinent.

"Camilla is a charming creature, ſays ſhe; though ſhe may want a little watching too; but ſo does every thing that is worth having."

That woman does not want diſcernment, thought Edgar, nor ſhe does not want taſte.—I can never totally diſlike her, if ſhe does ſuch juſtice to Camilla.

He now again invited Jacob to proceed;

ceed; but Indiana, with a pouting lip, walked out of the room, and Miſs Margland ſaid, there was no need to be hearing him all night.

Jacob, therefore, when no more either interrupted or encouraged, ſoon finiſhed his narrative. Mrs. Arlbery, amuſed by watching Dr. Orkborne, had inſiſted, for an experiment, that Jacob ſhould not return to the coach till he was miſſed and called for; and ſo intenſe was the application of the Doctor to what he was compoſing, that this did not happen till the whole family had dined; Jacob and the coachman, at the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, having partaken of the ſervants fare, equally pleaſed with the regale and the joke. Dr. Orkborne then, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, demanded why the young ladies were ſo late, and was much diſcompoſed and aſtoniſhed when he heard they were gone. Mrs. Arlbery invited him into the houſe, and offered him refreſhments, while ſhe ordered water

and

and a feed of corn for the horfes; but he only fretted a little, and then went on again with his ftudies.

Sir Hugh now fent fome cold dinner into the Doctor's room, and declared he fhould always approve his niece's acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, as fhe was fo kind to his fervants and his animals.

CHAP. VI.

An Author's Idea of Order.

NOT a bofom of the Cleves party enjoyed much tranquillity this evening. Mifs Margland, though to the Baronet fhe would not recede from her firft affertions, ftrove vainly to palliate to herfelf the ill grace and evident diffatisfaction with which Edgar had met the report. To fave her own credit, however, was always her primary confideration; fhe refolved, therefore, to caft upon unfair play in Camilla, or upon the inftability of Edgar, all the blame really due to her own undifcerning felf-fufficiency.

Indiana thought fo little for herfelf, that fhe adopted, of courfe, every opinion of Mifs Margland; yet the immoveable coldnefs of Edgar, contrafted frequently in her remembrance by the fervour of Melmond and of Macderfey, became more

more and more diftafteful to her; and Mrs. Arlbery's idea, that fhe fhould be locked up in half a year, made her look upon him alternately as fomething to fhun or to over-reach. She even wifhed to refufe him:—but Beech Park, the equipage, the fervants, the bridal habiliment.—No! fhe could enjoy thofe, if not him. And neither her own feelings, nor the leffons of Mifs Margland, had taught her to look upon marriage in any nobler point of view.

But the perfon moft deeply diffatisfied this evening was Edgar. He now faw that, deceived by his own confcioufnefs, he had mifunderftood Mrs. Needham, who, as well as Mrs. Arlbery, he was convinced concluded him engaged to Indiana. He had obferved with concern the approving credulity of Sir Hugh, and though glad to find his real plan, and all his wifhes unfufpected, the falfe report excited his fears, left Indiana fhould give it any credit, and fecretly hurt his delicacy for the honour of his tafte.

All

All the influence of pecuniary motives to which he deemed Camilla ſuperior, occurred to him in the very words of Dr. Marchmont for Indiana; whoſe capacity he ſaw was as ſhallow as her perſon was beautiful. Yet the admiration with which ſhe had already made her firſt appearance in the world, might naturally induce her belief of his reported devotion. If, therefore, his ſituation appeared to her to be eligible, ſhe had probably ſettled to accept him.

The moſt timid female delicacy was not more ſcrupulous, than the manly honour of Edgar to avoid this ſpecies of miſapprehenſion; and though perfectly confident his behaviour had been as irreproachable as it was undeſigning, the leaſt idea of any ſelf-deluſion on the part of Indiana, ſeemed a call upon his integrity for the moſt unequivocal manifeſtation of his intentions. Yet any declaration by words, with whatever care ſelected, might be conſtrued into an implication that he concluded the deciſion in

his

his own hands. And though he could ſcarcely doubt the fact, he juſtly held nothing ſo offenſive as the palpable preſumption. One only line of conduct appeared to him, therefore, unexceptionable; which was wholly to avoid her, till the rumour ſunk into its own nothingneſs.

This demanded from him a ſacrifice the moſt painful, that of retiring from Cleves in utter ignorance of the ſentiments of Camilla; yet it ſeemed the more neceſſary, ſince he now, with much uneaſineſs, recollected many circumſtances which his abſorbed mind had hitherto ſuffered to paſs unnoticed, that led him to fear Sir Hugh himſelf, and the whole party, entertained the ſame notion.

He was ſhocked to conſider Camilla involved in ſuch a deception, though delighted by the idea that he might perhaps owe to an explanation, ſome marks of that preference for which Dr. Marchmont had taught him to wait, and which he

he now hoped might lie dormant from the persuasion of his engagement. To clear this mistake was, therefore, every way essential, as otherwise the very purity of her character must be in his disfavour.

Still, however, the visit to the Grove hung upon his mind, and he resolved to investigate its cause the following morning, before he made his retreat.

Early the next day, Camilla sent to hasten the chaise which was to fetch Mr. Tyrold, and begged leave of her uncle to breakfast at Etherington. His assent was always ready; and believing every evil would yield to absence, she eagerly, and even with happiness set off.

When the rest of the party assembled without her, Edgar, surprised, enquired if she were well? Miss Margland answered yes; but for the sake of what she loved best in the world, a frolic, she was gone in the chaise to Etherington. Edgar could not prevail with himself to depart till he had spoken with her, and privately

deferred

deferred his purpofed leave-taking till noon.

During this report, Sir Hugh was anxioufly engaged in fome bufinefs he feemed to wifh to conceal. He fpoke little, but nodded frequently to himfelf, with an air of approving his own ideas; he fummoned Jacob to him repeatedly, with whom he held various whifpering conferences; and defired Mifs Margland, who made the tea, not to pour it out too faft, as he was in no hurry to have breakfaft over.

When nothing he could urge fucceeded, in making any of the company eat or drink any thing more, he pulled Edgar by the fleeve; and, in an eager but low voice, faid, " My dear Mr. Edgar, I have a great favour to beg of you, which is only that you will do fomething to divert Dr. Orkborne."

" I fhould be very happy, Sir," cried Edgar, fmiling, " but I much doubt my capability."

" Why, my dear Mr. Edgar, it's only to keep him from finding out my new ſurpriſe till it's got ready. And if you will but juſt ſpout out to him a bit or two of Virgil and Horace, or ſome of thoſe Greek and Latin language-maſters, he'll be in no hurry to budge, I promiſe you."

A requeſt from Sir Hugh, who with the moſt prompt alacrity met the wiſhes of every one, was by Edgar held to be indiſputable. He advanced, therefore, to Dr. Orkborne, who was feeling for his tablets, which he commonly examined in his way up the ſtairs, and ſtarted a doubt, of which he begged an expoſition, upon a paſſage of Virgil.

Dr. Orkborne willingly ſtopt, and diſplayed, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, an erudition, that did him nearly as much honour in the ears of the ignorant and admiring Sir Hugh, as in thoſe of the cultivated and well-judging Edgar. " Ah!" ſaid the Baronet, ſighing, though

addreſſing himſelf to no one, "if I had but addicted myſelf to theſe ſtudies in due ſeaſon, I might have underſtood all this too! though now I can't for my life make out much ſenſe of what they're talking of; nor a little neither, indeed, as to that; thanks to my own idleneſs; to which, however, I am not much obliged."

Unfortunately, the diſcuſſion ſoon led to ſome points of compariſon, that demanded a review of various authors, and the doctor propoſed adjourning to his own apartment. The Baronet winked at Edgar, who would have changed the diſcourſe, or himſelf have ſought the books, or have been ſatisfied without them; but Dr. Orkborne was as eager here, as in other matters he was ſlow and phlegmatic; and, regardleſs of all oppoſition, was making off, when Sir Hugh, catching him by the arm, exclaimed, "My good friend, I beg it as a particular favour, you won't ſtir a ſtep!"

"Not

" Not ſtir a ſtep, Sir ?" repeated the doctor, amazed.

" That is, not to your own room."

" Not go to my own room, Sir ?"

The Baronet gently begged him not to take it amiſs, and preſently, upon the appearance of Jacob, who entered with a ſignificant ſmile, ſaid, he would keep him no longer.

Dr. Orkborne, to whom nothing was ſo irkſome as a moment's detention from his books and papers, inſtantly departed, inviting Edgar to accompany him; but without troubling himſelf to inquire for what end he had been held back.

When they were gone, Sir Hugh, rubbing his hands, ſaid, " Well, I think this good gentleman won't go about the country again, with all his books faſtened about him, to ſhew he has no where to put them : for as to his telling me he only took them to look at, I am not quite ſuch an ignoramus, with all my ignorance, as to believe ſuch

a thing as that, especially of a regular bred scholar."

A loud and angry found of voices from above here interrupted the pleafed harangue of the Baronet; Mifs Margland opened the door to liften, and, with no fmall delight, heard words, fcarce intelligible for rage, breaking from Dr. Orkborne, whofe anger, while Edgar was endeavouring to moderate, Jacob and Mary were vociferoufly refenting.

Sir Hugh, all aftonifhed, feared there was fome miftake. He had fent, the preceding day, as far as Winchefter, for two book-cafes, which he had ordered fhould arrive early, and be put up during the breakfaft; and he had directed Mary to place upon the fhelves, with great care, all the loofe books and papers fhe found difperfed about the room, as neatly as poffible: after which Jacob was to give notice when all was arranged.

The words now "If I muft have my manufcripts rummaged at pleafure, by every dunce in the houfe, I would

 rather

rather lie in the ſtreet!" diſtinctly caught their ears. Sir Hugh was thunderſtruck with amazement and diſappointment, but ſaid nothing. Miſs Margland looked all ſpight and pleaſure, and Eugenia all concern.

Louder yet, and with accents of encreaſing aſperity, the Doctor next exclaimed "A twelvemonth's hard labour will not repair this miſchief! I ſhould have been much more obliged to you if you had blown out my brains!"

The Baronet, aghaſt, cried, "Lord help us! I think I had beſt go and get the ſhelves pulled down again, what I have done not being meant to offend, being what will coſt me ten pounds and upwards."

He then, though ſomewhat irreſolute, whether or not to proceed, moved towards the foot of the ſtairs; but there a new ſtorm of rage ſtartled him. "I wiſh you had been all of you annihilated ere ever you had entered my room! I had rather have loſt my ears than that

manuſcript!

manuſcript! I wiſh with all my heart you had been at the bottom of the ſea, every one of you, before you had touched it!"

"If you won't believe me, it can't be helped," ſaid Mary; "but if I was to tell it you over and over, I've done nothing to no mortal thing. I only juſt ſwept the room after the carpenter was gone, for it was all in ſuch a pickle it was a ſhame to be ſeen."

"You have ruined me!" cried he, "you have ſwept it behind the fire, I make not a moment's doubt; and I had rather you had given me a bowl of poiſon! you can make me no reparation; it was a clue to a whole ſection."

"Well, I won't make no more words about it," ſaid Mary, angrily; "but I'm ſure I never ſo much as touched it with a pair of tongs, for I never ſee it; nor I don't ſo much as know it if I do."

"Why, it's a piece of paper written all over; look! juſt ſuch another as this: I left it on the table, by this corner—"

"O! that?" cried Mary; "yes, I remember that."

"Well, where is it? What have you done with it?"

"Why, I happened of a little accident about that;—for as I was a ſweeping under the table, the broom knocked the ink down; but, by good luck, it only fell upon that little morſel of paper."

"Little morſel of paper? it's more precious than a whole library! But what did you do with it? what is become of it? whatever condition it is in, if you have but ſaved it—where is it, I ſay?"

"Why—it was all over ink, and good for nothing, ſo I did not think of your miſſing it—ſo I throwed it behind the fire."

"I wiſh you had been thrown there yourſelf with all my heart! But if ever you bring a broom into my room again—"

"Why, I did nothing but what my maſter ordered—"

"Or

"Or if ever you touch a paper, or a book of mine, again—"

"My mafter faid himfelf—"

"Your mafter's a blockhead! and you are another—go away, I fay!"

Mary now hurried out of the room, enraged for her mafter, and frightened for herfelf; and Edgar, not aware Sir Hugh was within hearing, foon fucceeded in calming the doctor, by mildly liftening to his lamentations.

Sir Hugh, extremely fhocked, fat upon the ftairs to recover himfelf. Mifs Margland, who never felt fo virtuous, and never fo elated, as when witneffing the imperfections or improprieties of others, defcanted largely againft ingratitude; treating an unmeaning fally of paffion as a ferious mark of turpitude: but Eugenia, afhamed for Dr. Orkborne, to whom, as her preceptor, fhe felt a conftant difpofition to be partial, determined to endeavour to induce him to make fome apology. She glided, there-

fore, paſt her uncle, and tapped at the doctor's door.

Mary, ſeeing her maſter ſo invitingly in her way, could by no means reſiſt her deſire of appeal and complaint; and, deſcending the ſtairs, begged his honour to hear her.

" Mary," ſaid he, riſing, and returning to the parlour, " you need not tell me a word, for I have heard it all myſelf; by which it may be truly ſaid, liſteners never hear good of themſelves; ſo I've got the proper puniſhment; for which reaſon, I hope you won't look upon it as an example."

" I am ſure, Sir," ſaid Mary, " if your honour can excuſe his ſpeaking ſo diſreſpectful, it's what nobody elſe can; and if it was not for thinking as his head's got a crack in it, there is not a ſervant among us as would not affront him for it."

The Baronet interrupted her with a ſerious lecture upon the civility he expected

pected for all his guests; and she promised to restrain her wrath; "But only, sir," she continued, "if your honour had seen the bit of paper as he made such a noise at me for, your honour would not have believed it. Not a soul could have read it. My Tom would ha' been well licked if he'd wrote no better at school. And as to his being a twelvemonth a scrawling such another, I'll no more believe it than I'll fly. It's as great a fib as ever was told."

Sir Hugh begged her to be quiet, and to think no more of the matter.

"No, your honour, I hope I'm not a person as bears malice; only I could not but speak of it, because he behaves more comical every day. I thought he'd ha' beat me over and over. And as to the stories he tells about them little bits of paper, mortal patience can't bear it no longer."

The remonstrance of Eugenia took immediate effect. Dr. Orkborne, shocked and alarmed at the expression which

had efcaped him, protefted himfelf willing to make the humbleft reparation, and truly declared, he had been fo greatly difturbed by the lofs he had juft fuftained, that he not merely did not mean, but did not know what he had faid.

Edgar was the bearer of this apology, which Sir Hugh accepted with his ufual good humour. "His calling me a blockhead," cried he, "is a thing I have no right to refent, becaufe I take it for granted, he would not have faid it, if he had not thought it; and a man's thoughts are his caftle, and ought to be free."

Edgar repeated the proteftation, that he had been hurried on by paffion, and fpoke without meaning.

"Why, then, my dear Mr. Edgar, I muft fairly own I don't fee the great fuperiornefs of learning, if it can't keep a man's temper out of a paffion. However, fay nothing of the fort to poor Clermont, upon his coming over, who

I expect

I expect won't ſpeak one word in ten I ſhall underſtand; which, however, as it's all been done for the beſt, I would not have the poor boy diſcouraged in."

He then ſent a kind meſſage by Edgar to Dr. Orkborne, deſiring him not to mind ſuch a trifle.

This conciliating office was congenial to the diſpoſition of Edgar, and ſoftened his impatience for the return of Camilla, but when, ſoon after, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, requeſting Sir Hugh to diſpenſe with ſeeing him till the next day, and apologiſing for keeping his daughter, he felt equally diſappointed and provoked, though he determined not to delay any longer his departure. He gave orders, therefore, for his horſes immediately, and with all the leſs regret, for knowing Camilla no longer in the circle he was to quit.

The ladies were in the parlour with Sir Hugh, who was ſorrowfully brooding over his brother's note, when he entered it to take leave. Addreſſing himſelf

ſomewhat rapidly to the Baronet, he told him he was under an unpleaſant neceſſity, to relinquiſh ſome days of the month's ſojourn intended for him. He made acknowledgments full of regard for his kindneſs and hoſpitality; and then, only bowing to the ladies, left the room, before the aſtoniſhed Sir Hugh comprehended he was going.

"Well," cried Miſs Margland, "this is curious indeed! He has flown off from every thing, without even an apology!"

"I hope he is not really gone?" ſaid Eugenia, walking to the window.

"I'm ſure I don't care what he does," cried Indiana, "he's welcome to go or to ſtay. I'm grown quite ſick of him, for my part."

"Gone?" ſaid Sir Hugh, recovering breath; "it's impoſſible! Why, he never has ſaid one word to me of the day, nor the ſettlements, nor all thoſe things!"

He then rang the bell, and ſent to deſire Mr. Mandlebert might be called immediately.

Edgar,

Edgar, who was mounting his horſe, obeyed with ſome chagrin. As ſoon as he re-entered the room, Sir Hugh cried; "My dear Mr. young Edgar, it's ſomething amazing to me you ſhould think of going away without coming to an explanation?"

"An explanation, ſir?"

"Yes, don't you know what I mean?"

"Not in the leaſt, ſir," cried Edgar, ſtaggered by a doubt whether he ſuſpected what he felt for Camilla, or referred to what was reported of Indiana.

"Why, then, my pretty dear," ſaid Sir Hugh to Indiana, "you won't object, I hope, to taking a little walk in the garden, provided it is not diſagreeable to you; for you had better not hear what we are going to talk about before your face."

Indiana, pouting her beautiful under lip, and ſcornfully paſſing Edgar, complied. Eugenia accompanied her; but Miſs Margland kept her ground.

Sir Hugh, always unwilling to make

any attack, and at a loſs how to begin, ſimply ſaid; "Why, I thought Mr. Mandlebert, you would ſtay with us till next year?"

Edgar only bowed.

"Why, then, ſuppoſe you do?"

"Moſt probably, ſir, I ſhall by that time be upon the Continent. If ſome particular circumſtance does not occur, I purpoſe ſhortly making the tour of Europe."

Sir Hugh now loſt all guard and all reſtraint, and with undiſguiſed diſpleaſure exclaimed; "So here's juſt the ſecond part of Clermont! at the moment I ſent for him home, thinking he would come to put the finiſh to all my cares about Eugenia, he ſends me word he muſt travel!—And though the poor girl took it very well, from knowing nothing of the matter, I can't ſay I take it very kind of you, Mr. young Edgar, to come and do juſt the ſame by Indiana!"

The ſurprize of Edgar was unſpeakable: that Sir Hugh ſhould wiſh the re-

lation

lation of Jacob, with reſpect to Indiana, confirmed, he could not wonder; but that his wiſhes ſhould have amounted to expectations, and that he ſhould deem his niece ill uſed by their failure, gave him the moſt poignant aſtoniſhment.

Miſs Margland, taking advantage of his ſilent conſternation, began now to pour forth very volubly, the moſt pointed reflections upon the injury done to young ladies by reports of this nature, which were always ſure to keep off all other offers. There was no end, ſhe ſaid, to the admirers who had deſerted Indiana in deſpair; and ſhe queſtioned if ſhe would ever have any more, from the general belief of her being actually pre-engaged.

Edgar, whoſe ſenſe of honour was tenaciouſly delicate, heard her with a mixture of concern for Indiana, and indignation againſt herſelf, that kept her long uninterrupted; for though burning to aſſert the integrity of his conduct, the fear of uttering a word that might be offenſive to Indiana, embarraſſed and checked him.

Sir

CHAP. VII.

A Maternal Eye.

THE vivacity with which Camilla quitted Cleves, was ſunk before ſhe reached Etherington. She had quitted alſo Edgar, quitted him offended, and in doubt if it might ever be right ſhe ſhould vindicate herſelf in his opinion. Yet all ſeemed ſtrange and unintelligible that regarded the aſſerted nuptials: his indifference was palpable; ſhe believed him to have been unaccountably drawn in, and her heart ſoftly whiſpered, it was herſelf he preferred.

From this ſoothing but dangerous idea, ſhe ſtruggled to turn her thoughts. She anticipated the remorſe of holding the affections of the huſband of her couſin, and determined to uſe every poſſible method to forget him — unleſs, which ſhe ſtrove vainly not to hope, the

the reported alliance ſhould never take place.

Theſe reflections ſo completely engroſſed her the whole way, that ſhe arrived at the Parſonage Houſe, without the ſmalleſt mental preparation how to account for her return, or how to plead for remaining at Etherington. Foreſight, the offspring of Judgment, or the diſciple of Experience, made no part of the character of Camilla, whoſe impetuous diſpoſition was open to every danger of indiſcretion, though her genuine love of virtue glowed warm with juvenile ardour.

She entered, therefore, the breakfaſt parlour in a ſtate of ſudden perplexity what to ſay; Mr. Tyrold was alone and writing. He looked ſurprized, but embraced her with his accuſtomed affection, and enquired to what he owed her preſent ſight.

She made no anſwer; but embraced him again, and enquired after her mother.

"She is well," he replied: "but, tell me,

me, is your uncle impatient of my delay? It has been wholly unavoidable. I have been deeply engaged; and deeply chagrined. Your poor mother would be ſtill more diſturbed, if the nobleneſs of her mind did not ſupport her."

Camilla, extremely grieved, earneſtly enquired what had happened.

He then informed her that Mrs. Tyrold, the very next morning, muſt abruptly quit them all and ſet out for Liſbon to her ſick brother, Mr. Relvil.

"Is he ſo much worſe?"

"No: I even hope he is better. An act of folly has brought this to bear. Do not now deſire particulars. I will finiſh my letter, and then return with you for a few minutes to Cleves. The carriage muſt wait."

"Suffer me firſt to aſk, does Lavinia go with my mother?"

"No, ſhe can only take old Ambroſe. Lavinia muſt ſupply her place at home."

"Ah! my deareſt father, and may not I, too, ſtay with you and aſſiſt her?"

" If my brother will ſpare you, my dear child, there is nothing can ſo much contribute to wile away to me your mother's abſence."

Enchanted thus, without any explanation, to have gained her point, ſhe completely revived; though when Mrs. Tyrold, whom ſhe almoſt worſhipped, entered the room, in all the hurry of preparing for her long journey, ſhe ſhed a torrent of tears in her arms.

" This good girl," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, " is herſelf deſirous to quit the preſent gaities of Cleves, to try to enliven my ſolitude till we all may meet again."

The conſcious and artleſs Camilla could not bear this undeſerved praiſe. She quitted her mother, and returning to Mr. Tyrold, " O my father!" ſhe cried, " if you will take me again under your beloved roof, it is for my ſake—not your's—I beg to return!"

" She is right," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold; " there is no merit in having an heart; ſhe could

could have none, if to be with you were not her firſt gratification."

"Yes, indeed, my dear mother, it would always be ſo, even if no other inducement—." She ſtopt ſhort, confuſed.

Mr. Tyrold, who continued writing, did not heed this little blunder; but his wife, whoſe quickneſs of apprehenſion and depth of obſervation, were always alive, even in the midſt of buſineſs, cares, and other attentions, turned haſtily to her daughter, and aſked to what "other inducement" ſhe alluded.

Camilla, diſtreſſed, hung her head, and would have forborne making any anſwer.

Mrs. Tyrold, then, putting down various packets which ſhe was ſorting and ſelecting, came ſuddenly up to her, and taking both her hands, looked earneſtly in her face, ſaying: "My Camilla! ſomething has diſquieted you?—your countenance is not itſelf. Tell me, my dear girl, what brought you hither this morning?

ing? and what is it you mean by ſome other inducement?"

"Do not aſk me now, my deareſt mother," anſwered ſhe, in a faultering voice; "when you come back again, no doubt all will be over; and then—"

"And is that the time, Camilla, to ſpeak to your beſt friends? would it not be more judicious to be explicit with them, while what affects you is ſtill depending?"

Camilla, hiding her face on her mother's boſom, burſt afreſh into tears.

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Tyrold, "what new evil is hovering? If it muſt invade me again through one of my children, tell me, at leaſt, Camilla, it is not wilfully that you, too, afflict me? and afflict the beſt of fathers?"

Mr. Tyrold, dropping his pen, looked at them both with the moſt apprehenſive anxiety.

"No, my deareſt mother," ſaid Camilla, endeavouring to meet her eyes; "not wilfully,—but ſomething has happened—

pened—I can hardly myself tell how or what—but indeed Cleves, now—" she hesitated.

"How is my brother?" demanded Mr. Tyrold.

"O! all that is good and kind! and I grieve to quit him—but, indeed, Cleves, now—" Again she hesitated.

"Ah, my dear child!" said Mrs. Tyrold, "I always feared that residence!—you are too young, too inconsiderate, too innocent, indeed, to be left so utterly to yourself.—Forgive me, my dear Mr. Tyrold; I do not mean to reflect upon your brother, but he is not *you!*—and with you alone, this dear inexperienced girl can be secure from all harm. Tell me, however, what it is—?"

Camilla, in the extremest confusion changed colour, but tried vainly to speak. Mr. Tyrold, suspended from all employment, waited fearfully some explanation.

"We have no time," said Mrs. Tyrold, "for delay;—you know I am going abroad,—and cannot ascertain my re-

turn;

turn; though all my heart left behind me, with my children and their father, will urge every acceleration in my power."

Camilla wept again, fondly folding her arms round her mother; "I had hoped," ſhe cried, "that I ſhould have come home to peace, comfort, tranquillity! to both of you, my deareſt father and mother, and to all my unbroken happineſs under your roof!—How little did I dream of ſo cruel a ſeparation!"

"Conſole yourſelf, my Camilla, that you have not been its cauſe; may Heaven ever ſpare me evil in your ſhape at leaſt! —you ſay it is nothing wilful? I can bear every thing elſe."

"We will not," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "preſs her; ſhe will tell us all in her own way, and at her own time. Forced confidence is neither fair nor flattering. I will excuſe her return to my brother, and ſhe will the ſooner be able to give her account for finding herſelf not hurried."

"Calm yourſelf, then," ſaid Mrs. Ty-

rold, " as your indulgent father permits, and I will proceed with my preparations."

Camilla now, ſomewhat recovering, declared ſhe had almoſt nothing to ſay; but her mother continued packing up, and her father went on with his letter.

She had now time to conſider that her own fears and emotion were involving her in unneceſſary confeſſions; ſhe reſolved, therefore, to repreſs the fulneſs of her heart, and to acknowledge only the accuſation of Miſs Margland. And in a few minutes, without waiting for further enquiry, ſhe gathered courage to open upon the ſubject; and with as much eaſe and quietneſs as ſhe could command, related, in general terms, the charge brought againſt her, and her conſequent deſire to quit Cleves, "till,—— till——" Here ſhe ſtopt for breath. Mr. Tyrold inſtantly finiſhed the ſentence, " till the marriage has taken place?"

She coloured, and faintly uttered, " Yes."

"You are right, my child," ſaid he, "and you have acted with a prudence which does you honour. Neither the ableſt reaſoning, nor the moſt upright conduct, can ſo completely obliterate a ſurmiſe of this nature, from a ſuſpicious mind, as abſence. You ſhall remain, therefore, with me, till your couſin is ſettled in her new habitation. Do you know if the day is fixed?"

"No, ſir," ſhe anſwered, while the roſes fled her cheeks at a queſtion which implied ſo firm a belief of the union.

"Do not ſuffer this affair to occaſion you any further uneaſineſs," he continued; "it is the inherent and unalienable compact of Innocence with Truth, to hold themſelves immovably ſuperior to the calumny of falſe imputations. But I will go myſelf to Cleves, and ſet this whole matter right."

"And will you, too, ſir, have the goodneſs—" She was going to ſay, *to make my peace with Edgar*; but the fear

of misinterpretation checked her, and ſhe turned away.

He gently enquired what ſhe meant; ſhe avoided any explanation, and he reſumed his writing.

Ah me! thought ſhe, will the time ever come, when with openneſs, with propriety, I may clear myſelf of caprice to Edgar?

Leſs patient, becauſe more alarmed than her huſband, Mrs. Tyrold followed her to the window. She ſaw a tear in her eye, and again ſhe took both her hands: "Have you, my Camilla," ſhe cried, "have you told us all? Can unjuſt impertinence ſo greatly have diſturbed you? Is there no ſting belonging to this wound that you are covering from our ſight, though it may preciſely be the ſpot that calls moſt for ſome healing balm?"

Again the cheeks of Camilla received their fugitive roſes. "My deareſt mother," ſhe cried, "is not this enough? —to be accuſed—ſuſpected—and to fear—"

She

She ſtammered, and would have withdrawn her hands; but Mrs. Tyrold, ſtill holding them, ſaid, " To fear what? ſpeak out, my beſt child! open to us your whole heart!—Where elſe will you find repoſitories ſo tender?"

Tears again flowed down the burning cheeks of Camilla, and dropping her eyes, " Ah, my mother!" ſhe cried, " you will think me ſo frivolous—you will bluſh ſo for your daughter—if I own—if I dare confeſs—"

Again ſhe ſtopped, terrified at the conjectures to which this opening might give birth; but when further and fondly preſſed by her mother, ſhe added, " It is not alone theſe unjuſt ſurmiſes,—nor even Indiana's unkind concurrence in them—but alſo—I have been afraid—I muſt have made a ſtrange—a capricious—an ungrateful appearance in the eyes of Edgar Mandlebert."

Here her voice dropt; but preſently recovering, ſhe rapidly continued, " I know it is very immaterial—and I am

ſenſible how fooliſh it may ſound—but I ſhall alſo think of it no more now, —and therefore, as I have told the whole—"

She looked up, conſcience ſtruck at theſe laſt words, to ſee if they proved ſatisfactory: ſhe caught, in the countenance of her mother, an expreſſion of deep commiſeration, which was followed by a thouſand maternal careſſes of unuſual ſoftneſs, though unaccompanied by any words.

Penetrated, yet diſtreſſed, ſhe gratefully received them, but rejoiced when, at length, Mr. Tyrold, riſing, ſaid, "Go, my love, up ſtairs to your ſiſter; your mother, elſe, will never proceed with her buſineſs."

She gladly ran off, and ſoon, by a conciſe narration, ſatisfied Lavinia, and then calmed her own troubled mind.

Mr. Tyrold now, though evidently much affected himſelf, ſtrove to compoſe his wife. "Alas!" cried ſhe, "do you

you not ſee what thus has touched me? Do you not perceive that our lovely girl, more juſt to his worth than its poſſeſſor, has given her whole heart to Edgar Mandlebert?"

"I perceived it through your emotion, but I had not diſcovered it myſelf. I grieve, now, that the probability of ſuch an event had not ſtruck me in time to have kept them apart for its prevention."

"I grieve for nothing," cried ſhe, warmly, "but the infatuated blindneſs of that ſelf-loſt young man. What a wife would Camilla have made him in every ſtage of their united career! And how unfortunately has ſhe ſympathiſed in my ſentiments, that he alone ſeemed worthy to replace the firſt and beſt protector ſhe muſt relinquiſh when ſhe quits this houſe! What will he find in Indiana but a beautiful doll, unintereſted in his feelings, unmoved by his excellencies, and incapable of comprehending him

if he ſpeaks either of buſineſs or literature!"

"Yet many wives of this deſcription," replied Mr. Tyrold, "are more pleaſing in the eyes of their huſbands than women who are either better informed in intellect, or more alive in ſenſation; and it is not an uncommon idea amongſt men, that where, both in temper and affairs, there is leaſt participation, there is moſt repoſe. But this is not the caſe with Edgar."

"No! he has a nobler reſemblance than this portrait would allow him; a reſemblance which made me hope from him a far higher ſtyle of choice. He prepares himſelf, however, his own ample puniſhment; for he has too much underſtanding not to ſicken of mere perſonal allurements, and too much generoſity to be flattered, or ſatisfied, by mere paſſive intellectual inferiority. Neither a miſtreſs nor a ſlave can make him happy; a companion is what he requires; and for

for that, in a very few months, how vainly his secret soul may sigh, and *think of our Camilla!*"

They then settled, that it would be now essential to the peace of their child to keep her as much as possible from his sight; and determined not to send her back to Cleves to apologize for the new plan, but to take upon themselves that whole charge. "Her nature," said Mrs. Tyrold, "is so gay, so prompt for happiness, that I have little fear but in absence she will soon cease to dwell upon him. Fear, indeed, I have, but it is of a deeper evil than this early impression; I fear for her future lot! With whom can we trust her?—She will not endure negligence; and those she cannot respect she will soon despise. What a prospect for her, then, with our present race of young men! their frivolous fickleness nauseates whatever they can reach; they have a weak shame of asserting, or even listening to what is right, and a shallow pride in professing and performing what is

wrong. How muſt this ingenuous girl forget all ſhe has yet ſeen, heard, or felt, ere ſhe can encounter wickedneſs, or even weakneſs, and diſguiſe her abhorrence or contempt?"

"My dear Georgiana, let us never look forward to evil."

"Will it not be doubly hard to bear, if it come upon us without preparation?"

"I think not. Terror ſhakes, and apprehenſion depreſſes: hope nerves as well as gladdens us. Remember always, I do not by hope mean preſumption; I mean ſimply a chearful truſt in heaven."

"I muſt always yield," cried Mrs. Tyrold, "to your ſuperior wiſdom, and reflecting piety; and if I cannot conquer my fears, at leaſt I will neither court nor indulge them."

The thanks of a grateful huſband repaid this compliance. They ſent for Camilla, to acquaint her they would make her excuſes at Cleves: ſhe gave a ready though melancholy conſent, and the virtue of her motives drew tears from her idolizing

idolizing mother, as ſhe claſped her to her heart.

They then ſet out together, that Mr. Tyrold might arrange this buſineſs with Sir Hugh, of whom and of Eugenia Mrs. Tyrold was to take leave.

CHAP. VIII.

Modern Ideas of Duty.

CAMILLA now felt more permanently revived, becaufe better fatisfied with the rectitude of her conduct. She could no longer be accufed of interfering between Edgar and Indiana; that affair would take its natural courfe, and, be it what it might, while abfent from both parties, fhe concluded fhe fhould at leaft efcape all cenfure.

Peaceably, therefore, fhe returned to take poffeffion of her ufual apartment, affectionately accompanied by her eldeft fifter.

The form and the mind of Lavinia were in the moft perfect harmony. Her polifhed complexion was fair, clear, and tranfparent; her features were of the extremeft delicacy, her eyes of the fofteft blue, and her fmile difplayed internal fe-

renity.

renity. The unruffled ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition bore the ſame character of modeſt excellence. Joy, hope, and proſperity, ſickneſs, ſorrow, and diſappointment, aſſailed alike in vain the uniform gentleneſs of her temper: yet though thus exempt from all natural turbulence, either of pleaſure or of pain, the meekneſs of her compoſition degenerated not into inſenſibility; it was open to all the feminine feelings of pity, of ſympathy, and of tenderneſs.

Thus copiouſly gifted with "all her ſex's ſoftneſs," her ſociety would have contributed to reſtore Camilla to repoſe, had they continued together without interruption; but, in a few minutes, the room door was opened, and Lionel, ruſhing into the apartment, called out, "How do, do, my girls? how do, do?" and ſhook them each by the hand, with a ſwing that nearly brought them to the ground.

Camilla always rejoiced at his ſight; but Lavinia gravely ſaid, "I thought,

 brother,

brother, you had been at Dr. Marchmont's?"

"All in good time, my dear! I ſhall certainly viſit the old gentleman before long."

"Did you not ſleep there, then, laſt night?"

"No, child."

"Good God, Lionel!—if my mother—"

"My dear little Lavinia," cried he, chucking her under the chin, "I have a vaſt notion of making viſits at my own time, inſtead of my mamma's."

"O Lionel! and can you, juſt now——"

"Come, come," interrupted he, "don't let us waſte our precious minutes in old moralizing. If I had not luckily been hard by, I ſhould not have known the coaſt was clear. Pray where are they gone, tantivying?"

"To Cleves."

"To Cleves! what a happy eſcape! I was upon the point of going thither

myfelf. Camilla, what is the matter with thee?"

"Nothing—I am only thinking—pray when do you go to Oxford?"

"Pho, pho,—what do you talk of Oxford for? you are grown quite ftupid, girl. I believe you have lived too long with Mifs Margland. Pray how does that dear creature do? I am afraid fhe will grow melancholy from not feeing me fo long. Is fhe as pretty as fhe ufed to be? I have fome notion of fending her a fuitor."

"O brother," faid Lavinia, "is it poffible you can have fuch fpirits?"

"O hang it, if one is not merry when one can, what is the world good for? befides, I do affure you, I fretted fo confumed hard at firft, that for the life of me I can fret no longer."

"But why are you not at Dr. Marchmont's?"

"Becaufe, my dear, you have no conception the pleafure thofe old doctors

take

take in lecturing a youngster who is in any disgrace."

Disgrace!" repeated Camilla.

"At all events," said Lavinia, "I beseech you to be a little careful; I would not have my poor mother find you here for the world."

"O, as to that, I defy her to desire the meeting less than I do. But come, let's talk of something else. How go on the classics? Is my old friend, Dr. Orkborne, as chatty and amusing as ever?"

"My dear Lionel," said Camilla, "I am filled with apprehension and perplexity. Why should my mother wish not to see you? And why—and how is it possible you can wish not to see her?"

"What, don't you know it all?"

"I know only that something must be wrong; but how, what, or which way, I have not heard."

"Has not Lavinia told you, then?

"No," answered Lavinia; "I could be in no haste to give her pain."

"You are a good girl enough. But how came you hither, Camilla? and what is the reason you have not seen my mother yourself?"

"Not seen her! I have been with her this half hour."

"What! and in all that time did not she tell you?"

"She did not name you."

"Is it possible!—Well, she's a noble creature! I wonder how she could ever have such a son as me. And I am still less like my father than her. I suppose I was changed in the cradle. Will you countenance me, young ladies, if some villainous attorney or exciseman should by and by come to own me?"

"Dear Lionel," cried Camilla, "do explain to me what has happened. You make me think it important and trifling twenty times in a minute."

"O, a horrid business!—Lavinia must tell it you. I'll go away till she has done. Don't despise me, Camilla; I am confounded sorry, I promise you."

He

He then hurried out of the room, evidently feeling more emotion than he cared to difplay.

Yet Lavinia had but juft begun her relation, when he abruptly returned. "Come, I had better tell it you myfelf," cried he, "for fhe'll make fuch a difmal ditty of it, that it won't be over this half year; the fooner we have done with it the better; it will only put you out of fpirits."

Then, fitting down, and taking her hand, he began, "You muft know I was in rather a bad fcrape at Oxford laft year—"

"Laft year! and you never told us of it before!"

"O, 'twas about fomething you would not underftand, fo I fhall not mention particulars now. It is enough for you to know that two or three of us wanted a little cafh!—well, fo—in fhort, I fent a letter—fomewhat of a threatening fort—to poor old uncle Relvil!"—

"O Lionel!"

"O, I did not ſign it,—it was only begging a little money, which he can afford to ſpare very well; and juſt telling him, if he did not come to a place I mentioned, he would have his brains blown out."—

"How horrible!"

"Pho, pho,—he had only to ſend the money, you know, and then his brains might keep their place; beſides, you can't ſuppoſe there was gunpowder in the words. So I got this copied, and took the proper meaſures for concealment, and,—would you believe it! the poor old gull was fool enough actually to ſend the money where he was bid?"

"Fie, Lionel!" cried Lavinia; "do you call him a fool becauſe you terrified him?"

"Yes, to be ſure, my dear; and you both think him ſo too, only you don't hold it pretty to ſay ſo. Do you ſuppoſe, if he had had half the wit of his ſiſter, he would have done it? I believe, in my conſcience, there was ſome odd miſtake

in

in their births, and that my mother took away the brains of the man, and left the woman's for the noddle of my poor uncle."

"Fie, fie, brother!" ſaid Lavinia again; "you know how ſickly he has always been from his birth, and how ſoon therefore he might be alarmed."

"Why, yes, Lavinia—I believe it was a very bad thing—and I would give half my little finger I had not done it. But it's over, you know; ſo what ſignifies making the worſt of it?"

"And did he not diſcover you?"

"No; I gave him particular orders, in my letter, not to attempt any thing of that ſort, aſſuring him there were ſpies about him to watch his proceedings. The good old aſs took it all for goſpel. So there the matter dropt. However, as ill luck would have it, about three months ago we wanted another ſum—"

"And could you again—"

"Why, my dear, it was only taking a little

little of my own fortune before-hand, for I am his heir; ſo we all agreed it was merely robbing myſelf; for we had ſeveral conſultations about it, and one of us is to be a lawyer."

"But you give me ſome pleaſure here," ſaid Camilla; "for I had never heard that my uncle had made you his heir."

"No more have I neither, my dear; but I take it for granted. Beſides, our little lawyer put it into my head. Well, we wrote again, and told the poor old gentleman—for which I aſſure you I am heartily repentant—that if he did not ſend me double the ſum, in the ſame manner, without delay, his houſe was to be burnt to the ground the firſt night that he and all his family were aſleep in bed.—Now don't make faces and ſhruggings, for, I promiſe you, I think already I deſerve to be hanged for giving him the fright; though I would not really have hurt him, all the time, for half his

fortune.

fortune. And who could have gueſſed he would have bit ſo eaſily? The money, however, came, and we thought it all ſecure, and agreed to get the ſame ſum annually."

"Annually!" repeated Camilla, with uplifted hands.

"Yes, my dear. You have no conception how convenient it would have been for our extra expences. But, unluckily, uncle grew worſe, and went abroad, and then conſulted with ſome crab of a friend, and that friend with ſome demagogue of a magiſtrate, and ſo all is blown!—However, we had managed it ſo cleverly, it coſt them near three months to find it out, owing, I muſt confeſs, to poor uncle's cowardice in not making his enquiries before the money was carried off, and he himſelf over the ſeas and far away. The other particulars Lavinia muſt give you; for I have talked of it now till I have made myſelf quite ſick. Do tell me ſomething diverting to drive

it

it a little out of my head. Have you ſeen any thing of my enchanting widow lately?"

"No, ſhe does not deſire to be ſeen by me. She would not admit me."

"She is frankneſs itſelf, and does not pretend to care a fig for any of her own ſex.—O, but, Camilla, I have wanted to aſk you this great while, if you think there is any truth in this rumour, that Mandlebert intends to propoſe to Indiana?"

"To propoſe! I thought it had all long ſince been ſettled."

"Ay, ſo the world ſays; but I don't believe a word of it. Do you think, if that were the caſe, he would not have owned it to me? There's nothing fixed yet, depend upon it."

Camilla, ſtruck, amazed, and delighted, involuntarily embraced her brother; though, recollecting herſelf almoſt at the ſame moment, ſhe endeavoured to turn off the reſiſtleſs impulſe into taking leave, and hurrying him away.

Lionel,

Lionel, who to want of ſolidity and penetration principally owed the errors of his conduct, was eaſily put upon a wrong ſcent, and aſſured her he would take care to be off in time. "But what," cried he, "has carried them to Cleves? Are they gone to tell tales? Becauſe I have loſt one uncle by my own fault, muſt I loſe another by their's?"

"No," anſwered Lavinia, "they have determined not to name you. They have ſettled that my uncle Hugh ſhall never be told of the affair, nor any body elſe, if they can help it, except your ſiſters, and Dr. Marchmont."

"Well, they are good ſouls," cried he, attempting to laugh, though his eyes were gliſtening; "I wiſh I deſerved them better; I wiſh, too, it was not ſo dull to be good. I can be merry and harmleſs here at the ſame time,—and ſo I can at Cleves;—but at Oxford—or in London,—your merry blades there—I can't deny it, my dear ſiſters—your merry blades there are but ſad fellows. Yet there

there is ſuch fun, ſuch ſpirit, ſuch ſport amongſt them, I cannot for my life keep out of their way. Beſides, you have no conception, young ladies, what a bye word you become among them if they catch you flinching."

"I would not for the world ſay any thing to pain you, my dear brother," cried Lavinia; "but yet I muſt hope that, in future, your firſt ſtudy will be to reſiſt ſuch dangerous examples, and to drop ſuch unworthy friends?"

"If it is not to tell tales, then, for what elſe are they gone to Cleves, juſt at this time?"

"For my mother to take leave of Eugenia and my uncle before her journey."

"Journey! Why whither is ſhe going?"

"Abroad."

"The deuce ſhe is!—And what for?"

"To try to make your peace with her brother; or at leaſt to nurſe him herſelf till he is tolerably recovered."

Lionel flapped his hat over his eyes, and ſaying, "This is too much!—if I were a man I ſhould ſhoot myſelf!"—ruſhed out of the room.

The two ſiſters rapidly followed him and caught his arm before he could quit the houſe. They earneſtly beſought him to return, to compoſe himſelf, and to promiſe he would commit no raſh action.

"My dear ſiſters," cried he, "I am worked juſt now only as I ought to be; but I will give you any promiſe you pleaſe. However, though I have never liſtened to my father as I ought to have liſtened, he has implanted in my mind a horror of ſuicide, that will make me live my natural life, be it as good for nothing as it may."

He then ſuffered his ſiſters to lead him back to their room, where he caſt himſelf upon a chair, in painful rumination upon his own unworthineſs, and his parents excellence; but the tender ſooth-ings of Lavinia and Camilla, who trem-

bled

bled left his remorſe ſhould urge him to ſome act of violence, ſoon drew him from reflections of which he hated the intruſion; and he attended, with complacency, to their youthful ſecurity of perfect reconciliations, and re-eſtabliſhed happineſs.

With reciprocal exultation, the eyes of the ſiſters congratulated each other on having ſaved him from deſpair: and ſeeing him now calm, and, they hoped, ſafe, they mutually, though tacitly, agreed to obtrude no further upon meditations that might be uſeful to him, and remained ſilently by his ſide.

For ſome minutes all were profoundly ſtill; Lionel then ſuddenly ſtarted up; the ſiſters, affrighted, haſtily aroſe at the ſame inſtant; when ſtretching himſelf and yawning, he called out, "Pr'ythee, Camilla, what is become of that ſmug Mr. Dubſter?"

Speechleſs with amazement, they looked earneſtly in his face, and feared he was raving.

They were ſoon, however undeceived; the tide of penitence and ſorrow was turned in his buoyant ſpirits, and he was only reſtored to his natural volatile ſelf.

"You uſed him moſt ſhabbily," he continued, "and he was a very pretty fellow. The next time I have nothing better to do, I'll ſend him to you, that you may make it up."

This quick return of gaiety cauſed a ſigh to Lavinia, and much ſurpriſe to Camilla; but neither of them could prevail with him to depart, till Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were every moment expected; they then, though with infinite difficulty, procured his promiſe that he would go ſtraight to Dr. Marchmont, according to an arrangement made for that purpoſe by Mrs. Tyrold herſelf.

Lavinia, when he was gone, related ſome circumſtances of this affair which he had omitted. Mr. Relvil, the elder brother of Mrs. Tyrold, was a country gentleman of ſome fortune, but of weak parts, and an invalid from his infancy.

He

He had ſuffered theſe incendiary letters to prey upon his repoſe, without venturing to produce them to any one, from a terror of the menaces hurled againſt him by the writer, till at length he became ſo completely hypochondriac, that his reſt was utterly broken, and, to preſerve his very exiſtence, he reſolved upon viſiting another climate.

The day that he ſet out for Liſbon, his deſtined harbour, he delivered his anonymous letters to a friend, to whom he left in charge to diſcover, if poſſible, their author.

This diſcovery, by the uſual means of enquiries and rewards, was ſoon made; but the moment Mr. Relvil learnt that the culprit was his nephew, he wrote over to Mrs. Tyrold a ſtatement of the tranſaction, declaring he ſhould diſinherit Lionel from every ſhilling of his eſtate. His health was ſo much impaired, he ſaid, by the diſturbance this had given to his mind, that he ſhould be obliged to ſpend the enſuing year in Portugal; and he even

felt uncertain if he might ever return to his own country.

Mrs. Tyrold, aſtoniſhed and indignant, ſeverely queſtioned her ſon, who, covered with ſhame, ſurpriſe, and repentance, confeſſed his guilt. Shocked and grieved in the extreme, ſhe ordered him from her ſight, and wrote to Dr. Marchmont to receive him. She then ſettled with Mr. Tyrold the plan of her journey and voyage, hoping by ſo immediately following, and herſelf nurſing her incenſed brother, to ſoften his wrath, and avert its final ill conſequences.

CHAP. IX.

A few Embarraſſments.

MR. and Mrs. Tyrold returned to Etherington ſomewhat relieved in their ſpirits, though perplexed in their opinions. They had heard from Sir Hugh, that Edgar had decidedly diſavowed any pretenſions to Indiana, and had voluntarily retreated from Cleves, that his diſavowal might riſk no miſconſtruction, either in the family or the neighbourhood.

This inſenſibility to beauty the moſt exquiſite wanted no advocate with Mrs. Tyrold. Once more ſhe conceived ſome hope of what ſhe wiſhed, and ſhe determined upon ſeeing Edgar before her departure. The diſpleaſure ſhe had nouriſhed againſt him vaniſhed, and juſtice to his general worth, with an affection nearly maternal to his perſon, took again their wonted place in her boſom, and

made her deem herſelf unkind in having purpoſed to quit the kingdom without bidding him farewel.

Mr. Tyrold, whom profeſſional duty and native inclination alike made a man of peace, was ever happy to ſecond all conciliatory meaſures, and the firſt to propoſe them, where his voice had any chance of being heard. He ſent a note, therefore, to invite Edgar to call the next morning; and Mrs. Tyrold deferred her hour of ſetting off till noon.

Her own natural and immediate impulſe, had been to carry Camilla with her abroad; but when ſhe conſidered that her ſole errand was to nurſe and appeaſe an offended ſick man, whoſe chamber ſhe meant not to quit till ſhe returned to her family, ſhe gave up the pleaſure ſhe would herſelf have found in the ſcheme, to her fears for the health and ſpirits of her darling child, joined to the ſuperior joy of leaving ſuch a ſolace with her huſband.

Sir Hugh had heard the petition for

poſtponing

poftponing the further vifit of Camilla almoft with defpondence; but Mr. Tyrold reftored him completely to confidence, with refpect to his doubts concerning Dr. Orkborne, with whom he held a long and fatisfactory converfation; and his own benevolent heart received a fenfible pleafure, when, upon examining Indiana with regard to Edgar, he found her, though piqued and pouting, untouched either in affection or happinefs.

Early the next morning Edgar came. Mrs. Tyrold had taken meafures for employing Camilla up ftairs, where fhe did not even hear that he entered the houfe.

He was received with kindnefs, and told of the fudden journey, though not of its motives. He heard of it with unfeigned concern, and earneftly folicited to be the companion of the voyage, if no better male protector were appointed.

Mr. Tyrold folded his arms around him at this grateful propofal, while his wife, animated off her guard, warmly exclaimed: —"My dear, excellent Edgar! you are

indeed the model, the true ſon of your guardian!"

Sorry for what had eſcaped her, from her internal reference to Lionel, ſhe looked anxiouſly to ſee if he comprehended her; but the mantling blood which mounted quick into his cheeks, while his eyes ſought the ground, ſoon told her there was another mode of affinity, which at that moment had ſtruck him.

Willing to eſtabliſh whether this idea were right, ſhe now conſidered how ſhe might name Camilla; but her huſband, who for no poſſible purpoſe could witneſs diſtreſs without ſeeking to alleviate it, declined his kind offer, and began a diſcourſe upon the paſſage to Liſbon.

This gave Edgar time to recover, and, in a few ſeconds, ſomething of moment ſeemed abruptly to occur to him, and ſcarcely ſaying adieu, he hurried to remount his horſe.

Mrs. Tyrold was perplexed; but ſhe could take no ſteps towards an explanation, without infringing the delicacy ſhe felt

felt due to her daughter: ſhe ſuffered him, therefore, to depart.

She then proceeded with her preparations, which entirely occupied her till the chaiſe was at the gate; when, as the little party, their eyes and their hearts all full, were taking a laſt farewel, the parlour door was haſtily opened, and Dr. Marchmont and Edgar entered the room.

All were ſurpriſed, but none ſo much as Camilla, who, forgetting, in ſudden emotion, every thing but former kindneſs and intimacy, delightedly exclaimed---"Edgar! O how happy, my deareſt mother!—I was afraid you would go without ſeeing him!"

Edgar turned to her with a quickneſs that could only be exceeded by his pleaſure; her voice, her manner, her unlooked-for intereſt in his appearance, penetrated to his very ſoul. "Is it poſſible," he cried, "you could have the goodneſs to wiſh me this gratification? At a moment ſuch as this, could you——?" think of me, he would have added; but Dr.

Marchmont, coming forward, begged him to account for their intrufion.

Almoft overpowered by his own fudden emotion, he could fcarce recollect its motive himfelf; while Camilla, fearful and repentant that fhe had broken her deliberate and well-principled refolutions, retreated to the window.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold witneffed the involuntary movements which betrayed their mutual regard with the tendereft fatisfaction; and the complacency of their attention, when Edgar advanced to them, foon removed his embarraffment.

He then briefly acquainted them, that finding Mrs. Tyrold would not accept him for her chevalier, he had ridden hard to the parfonage of Cleves, whence he hoped he had brought her one too unexceptionable for rejection.

Dr. Marchmont, with great warmth, then made a proffer of his fervices, declaring he had long defired an opportunity to vifit Portugal; and protefting that, befides the pleafure of complying with any

wifh

wiſh of Mr. Mandlebert's, it would give him the moſt ſerious happineſs to ſhew his gratitude for the many kind offices he owed to Mr. Tyrold, and his high perſonal reſpect for his lady; he ſhould require but one day for his preparations, and for ſecuring the performance of the church duty at Cleves during his abſence.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were equally ſtruck by the goodneſs of Dr. Marchmont, and the attentive kindneſs of Edgar. Mrs. Tyrold, nevertheleſs, would immediately have declined the ſcheme; but her huſband interpoſed. Her travelling, he ſaid, with ſuch a guard, would be as conducive to his peace at home, as to her ſafety abroad. "And with reſpect," cried he, "to obligation, I hold it as much a moral duty not to refuſe receiving good offices, as not to avoid adminiſtering them. That ſpecies of independence, which proudly flies all ties of gratitude, is inimical to the ſocial com-

pact of civilized life, which subsists but by reciprocity of services."

Mrs. Tyrold now opposed the scheme no longer, and the chaise was ordered for the next day.

Dr. Marchmont hurried home to settle his affairs; but Edgar begged a short conference with Mr. Tyrold.

Every maternal hope was now awake in Mrs. Tyrold, who concluded this request was to demand Camilla in marriage; and her husband himself, not without trepidation, took Edgar into his study.

But Edgar, though his heart was again wholly Camilla's, had received a look from Dr. Marchmont that guarded him from any immediate declaration. He simply opened upon the late misconception at Cleves; vindicated himself from any versatility of conduct, and affirmed, that both his attentions and his regard for Indiana had never been either more or less than they still continued. All this was spoken with a plainness to which the integrity

tegrity of his character gave a weight ſuperior to any proteſtations.

"My dear Edgar," ſaid Mr Tyrold, "I am convinced of your probity. The tenor of your life is its guarantee, and any other defence is a degradation. There is, indeed, no perfidy ſo unjuſtifiable, as that which wins but to deſert the affections of an innocent female. It is ſtill, if poſſible, more cowardly than it is cruel; for the greater her worth, and the more exquiſite her feelings, the ſtronger will be the impulſe of her delicacy to ſuffer uncomplaining; and the deluder of her eſteem commonly confides, for averting her reproach, to the very ſenſibility through which he has enſnared her good opinion."

"No one," ſaid Edgar, "can more ſincerely concur in this ſentiment than myſelf; and, I truſt, there is no ſituation, and no character, that could prompt me to deviate in this point. Here, in particular, my underſtanding muſt have been as defective as my morals, to have betrayed me into ſuch an enterpriſe."

"How

"How do you mean?"

"I beg pardon, my dear ſir; but, though I have a ſort of family regard for Miſs Lynmere, and though I think her beauty is tranſcendent, her heart, I believe——" he heſitated.

"Do you think her heart invulnerable?"—

"Why—no—not poſitively, perhaps," anſwered he, embarraſſed, "not poſitively invulnerable; but certainly I do not think it compoſed of thoſe finely ſubtle ſenſations which elude all vigilance, and become imperceptibly the prey of every aſſailing ſympathy; for itſelf, therefore, I believe it not in much danger; and, for others—I ſee not in it that magnetic attraction which charms away all caution, beguiles all ſecurity, enwraps the imagination, and maſters the reaſon!"——

The chain of thinking which, from painting what he thought inſenſible in Indiana, led him to deſcribe what he felt to be reſiſtleſs in Camilla, made him finiſh the laſt ſentence with an

energy that ſurpriſed Mr. Tyrold into a ſmile.

"You ſeem deeply," he ſaid, "to have ſtudied the ſubject."

"But not under the guidance of Miſs Lynmere," he anſwered, riſing, and colouring, the moment he had ſpoken, in the fear he had betrayed himſelf.

"I rejoice, then, the more," replied Mr. Tyrold, calmly, "in her own ſlackneſs of ſuſceptibility."

"Yes," cried Edgar, recovering, and quietly re-placing himſelf; "it is her own ſecurity, and it is the ſecurity of all who ſurround her; though to thoſe, indeed, there was alſo another, a ſtill greater, in the contraſt which——" he ſtopt, confuſed at his own meaning; yet preſently, almoſt irreſiſtibly, added—"Not that I think the utmoſt vivacity of ſentiment, nor all the charm of ſoul, though eternally beaming in the eyes, playing in every feature, glowing in the complection, and brightening every ſmile——" he ſtopt again, overpowered with the conſciouſneſs

of

of the picture he was portraying; but Mr. Tyrold continuing silent, he was obliged, though he scarce knew what he said, to go on. "Nothing, in short, so selfishly are we formed,—that nothing, not even the loveliest of the lovely, can be truly bewitching, in which we do not hope or expect some participation.—I believe I have not made myself very clear? —However, it is not material—I simply meant to explain my retreat from Cleves. And, indeed, it is barbarous, at a season such as this, to detain you a moment from your family."

He then hastily took leave.

Mr. Tyrold was sensibly touched by this scene. He saw, through a discourse so perplexed, and a manner so confused, that his daughter had made a forcible impression upon the heart of Mandlebert, but could not comprehend why he seemed struggling to conceal it. What had dropt from him appeared to imply a distrust of exciting mutual regard; yet this, after his own observations

upon

upon Camilla, was inconceivable. He regretted, that at a period ſo critical, ſhe muſt part with her mother, with whom again he now determined to conſult.

Edgar, who hitherto had opened his whole heart upon every occaſion to Mr. Tyrold, felt hurt and diſtreſſed at this firſt withholding of confidence. It was, however, unavoidable, in his preſent ſituation.

He went back to the parlour to take leave once more of Mrs. Tyrold; but, opening the door, found Camilla there alone. She was looking out of the window, and had not heard his entrance.

This was not a ſight to ſtill his perturbed ſpirits; on the contrary, the moment ſeemed to him ſo favourable, that it irreſiſtibly occurred to him to ſeize it for removing every doubt.

Camilla, who had not even miſſed her mother and ſiſter from the room, was contemplating the horſe of Edgar, and internally arraigning herſelf for the dangerous

gerous pleaſure ſhe had felt and manifeſted at the ſight of his maſter.

He gently ſhut the door, and approaching her, ſaid, " Do I ſee again the ſame frank and amiable friend, who in earlieſt days, who always, indeed, till—"

Camilla, turning round, ſtartled to behold him ſo near, and that no one elſe remained in the room, bluſhed exceſſively, and without hearing what he ſaid, ſhut the window; yet opened it the ſame minute, ſtammering out ſomething, but ſhe herſelf knew not what, concerning the weather.

The gentleſt thoughts croſſed the mind of Edgar at this evident embarraſsment, and the moſt generous alacrity prompted him to haſten his purpoſe. He drew a chair near her, and, in penetrating accents, ſaid: " Will you ſuffer me, will you, can you permit me, to take the privilege of our long friendſhip, and honeſtly to ſpeak to you upon what has paſſed within theſe laſt few days at Cleves?"

She could not anſwer: ſurpriſe, doubt, fear of ſelf-deception, and hope of ſome happy explanation, all ſuddenly conſpired to confound and to ſilence her.

"You cannot, I think, forget," he ſoon reſumed, "that you had condeſcended to put into my hands the management and deciſion of the new acquaintance you are anxious to form? My memory, at leaſt, will never be unfaithful to a teſtimony ſo grateful to me, of your entire reliance upon the deep, the unſpeakable intereſt I have ever taken, and ever muſt take, in my invaluable guardian, and in every branch of his reſpected and beloved family."

Camilla now began to breathe. This laſt expreſſion, though zealous in friendlineſs, had nothing of appropriate partiality; and in loſing her hope ſhe reſumed her calmneſs.

Edgar obſerved, though he underſtood not, the change; but as he wiſhed to ſatisfy his mind before he indulged his inclination, he endeavoured not to be

ſorry to ſee her miſtreſs of herſelf during the diſcuſſion. He wiſhed her but to anſwer him with openneſs: ſhe ſtill, however, only liſtened, while ſhe roſe and looked about the room for ſome work. Edgar, ſomewhat diſconcerted, waited for her again ſitting down; and after a few minutes ſpent in a uſeleſs ſearch, ſhe drew a chair to a table at ſome diſtance.

Gravely then following, he ſtood oppoſite to her, and, after a little pauſe, ſaid, "I perceive you think I go too far? you think that the intimacy of childhood, and the attachment of adoleſcence, ſhould expire with the juvenile ſports and intercourſe which nouriſhed them, rather than ripen into ſolid friendſhip and permanent confidence?"

"Do not ſay ſo," cried ſhe, with emotion; "believe me, unleſs you knew all that had paſſed, and all my motives, you ſhould judge nothing of theſe laſt few days, but think of me only, whether well or ill, as you thought of me a week ago."

The

The moſt laboured and explicit defence could not more immediately have ſatisfied his mind than this ſpeech. Suſpicion vaniſhed, truſt and admiration took its place, and once more drawing a chair by her ſide, "My dear Miſs Camilla," he cried, "forgive my having thus harped upon this ſubject; I here promiſe you I will name it no more."

"And I," cried ſhe, delighted, "promiſe you"—ſhe was going to add, that ſhe would give up Mrs. Arlbery, if he found reaſon to diſapprove the acquaintance; but the parlour door opened, and Miſs Margland ſtalked into the room.

Sir Hugh was going to ſend a meſſenger to enquire how and when Mrs. Tyrold had ſet out; but Miſs Margland, from various motives of curioſity, offered her ſervices, and came herſelf. So totally, however, had both Edgar and Camilla been engroſſed by each other, that they had not heard the carriage drive up to the garden gate, which, with the door

of the houſe, being always open, required neither knocker nor bell.

A ſpectre could not more have ſtartled or ſhocked Camilla. She jumped up, with an exclamation nearly amounting to a ſcream, and involuntarily ſeated herſelf at the other end of the room.

Edgar, though not equally embarraſſed, was ſtill more provoked; but he roſe, and got her a chair, and enquired after the health of Sir Hugh.

"He is very poorly, indeed," anſwered ſhe, with an auſtere air, "and no wonder!"

"Is my uncle ill?" cried Camilla, alarmed.

Miſs Margland deigned no reply.

The reſt of the family, who had ſeen the carriage from the windows, now entered the room, and during the mutual enquiries and account which followed, Edgar, believing himſelf unobſerved, glided round to Camilla, and in a low voice, ſaid, "The promiſe—I think I gueſs its gratifying import—I ſhall not, I hope, loſe, through this cruel intruſion?"

Camilla,

Camilla, who ſaw no eyes but thoſe of Miſs Margland, which were ſeverely faſtened upon her, affected not to hear him, and planted herſelf in the group out of his way.

He anxiouſly waited for another opportunity to put in his claim; but he waited in vain; Camilla, who from the entrance of Miſs Margland had had the depreſsing feel of ſelf-accuſation, ſedulouſly avoided him; and though he loitered till he was aſhamed of remaining in the houſe at a period ſo buſy, Miſs Margland, by indications not to be miſtaken, ſhewed herſelf bent upon out-ſtaying him; he was obliged, therefore, to depart; though, no ſooner was he gone, than, having nothing more to ſcrutinize, ſhe went alſo.

But little doubt now remained with the watchful parents of the mutual attachment of Edgar and Camilla, to which the only apparent obſtacle ſeemed, a diffidence on the part of Edgar with reſpect to her internal ſympathy. Pleaſed

with the modeſty of ſuch a fear in ſo accompliſhed a young man, Mr. Tyrold proteſted that, if the ſuperior fortune were on the ſide of Camilla, he would himſelf clear it up, and point out the miſtake. His wife gloried in the virtuous delicacy of her daughter, that ſo properly, till it was called for, concealed her tenderneſs from the object who ſo deſervingly inſpired it; yet they agreed, that though ſhe could not, at preſent, meet Edgar too often, ſhe ſhould be kept wholly ignorant of their wiſhes and expectations, leſt they ſhould ſtill be cruſhed by any unforeſeen caſualty: and that, meanwhile, ſhe ſhould be allowed every ſafe and innocent recreation, that might lighten her mind from its depreſſion, and reſtore her ſpirits to their native vivacity.

Early the next morning Dr. Marchmont came to Etherington, and brought with him Lionel, by the expreſs direction of his father, who never objected to admit the faulty to his preſence; his hopes of doing good were more potent from

from kindneſs than from ſeverity, from example than from precept: yet he attempted not to conquer the averſeneſs of Mrs. Tyrold to an interview; he knew it proceeded not from an inexorable nature, but from a repugnance inſurmountable to the ſight of a beloved object in diſgrace.

Mrs. Tyrold quitted her huſband with the moſt cruel regret, and her darling Camilla with the tendereſt inquietude; ſhe affectionately embraced the unexceptionable Lavinia, with whom ſhe left a meſſage for her brother, which ſhe ſtrictly charged her to deliver, without ſoftening or omitting one word.

And then, attended by Dr. Marchmont, ſhe ſet forward on her journey towards Falmouth: whence a packet, in a few days, ſhe was informed, would ſail for Liſbon.

CHAP. X.

Modern Ideas of Life.

GRIEVED at this ſeparation, Mr. Tyrold retired to his ſtudy; and his two daughters went to the apartment of Lionel, to comfort him under the weight of his miſconduct.

They found him ſincerely affected and repentant; yet eager to hear that his mother was actually gone. Ill as he felt himſelf to deſerve ſuch an exertion for his future welfare, and poignant as were his ſhame and ſorrow to have parted her from his excellent father, he thought all evil preferable to encountering her eye, or liſtening to her admonitions.

Though unaffectedly beloved, Mrs. Tyrold was deeply feared by all her children, Camilla alone excepted; by Lionel, from his horror of reproof; by Lavinia,

Lavinia, from the timidity of her humility; and by Eugenia, from her high ſenſe of parental ſuperiority. Camilla alone eſcaped the contagion; for while too innocent, too undeſigning, wilfully to excite diſpleaſure, ſhe was too gay and too light-hearted to admit apprehenſion without cauſe.

The gentle Lavinia knew not how to perform her painful taſk of delivering the meſſage with which ſhe was commiſſioned. The ſight of Lionel in dejection was as ſad as it was new to her, and ſhe reſolved, in conjunction with Camilla, to ſpare him till the next day, when his feelings might be leſs acute. They each ſat down, therefore, to work, ſilent and compaſſionate; while he, ejaculating bleſſings upon his parents, and calling for juſt vengeance upon himſelf, ſtroamed up and down the room, biting his knuckles, and now and then ſtriking his forehead.

This laſted about ten minutes: and then, ſuddenly advancing to his ſiſters, and ſnatching a hand of each: "Come,

girls," he cried, "now let's talk of other things."

Too young to have developed the character of Lionel, they were again as much aſtoniſhed as they had been the preceding day: but his defects, though not originally of the heart, were of a ſpecies that ſoon tend to harden it. They had their riſe in a total averſion to reflection, a wiſh to diſtinguiſh himſelf from his retired, and, he thought, unfaſhionable relations, and an unfortunate coalition with ſome unprincipled young men, who, becauſe flaſhy and gay, could lead him to whatever they propoſed. Yet, when miſchief or misfortune enſued from his wanton faults, he was always far more ſorry than he thought it manly to own; but as his actions were without judgment, his repentance was without principle; and he was ready for ſome new enterpriſe the moment the difficulties of an old one ſubſided.

Camilla, who, from her affection to him, read his character through the in-

nocence of her own, met his returning gaiety with a pleaſure that was proportioned to her pain at his depreſſion; but Lavinia ſaw it with diſcomfort, as the ſignal for executing her charge, and, with extreme reluctance, gave him to underſtand ſhe had a command to fulfil to him from his mother.

The powers of conſcience were again then inſtantly at work; he felt what he had deſerved, he dreaded to hear what he had provoked; and trembling and drawing back, entreated her to wait one half hour before ſhe entered upon the buſineſs.

She chearfully conſented; and Camilla propoſed extending the reprieve to the next day: but not two minutes elapſed, before Lionel proteſted he could not bear the ſuſpenſe, and urged an immediate communication.

" She can have ſaid nothing," cried he, " worſe than I expect, or than I merit. Probe me then without delay. She is acting by me like an angel, and if

ſhe were to command me to turn anchoret, I know I ought to obey her."

With much heſitation, Lavinia then began. "My mother ſays, my dear Lionel, the fraud you have practiſed—"

"The fraud! what a horrid word! why it was a mere trick! a joke! a frolic! juſt to make an old hunks open his purſe-ſtrings for his natural heir. I am aſtoniſhed at my mother! I really don't care if I don't hear another ſyllable."

"Well, then, my dear Lionel, I will wait till you are calmer: my mother, I am ſure did not mean to irritate, but to convince."

"My mother," continued he, ſtriding about the room, "makes no allowances. She has no faults herſelf, and for that reaſon ſhe thinks nobody elſe ſhould have any. Beſides, how ſhould ſhe know what it is to be a young man? and to want a little caſh, and not know how to get it?"

"But I am ſure," ſaid Lavinia, "if you wanted it for any proper purpoſe, my father

father would have denied himſelf every thing, in order to ſupply you."

"Yes, yes; but ſuppoſe I want it for a purpoſe that is *not* proper, how am I to get it then?"

"Why, then, my dear Lionel, ſurely you muſt be ſenſible you ought to go without it," cried the ſiſters, in a breath.

"Ay, that's as you girls ſay, that know nothing of the matter. If a young man, when he goes into the world, was to make ſuch a ſpeech as that, he would be pointed at. Beſides, who muſt he live with? You don't ſuppoſe he is to ſhut himſelf up, with a few muſty books, ſleeping over the fire, under pretence of ſtudy, all day long, do you? like young Melmond, who knows no more of the world than one of you do?"

"Indeed," ſaid Camilla, "he ſeemed to me an amiable and modeſt young man, though very romantic."

"O, I dare ſay he did! I could have laid any wager of that. He's juſt a girl's man, juſt the very thing, all ſen-

timent, and poetry and heroics. But we, my little dear, we lads of ſpirit, hold all that amazing cheap. I aſſure you, I would as ſoon be ſeen trying on a lady's cap at a glaſs, as poring over a crazy old author when I could help it. I warrant you think, becauſe one is at the univerſity, one muſt all be book-worms?"

"Why, what elſe do you go there for but to ſtudy?"

"Every thing in the world, my dear."

"But are there not ſometimes young men who are ſcholars without being book-worms?" cried Camilla, half colouring; "is not—is not Edgar Mandlebert—"

"O yes, yes; an odd thing of that ſort happens now and then. Mandlebert has ſpirit enough to carry it off pretty well, without being ridiculous; though he is as deep, for his time, as e'er an old fellow of a college. But then this is no rule for others. You muſt not expect an Edgar Mandlebert at every turn."

Ah no! thought Camilla.

"But, Edgar," ſaid Lavinia, "has had an

an extraordinary education, as well as poſ- ſeſſing extraordinary talents and goodneſs: and you, too, my dear Lionel, to fulfil what may be expected from you, ſhould look back to your father, who was brought up at the ſame univerſity, and is now conſidered as one of the firſt men it has produced. While he was reſpected by the learned for his application, he was loved even by the indolent for his candour and kindneſs of heart. And though his income, as you know, was ſo ſmall, he never ran in debt, and by an exact but open œconomy, eſcaped all imputation of meanneſs: while by forbearing either to conceal, or repine at his limited fortune, he blunted even the raillery of the diſſipated, by frankly and good humouredly meeting it half way. How often have I heard my dear mother tell you this!"

"Yes; but all this, child, is nothing to the purpoſe; my father is no more like other men than if he had been born in another planet, and my attempting to re-

ſemble him, is as great a joke, as if you were to dreſs up Miſs Margland in Indiana's flowers and feathers, and then expect people to call her a beauty."

"We do not ſay you reſemble my father, now," ſaid Camilla, archly; "but is there any reaſon why you ſhould not try to do it by and by?"

"O yes! a little one! nature, nature, my dear, is in the way. I was born a bit of a buck. I have no manner of natural taſte for ſtudy, and poring, and expounding, and black-letter work. I am a light, airy ſpark, at your ſervice, not quite ſo wiſe as I am merry;—but let that paſs. My father, you know, is firm as a rock. He minds neither wind nor weather, nor fleerer nor ſneerer: but this firmneſs, look ye, he has kept all to himſelf; not a whit of it do I inherit; every wind that blows veers me about, and makes me look ſome new way."

Soon after, gathering courage from curioſity, he deſired to hear the meſſage at once.

Lavinia,

Lavinia, unwillingly complying, then repeated: " The fraud which you have practifed, my mother fays, whether from wanton folly to give pain, or from rapacious difcontent to gain money, fhe will leave without comment, fatisfied that if you have any heart at all, its effects muft bring its remorfe, fince it has dangeroufly encreafed the infirmities of your uncle, driven him to a foreign land, and forced your mother to forfake her home and family in his purfuit, unlefs fhe were willing to fee you punifhed by the entire difinheritance with which you are threatened. But——"

" O, no more! no more! I am ready to fhoot myfelf already! My dear, excellent mother! what do I not owe you! I had never feen, never thought of the bufinefs in this folemn way before. I meant nothing at firft but a filly joke, and all this mifchief has followed unaccountably. I affure you, I had no notion at the beginning he would have minded the letter; and afterwards, Jack Whifton

persuaded me, the money was as good as my own, and that it was nothing but a little cribbing from myself. I will never trust him again; I see the whole now in its true and atrocious colours.—I will devote myself in future to make all the amends in my power to my dear incomparable mother."

The sisters affectionately encouraged this idea, which produced near a quarter of an hour's serious thinking and penitence.

He then begged to hear the rest; and Lavinia continued.

"But since you are re-admitted, said my mother, to Etherington, by the clemency of your forbearing father, she charges you to remember, you can only repay his goodness by an application the most intense to those studies you have hitherto neglected, and of which your neglect has been the cause of all your errors; by committing to idle amusements the time that innocently, as well as profitably, ought to have been dedicated to the attainment of knowledge. She charges you

alſo to aſk yourſelf, ſince, during the vacation, your father himſelf is your tutor, upon what pretext you can juſtify waſting his valuable time, however little you may reſpect your own?—Finally—"

"I never waſted his time! I never deſired to have any inſtruction in the vacations. 'Tis the moſt deuced thing in life to be ſtudying ſo hard inceſſantly. The waſte of time is all his own affair; —his own choice—not mine, I aſſure you! Go on, however."

"Finally, ſhe adjures you to conſider, that if you ſtill perſevere to conſume your time in wilful negligence, to bury all thought in idle gaiety, and to act without either reflection or principle, the career of faults which begins but in unthinking folly, will terminate in ſhame, in guilt, and in ruin! And though ſuch a declenſion of all good, muſt involve your family in your affliction, your diſgrace, ſhe bids me ſay, will ultimately fall but where it ought; ſince your own want of perſonal ſenſibility to the horror of

of your conduct, will neither harden nor blind any human being besides yourself. This is all."

"And enough too," cried he, reddening: "I am a very wretch!—I believe that—though I am sure I can't tell how; for I never intend any harm, never think, never dream of hurting any mortal! But as to study—I must own to you, I hate it most deucedly. Any thing else—if my mother had but exacted any thing else—with what joy I would have shewn my obedience!—If she had ordered me to be horse-ponded, I do protest to you, I would not have demurred."

"How always you run into the ridiculous!" cried Camilla.

"I was never so serious in my life; not that I should like to be horse-ponded in the least, though I would submit to it for a punishment, and out of duty: but then, when it was done, it would be over: now the deuce of study is, there is no end of it! And it does so little for one! one can go through life so well without it! There

is

is not above here and there an old codger that aſks one a queſtion that can bring it into any play. And then, a turn upon one's heel, or looking at one's watch, or wondering at one's ſhort memory, or happening to forget juſt that one ſingle paſſage, carries off the whole in two minutes, as completely as if one had been working one's whole life to get ready for the aſſault. And pray, now, tell me, how can it be worth one's beſt days, one's gayeſt hours, the very flower of one's life—all to be ſacrificed to plodding over muſty grammars and lexicons, merely to cut a figure juſt for about two minutes once or twice in a year?"

The ſiſters, brought up with an early reverence for learning, as forming a diſtinguiſhed part of the accompliſhments of their father, could not ſubſcribe to this argument. But they laughed; and that was ever ſufficient for Lionel, who, though ſincerely, in private, he loved and honoured his father, never beſtowed upon him

one

one voluntary moment that frolic or folly invited elſewhere.

Lavinia and Camilla, perfectly relieved now from all fears for their brother, repaired to the ſtudy of their father, anxious to endeavour to chear him, and to accelerate a meeting and reconciliation for Lionel; but they found him deſirous to be alone, though kindly, and unſolicited, he promiſed to admit his ſon before dinner.

Lionel heard this with a juſt awe; but gave it no time for deep impreſſion. It was ſtill very early, and he could ſettle himſelf to nothing during the hours yet to paſs before the interview. He perſuaded his ſiſters, therefore, to walk out with him, to wile away at once expectation and retroſpection.

CHAP. XI.

Modern Notions of Penitence.

THEY ſet out with no other plan than to take a three hours ſtroll. Lionel led the way, and they journied through various pleaſant lanes and meadows, till, about three miles diſtance from Etherington, upon aſcending a beautiful little hill, they eſpied, fifty yards off, the Grove, and a party of company ſauntering round its grounds.

He immediately propoſed making a viſit to Mrs. Arlbery; but Lavinia declined preſenting herſelf to a lady who was unknown to her mother; and Camilla, impreſſed with the promiſe ſhe had intended for Edgar, which ſhe was ſure, though unpronounced, he had comprehended, diſſented alſo from the motion.

He

He then ſaid he would go alone; for his ſpirits were ſo low from vexation and regret, that they wanted recruit; and he would return to them by the time they would be ſufficiently reſted to walk home.

To this they agreed; and amuſed themſelves with watching to ſee him join the group; in which, however, they were no ſooner gratified, than, to their great confuſion, they perceived that he pointed them out, and that all eyes were immediately directed towards the hill.

Vexed and aſtoniſhed at his quick paſſing penitence, they haſtened down the declivity, and ran on till a lane, with an high hedge on each ſide, ſheltered them from view.

But Lionel, ſoon purſuing them, ſaid he brought the indiſputable orders of his invincible widow to convoy them to the manſion. She never, ſhe had owned, admitted formal viſitors, but whatever was abrupt and out of the way, won her heart.

To the prudent Lavinia, this invitation was by no means alluring. Mrs.

Tyrold,

Tyrold, from keeping no carriage, viſited but little, and the Grove was not included in her ſmall circle; Lavinia, therefore, though ſhe knew not how to be peremptory, was ſteady in refuſal; and Camilla, who would naturally with pleaſure have yielded, had a ſtronger motive for firmneſs, than any with which ſhe was gifted by diſcretion, in her wiſh to oblige Mandlebert. But Lionel would liſten to neither of them; and when he found his inſiſtance inſufficient, ſeized Lavinia by one arm, and Camilla by the other, and dragged them up the hill, in defiance of their entreaties, and in full view of the party. He then left the more pleading, though leſs reſiſting, Lavinia alone; but pulled Camilla down by the oppoſite ſide, with a velocity that, though meant but to bring her to the verge of a ſmall rivulet, forced her into the midſt of it ſo rapidly that he could not himſelf at laſt ſtop: and wetted her ſo completely, that ſhe could with difficulty, when ſhe got acroſs it, walk on.

The violent ſpirits of Lionel always carried him beyond his own intentions; he was now really ſorry for what he had done: and Lavinia, who had quietly followed, was uneaſy from the fear of ſome ill conſequence to her ſiſter.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had ſeen the tranſaction, came forth now herſelf, to invite them all into her houſe, and offer a fire and dry clothing to Camilla; not ſparing, however, her well-merited raillery at the awkward exploit of young Tyrold.

Camilla, aſhamed to be thus ſeen, would have hidden herſelf behind her ſiſter, and retreated; but even Lavinia now, fearing for her health, joined in the requeſt, and ſhe was obliged to enter the houſe.

Mrs. Arlbery took her up ſtairs, to her own apartment, and ſupplied her immediately with a complete change of apparel; proteſting that Lionel ſhould be puniſhed for his frolic, by a ſolitary walk to Etherington, to announce that ſhe would keep his two ſiſters for the day.

Oppoſition was vain; ſhe was gay, good humoured,

humoured, and pleaſant, but ſhe would not be denied. She meant not, however, to inflict the ſerious penalty which the face of Lionel proclaimed him to be ſuffering, when he prepared to depart; and the ſiſters, who read in it his dread of meeting Mr. Tyrold alone, in the preſent circumſtances of his affairs, conferred together, and agreed that Lavinia ſhould accompany him, both to intercede for returning favour from his father, and to explain the accident of Camilla's ſtaying at the Grove. Mrs. Arlbery, meanwhile, promiſed to reſtore her young gueſt ſafe at night in her own carriage.

Notwithſtanding the pleaſure with which Camilla, in any other ſituation, would have renewed this acquaintance, was now changed into reluctance, ſhe was far from inſenſible to the flattering kindneſs with which Mrs. Arlbery received and entertained her, nor to the frankneſs with which ſhe confeſſed, that her inviſibility the other morning, had reſulted ſolely from pique that the viſit had not been made ſooner.

Camilla would have attempted ſome apology for the delay, but ſhe aſſured her apologies wére what ſhe neither took nor gave; and then laughingly added—" We will try one another to day, and if we find it won't do—we will ſhake hands and part. That, you muſt know, is my mode; and is it not vaſtly better than keeping up an acquaintance that proves dull, merely becauſe it has been begun?"

She then ordered away all her viſitors, without the ſmalleſt ceremony; telling them, however, they might come back in the evening, only deſiring they would not be early. Camilla ſtared; but they all ſubmitted as to a thing of courſe.

" You are not uſed to my way, I perceive," cried ſhe, ſmiling; " yet, I can neverthelefs aſſure you, you can do nothing ſo much for your happineſs as to adopt it. You are made a ſlave in a moment by the world, if you don't begin life by defying it. Take your own way, follow your own humour, and you and the world will both go on juſt as well,

as if you aſk its will and pleaſure for every thing you do, and want, and think."

She then expreſſed herſelf delighted with Lionel, for bringing them together by this ſhort cut, which aboliſhed a world of formalities, not more cuſtomary than fatiguing. "I paſs, I know," continued ſhe, "for a mere creature of whim; but, believe me, there is no ſmall touch of philoſophy in the compoſition of my vagaries. Extremes, you know, have a mighty knack of meeting. Thus I, like the ſage, though not with ſage-like motives, ſave time that muſt otherwiſe be waſted; brave rules that would murder common ſenſe; and when I have made people ſtare, turn another way that I may laugh."

She then, in a graver ſtrain, and in a manner that proved the laws of politeneſs all her own, where ſhe choſe, for any particular purpoſe, or inclination, to exert them, hoped this profeſſion of her faith would plead her excuſe, that ſhe had thus incongruouſly made her fair gueſt a ſecond

time

time enter her houſe, before her firſt viſit was acknowledged; and enquired whether it were to be returned at Etherington or at Cleves.

Camilla anſwered, ſhe was now at home, on account of her mother's being obliged to make a voyage to Liſbon.

Mrs. Arlbery ſaid, ſhe would certainly, then, wait upon her at Etherington; and very civilly regretted having no acquaintance with Mrs. Tyrold; archly, however, adding: " As we have no where met, I could not ſeek her at her own houſe without running too great a riſk; for then, whether I had liked her or not, I muſt have received her, you know, into mine. So, you ſee, I am not quite without prudence, whatever the dear world ſays to the contrary."

She then ſpoke of the ball, public breakfaſt, and raffle; chatting both upon perſons and things with an eaſy gaiety, and ſprightly negligence, extremely amuſing to Camilla, and which ſoon, in deſpight of the unwillingneſs with

with which ſhe had entered her houſe, brought back her original propenſity to make the acquaintance, and left no regret for what Lionel had done, except what reſted upon the repugnance of Edgar to this intercourſe. As he could not, however, reproach what was begun without her concurrence, he would ſee, ſhe hoped, like herſelf, that common civility henceforward would exact its continuance.

In proportion as her pleaſure from this accidental commerce was awakened, and her early partiality revived, her own ſpirits re-animated, and, in the courſe of the many hours they now ſpent completely together, ſhe was ſet ſo entirely at her eaſe, by the good humour of Mrs. Arlbery, that ſhe loſt all fear of her wit. She found it rather playful than ſatirical; rather ſeeking to amuſe than to diſconcert; and though ſometimes, from the reſiſtleſs pleaſure of uttering a *bon mot* ſhe thought more of its brilliancy than of the pain it might

inflict, this happened but rarely, and was more commonly succeeded by regret than by triumph.

Camilla soon observed she had, personally, nothing to apprehend, peculiar partiality supplying the place of general delicacy, in shielding her from every shaft that even pleasantry could render poignant. The embarrassment, therefore, which, in ingenuous youth, checks the attempt to please, by fear of failure, or shame of exertion, gave way to natural spirits, which gaily rising from entertainment received, restored her vivacity, and gradually, though unconsciously, enabled her to do justice to her own abilities, by unaffectedly calling forth the mingled sweetness and intelligence of her character; and Mrs. Arlbery, charmed with all she observed, and flattered by all she inspired, felt such satisfaction in her evident conquest, that before the *tête à tête* was closed, their admiration was become nearly mutual.

When the evening party was an-

nounced, they both heard with ſurpriſe that the day was ſo far advanced. "They can wait, however," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "for I know they have nothing to do."

She then invited Camilla to return to her the next day for a week.

Camilla felt well diſpoſed to comply, hoping ſoon to reaſon from Edgar his prejudice againſt a connection that afforded her ſuch ſingular pleaſure; but to leave her father at this period was far from every wiſh. She excuſed herſelf, therefore, ſaying, ſhe had ſtill ſix weeks due to her uncle at Cleves, before any other engagement could take place.

"Well, then, when you quit your home for Sir Hugh, will you beg off a few days from him, and ſet them down to my account?"

"If my uncle pleaſes—"

"If he pleaſes?" repeated ſhe, laughing; "pray never give that *If* into his deciſion; you only put contradiction into people's heads, by aſking what pleaſes them. Say at once, My good uncle,

Mrs. Arlbery has invited me to indulge her with a few days at the Grove; ſo to-morrow I ſhall go to her. Will you promiſe me this?"

"Dear madam, no! my uncle would think me mad."

"And ſuppoſe he ſhould! A little alarm now and then keeps life from ſtagnation. They call me mad, I know, ſometimes; wild, flighty, and what not; yet you ſee how harmleſs I am, though I afford food for ſuch notable commentary."

"But can you really like ſuch things ſhould be ſaid of you?"

"I adore the frankneſs of that queſtion! why, n--o,—I rather think I don't. But I'm not ſure. However, to prevent their minding me, I muſt mind them. And it's vaſtly more irkſome to give up one's own way, than to hear a few impertinent remarks. And as to the world, depend upon it, my dear Miſs Tyrold, the more you ſee of it, the leſs you will care for it."

She

She then ſaid ſhe would leave her to re-inveſt herſelf in her own attire, and go down ſtairs, to ſee what the poor ſimple ſouls, who had had no more wit than to come back thus at her call, had found to do with themſelves.

Camilla, having only her common morning dreſs, and even that utterly ſpoilt, begged that her appearance might be diſpenſed with; but Mrs. Arlbery, exclaiming, " Why, there are only men; you don't mind men, I hope!" aſhamed, ſhe promiſed to get ready; yet ſhe had not ſufficient courage to deſcend, till her gay hoſteſs came back, and accompanied her to the drawing room.

CHAP. XII.

Airs and Graces.

UPON entering the room, Camilla faw again the Officers who had been there in the morning, and who were now joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel. She was met at the door by Major Cerwood, who feemed waiting for her appearance, and who made her his compliments with an air that ftudioufly proclaimed his devotion. She feated herfelf by the fide of Mrs. Arlbery, to look on at a game of chefs, played by Sir Sedley and General Kinfale.

"Clarendel," faid Mrs. Arlbery, "you have not the leaft in the world the air of knowing what you are about."

"Pardon me, ma'am," faid the General, "he has been at leaft half an hour contemplating this very move,—for which, as you fee, I now check-mate him.

him. Pray, Sir Sedley, how came you, at laſt, to do no better?"

"Thinking of other things, my dear General. 'Tis impoſſible in the extreme to keep one's faculties pinioned down to the abſtruſe vagaries of this brain-beſieging game. My head would be deranged paſt redreſs, if I did not allow it to viſit the four quarters of the globe once, at leaſt, between every move."

"You do not play ſo ſlow, then, from deliberating upon your chances, but from forgetting them?"

"Defined, my dear General, to ſcrupuloſity! Thoſe exquiſite little moments we ſteal from any given occupation, for the pleaſure of ſpeculating in ſecret upon ſomething wholly foreign to it, are reſiſtleſs to deliciouſneſs."

"I entreat, and command you then," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "to make your ſpeculations public. Nothing will more amuſe me, than to have the leaſt intimation of the ſubjects of your reveries."

"My dear Mrs. Arlbery! your demand is the very quinteffence of impoffibility! Tell the fubject of a reverie! know you not it wafts one at once out of the world, and the world's powers of expreffion? while all it fubftitutes is as evanefcent as it is delectable. To attempt the leaft defcription would be a prefumption of the firft monftroufnefs."

"O never heed that! prefumption will not precifely be a novelty to you; anfwer me, therefore, my dear Clarendel, without all this conceit. You know I hate procraftination; and procraftinators ftill worfe."

"Softly, deareft madam, foftly! There is nothing in nature fo horribly fhocking to me as the leaft hurry. My poor nerves feek repofe after any turbulent words, or jarring founds, with the fame craving for reft that my body experiences after the jolts, and concuffions of a long winded chafe. By the way, does any body want a good hunter? I have the firft, perhaps, in Europe; but I would fell

ſell it a ſurpriſing bargain, for I am excruciatingly tired of it."

All the gentlemen grouped round him to hear further particulars, except Mr. Macderſey, the young Enſign, who had ſo unguardedly expoſed himſelf at the Northwick ball, and who now, approaching Camilla, fervently exclaimed; "How happy I ſhould have been, madam, if I had had the good fortune to ſee you meet with that accident this morning, inſtead of being looking another way! I might then have had the pleaſure to aſſiſt you. And O! how much more if it had been your divine couſin! I hope that fair angel is in perfect health! O what a beautiful creature ſhe is! her outſide is the completeſt diamond I ever ſaw! and if her inſide is the ſame, which I dare ſay it is, by her ſmiles and delicate dimples, ſhe muſt be a paragon upon earth!"

"There is at leaſt ſomething very inartificial in your praiſe," ſaid General Kinſale, "when you make your panegyric of an abſent lady to a preſent one."

 "O General,

"My dear Mrs. Arlbery! you
is the very quinteffence of im
Tell the fubject of a reverie
not it wafts one at once ov
and the world's power
while all it fubftitutes
it is delectable. To
fcription would be
firft monftroufne

"O never by
not precifely
fwer me, [illegible]
without [illegible] as never
hate pr [illegible] of the earth
ftill w [illegible] e it while the ea
"[illegible] ount of there being
is [illegible] above ground."

"And pray," cried Sir Sed
[illegible]efsly, "how can you be fure of

"How! why by being cert
fwered the inflamed admirer; "f
I have been looking out for pret
from morning to night, ever fi
confcious of the right ufe of m
never yet faw her parallel."

s now bringing in the tea;
dered him to set it down
n, whence the gentlemen
was wanted.

ok in charge all at-
; but he was not,
he assiduities re-
or whom the
Colonel, and
ment; and who,
en present, would have
ion for them all. Sir Sed-
e was excepted from her com-
ands; for knowing they would be issued to him in vain, she contented herself with only interchanging glances of triumph with him, at the submission of every vassal but himself.

"Heavens!" cried she, to Colonel Andover, who had hastened to present her the first cup, "you surely think I have nerves for a public orator! If I should taste but one drop of this tea, I might envy the repose of the next man who robs on the highway. Major Cerwood, will

"O General, there is not a lady living can bear any comparifon with her. I have never had her out of my thoughts from the firft darling moment that ever I faw her, which has made me the moft miferable of men ever fince. Her eyes fo beautiful, her mouth fo divine, her nofe fo heavenly!—"

"And how," cried Sir Sedley, "is the tip of her chin?"

"No joking, fir!" faid the Enfign, reddening; "fhe is a piece of perfection not to be laughed at; fhe has never had her fellow upon the face of the earth; and fhe never will have it while the earth holds, upon account of there being no fuch perfon above ground."

"And pray," cried Sir Sedley, carelefsly, "how can you be fure of that?"

"How! why by being certain," anfwered the inflamed admirer; "for though I have been looking out for pretty women from morning to night, ever fince I was confcious of the right ufe of my eyes, I never yet faw her parallel."

A fervant

A ſervant was now bringing in the tea; but his lady ordered him to ſet it down in the next room, whence the gentlemen ſhould fetch it as it was wanted.

Major Cerwood took in charge all attendance upon Camilla; but he was not, therefore, exempt from the aſſiduities required by Mrs. Arlbery, for whom the homage of the General, the Colonel, and the Enſign, were inſufficient; and who, had a ſcore more been preſent, would have found occupation for them all. Sir Sedley alone was excepted from her commands; for knowing they would be iſſued to him in vain, ſhe contented herſelf with only interchanging glances of triumph with him, at the ſubmiſſion of every vaſſal but himſelf.

"Heavens!" cried ſhe, to Colonel Andover, who had haſtened to preſent her the firſt cup, "you ſurely think I have nerves for a public orator! If I ſhould taſte but one drop of this tea, I might envy the repoſe of the next man who robs on the highway. Major Cerwood, will

you try if you can do any better for me?"

The Major obeyed, but not with more ſucceſs. "What in the world have you brought me?" cried ſhe; "Is it tea? It looks prodigiouſly as if juſt imported out of the ſlop baſon. For pity ſake, Macderſey, ariſe, and give me your help; you will at leaſt never bring me ſuch maudlin ſtuff as this. Even your tea will have ſome character; it will be very good or very bad; very hot or very cold; very ſtrong or very weak; for you are always in flames of fire, or flakes of ſnow."

"You do me juſtice, ma'am; there is nothing upon the face of the earth ſo inſipid as a medium. Give me love or hate! a friend that will go to jail for me, or an enemy that will run me through the body! Riches to chuck guineas about like halfpence, or poverty to beg in a ditch! Liberty wild as the four winds, or an oar to work in a galley! Miſery to tear my heart into an hundred thouſand millions of atoms, or joy to make my

ſoul dance into my brain! Every thing has ſome gratification, except a medium. 'Tis a poor little ſoul that is ſatisfied between happineſs and deſpair."

He then flew to bring her a diſh of tea.

"My dear Macderſey," cried ſhe, in receiving it, "this is according to your ſyſtem indeed; for 'tis a compound of ſtrong, and rich, and ſweet, to cloy an alderman, making altogether ſo luſcious a ſyrup, that our ſpring would be exhauſted before I could ſlake my thirſt, if I ſhould taſte it only a ſecond time. Do, dear General, ſee if it is not poſſible to get me ſome beverage that I can ſwallow."

The youngeſt man preſent was not more active than the General in this ſervice; but Mrs. Arlbery, caſting herſelf deſpondingly back the moment ſhe had taſted what he brought her, exclaimed, "Why this is worſt of all! If you can do no better for me, General, than this, tell me, at leaſt, for mercy's ſake, when ſome other regiment will be quartered here?"

"What

"What a cruelty," ſaid the Major, looking with a ſigh towards Camilla, "to remind your unhappy prey they are but birds of paſſage!"

"O, all the better, Major. If you underſtand your own intereſt you will be as eager to break up your quarters, as I can be to ſee your ſucceſſors march into them. I have now heard all your compliments, and you have heard all my repartees; both ſides, therefore, want new auditors. A great many things I have ſaid to you will do vaſtly well again for a new corps; and, to do you juſtice, ſome few things you have ſaid yourſelves may do again in a new county."

Then, addreſſing Camilla, ſhe propoſed, though without moving, that they ſhould converſe with one another, and leave the men to take care of themſelves. "And exceſſively they will be obliged to me," ſhe continued, without lowering her voice, "for giving this little holiday to their poor brains; for, I aſſure you, they have not known what to ſay this half hour. Indeed,

deed, ſince the firſt fortnight they were quartered here, they have not, upon an average, ſaid above one new thing in three days. But one's obliged to take up with Officers in the country, becauſe there's almoſt nothing elſe. Can you recommend me any agreeable new people?"

"O no, ma'am! I have hardly any acquaintance, except immediately round the rectory; but, fortunately, my own family is ſo large, that I have never been diſtreſſed for ſociety."

"O, ay, true! your own family, begin with that; do, pray, give me a little hiſtory of your own family?"

"I have no hiſtory, ma'am, to give, for my father's retired life——"

"O, I have ſeen your father, and I have heard him preach, and I like him very much. There's ſomething in him there's no turning into ridicule."

Camilla, though ſurpriſed, was delighted by ſuch a teſtimony to the reſpectability of her father; and, with more courage, ſaid—"And, I am ſure, if you knew my mother,

mother, you would allow her the same exemption."

"So I hear; therefore, we won't talk of them. It's a delightful thing to think of perfection; but it's vastly more amusing to talk of errors and absurdities. To begin with your eldest sister, then—but no; she seems in just the same predicament as your father and mother: so we'll let her rest, too."

"Indeed she is; she is as faultless——"

"O, not a word more then; she won't do for me at all. But, pray, is there not a single soul in all the round of your large family, that can afford a body a little innocent diversion?"

"Ah, madam," said Camilla, shaking her head; "I fear, on the contrary, if they came under your examination, there is not one in whom you would not discern some foible!"

"I should not like them at all the worse for that; for, between ourselves, my dear Miss Tyrold, I am half afraid they might find a foible or two in return

in

in me; ſo you muſt not be angry if I beg the favour of you to indulge me with a few of their defects."

"Indulge you!"

"Yes, for when ſo many of a family are perfect, if you can't find me one or two that have a little ſpeck of mortality, you muſt not wonder if I take flight at your very name. In charity, therefore, if you would not drop my acquaintance, tell me their vulnerable parts."

Camilla laughed at this ridiculous reaſoning, but would not enter into its conſequences.

"Well, then, if you will not aſſiſt me, don't take it ill that I aſſiſt myſelf. In the firſt place, there's your brother; I don't aſk you to tell me any thing of him; I have ſeen him! and I confeſs to you he does not put me into utter deſpair! he does not alarm me into flying all his race."

Camilla tried vainly to look grave.

"I have ſeen another, too, your couſin, I think;

think; Miſs Lynmere, that's engaged to young Mandlebert."

Camilla now tried as vainly to look gay.

"She's prodigiouſly pretty. Pray, is not ſhe a great fool?"

"Ma'am?"

"I beg your pardon! but I don't ſuppoſe you are reſponſible for the intellects of all your generation. However, ſhe'll do vaſtly well; you need not be uneaſy for her. A face like that will take very good care of itſelf. I am glad ſhe is engaged, for your ſake, though I am ſorry for Mandlebert; that is, if, as his claſs of countenance generally predicts, he marries with any notion of expecting to be happy."

"But why, ma'am," cried Camilla, checking a ſigh, "are you glad for my ſake?"

"Becauſe there are two reaſons why ſhe would be wonderfully in your way; ſhe is not only prettier than you, but ſillier."

"And

"And would both thofe reafons," cried Camilla, again laughing, "make againft me?"

"O, intolerably, with the men! They are always enchanted with fomething that is both pretty and filly; becaufe they can fo eafily pleafe and fo foon difconcert it; and when they have made the little blooming fools blufh and look down, they feel nobly fuperior, and pride themfelves in victory. Dear creatures! I delight in their tafte; for it brings them a plentiful harveft of repentance, when it is their connubial criterion; the pretty flies off, and the filly remains, and a man then has a choice companion for life left on his hands!"

The young Enfign here could no longer be filent: "I am fure and certain," cried he, warmly, "Mifs Lynmere is incapable to be a fool! and when fhe marries, if her hufband thinks her fo, it's only a fign he's a blockhead himfelf."

"He'll be exactly of your opinion for the firft month or two," anfwered Mrs. Arlbery,

Arlbery, " or even if he is not, he'll like her juſt as well. A man looks enchanted while his beautiful young bride talks nonſenſe; it comes ſo prettily from her ruby lips, and ſhe bluſhes and dimples with ſuch lovely attraction while ſhe utters it; he caſts his eyes around him with conſcious elation to ſee her admirers, and his enviers; but he has amply his turn for looking like a fool himſelf, when youth and beauty take flight, and when his ugly old wife expoſes her ignorance or folly at every word."

" The contraſt of beginning and end," ſaid the General, " is almoſt always melancholy. But how rarely does any man,—nay, I had nearly ſaid, or any woman—think a moment of the time to come, or of any time but the preſent day, in marrying?"

" Except with reſpect to fortune!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, " and there, methinks, you men, at leaſt, are commonly ſufficiently provident. I don't think reflection

lection is generally what you want in hat point."

"As to reflection," exclaimed Mr. Macdersey, "'tis the thing in the world I look upon to be the meanest! a man capable of reflection, where a beautiful young creature is in question, can have no soul nor vitals. For my part, 'tis my only misfortune that I cannot get at that lovely girl, to ask her for her private opinion of me at once, that I might either get a licence to-morrow, or drive her out of my head before sleep overtakes me another night."

"Your passions, my good Macdersey," said Mrs. Arlbery, "considering their violence, seem tolerably obedient. Can you really be so fond, or so forgetful at such short warning?"

"Yes, but it's with a pain that breaks my heart every time."

"You contrive, however, to get it pretty soon mended!"

"That, madam, is a power that has come upon me by degrees; I have paid dear

dear enough for it!—nobody ever found it harder than I did at the beginning; for the firſt two or three times I took my diſappointments ſo to heart, that I ſhould have been bound for ever to any friend that would have had the good nature to blow my brains out."

"But now you are ſo much in the habit of experiencing theſe little failures, that they paſs on as things of courſe?"

"No, madam, you injure me, and in the tendereſt point; for, as long as I have the leaſt hope, my paſſion's as violent as ever; but you would not be ſo unreaſonable as to have a man love on, when it can anſwer no end? It's no better than making him unhappy for a joke. There's no ſenſe in ſuch a thing."

"By the way, my dear Miſs Tyrold, and *apropos* to this Miſs Lynmere," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "do tell me ſomething about Mr. Mandlebert—what is he?—what does he do always amongſt you?"

"He—he!—" cried Camilla, ſtammering, "he was a ward of my father's—"

"O, I

"O, I don't mean all that; but what is s ſtyle?—his claſs?—is he agreeable?"

"I believe—he is generally thought ."

"If he is, do pray, then, draw him ito my ſociety, for I am terribly in want f recruits. Theſe poor gentlemen you e here are very good ſort of men; but hey have a trick of ſleeping with their eyes ide open, and fancy all the time they re awake; and, indeed, I find it hard to erſuade them to the contrary, though I ften aſk them for their dreams. By the ay, can't you contrive, ſome or other mongſt you, to make the room a little ooler?"

"Shall I open this window?" ſaid the Major.

"Nay, nay, don't aſk me; I had rather ear ſix times the heat, than give my own irections: nothing in the world fatigues e ſo much as telling ſtupid people how o ſet about things. Colonel, don't you e I have no fan?"

"I'll

"I'll fetch it directly—have you left it in the dining-parlour?"

"Do you really think I would not send a footman at once, if I must perplex myself with all that recollection? My dear Miss Tyrold, did you ever see any poor people, that pretended at all to walk about, and mingle with the rest of the world, like living creatures, so completely lethargic?—'tis really quite melancholy! I am sure you have good nature enough to pity them. It requires my utmost ingenuity to keep them in any employment; and if I left them to themselves, they would stand before the fire all the winter, and lounge upon sofas all the summer. And that indolence of body so entirely unnerves the mind, that they find as little to say as to do. Upon the whole, 'tis really a paltry race, the men of the present times. However, as we have got no better, and as the women are worse, I do all I can to make them less insufferable to me."

"And

"And do you really think the women are worſe?" cried Camilla.

"Not in themſelves, my dear; but worſe to me, becauſe I cannot poſſibly take the ſame liberties with them. Mac-derſey, I wiſh I had my ſalts.

"It ſhall be the happineſs of my life to find them, be they hid where they may; only tell me where I may have the pleaſure to go and look for them."

"Nay, that's your affair."

"Why, then, if they are to be found from the garret to the cellar, be ſure I am a dead man, if I do not bring them you!

This mode of diſplaying airs and graces was ſo perfectly new to Camilla, that the commands iſſued, and the obedience paid, were equally amuſing to her. Brought up herſelf to be contented with whatever came in her way, in preference either to giving trouble, or finding fault, the ridiculous, yet playful wilfulneſs with which ſhe ſaw Mrs. Arlbery ſend every one upon her errands, yet object to what every one

 performed,

performed, presented to her a ſcene of ſuch whimſical gaiety, that her concern at the accident which had made her innocently violate her intended engagement with Edgar, was completely changed into pleaſure, that thus, without any poſſible ſelf blame, an acquaintance ſhe had ſo earneſtly deſired was even by neceſſity eſtabliſhed: and ſhe returned home at night with ſpirits all revived, and eloquent in praiſe of her new favourite.

CHAP. XIII.

Attic Adventures.

Mr. Tyrold, according to the ſyſtem of recreation which he had ſettled with his wife, ſaw with ſatisfaction the pleaſure with which Camilla began this new acquaintance, in the hope it would help to ſupport her ſpirits during the interval of ſuſpenſe with regard to the purpoſes of Mandlebert. Mrs. Arlbery was unknown to him, except by general fame; which told him ſhe was a woman of reputation as well as faſhion, and that though her manners were lively, her heart was friendly, and her hand ever open to charity.

Upon admitting Lionel again to his preſence, he ſpoke forcibly, though with brevity, upon the culpability of his conduct. What he had done, he ſaid, let him colour it to himſelf with what levity

he might, was not only a robbery, but a robbery of the moſt atrocious and unjuſtifiable claſs; adding terror to violation of property, and playing upon the ſuſceptibility of the weakneſs and infirmities, which he ought to have been the firſt to have ſheltered and ſheathed. Had the action contained no purpoſe but a frolic, even then the ſituation of the object on whom it fell, rendered it inhuman; but as its aim and end was to obtain money, it was diſhonourable to his character, and criminal by the laws of his country. "Yet ſhudder not more," continued he, "young man, at the juſtice to which they make you amenable, than at having deſerved, though you eſcape it! From this day, however, I will name it no more. Feeble muſt be all I could utter, compared with what the leaſt reflection muſt make you feel! Your uncle, in a broken ſtate of health, is ſent abroad; your mother, though too juſtly incenſed to ſee you, ſacrifices her happineſs to ſerve you!"

Lionel,

Lionel, for a few hours, was in deſpair after this harangue; but as they paſſed away, he ſtrove to drive it from his mind, perſuading himſelf it was uſeleſs to dwell upon what was irretrievable.

Mrs. Arlbery, the following day, made her viſit at Etherington, and invited the two ſiſters to a breakfaſt ſhe was to give the next morning. Mr. Tyrold, who with ſurprize and concern at a coldneſs ſo dilatory, found a ſecond day wearing away without a viſit from Mandlebert, gladly conſented to allow of an amuſement, that might ſhake from Camilla the penſiveneſs into which, at times, he ſaw her falling.

Mrs. Arlbery had declared ſhe hated ceremony in the ſummer; guarded, therefore, by Lionel, the ſiſters walked to the Grove. From the little hill they had again to paſs, they obſerved a group of company upon the leads of her houſe, which were flat, and baluſtraded round; and when they preſented themſelves at the door, they were met

by Major Cerwood, who conducted them to the ſcene of buſineſs.

It was the end of July, and the weather was ſultry; but though the height of the place upon which the preſent party was collected, gave ſome freſhneſs to the air, the heat reflected from the lead would have been nearly intolerable, had it not been obviated by an awning, and by matts, in the part where ſeats and refreſhments were arranged. French horns and clarinets were played during the repaſt.

This little entertainment had for motive a young lady's quitting her boarding ſchool. Miſs Dennel, a niece, by marriage, of Mrs. Arlbery, who, at the age of fourteen, came to preſide at the houſe and table of her father, had begged to be felicitated by her aunt, upon the joyful occaſion, with a ball: but Mrs. Arlbery declared ſhe never gave any entertainments in which ſhe did not expect to play the principal part herſelf; and that balls and concerts were therefore excluded

from

from her lift of home diverfions. It was vaftly well to fee others fhine fuperior, fhe faid, elfewhere, but fhe could not be fo accommodating as to perform Nobody under her own roof. She offered her, however, a breakfaft, with full choice of its cakes and refrefhments; which, with leave to fix upon the fpot where it fhould be given, was all the youthful pleader could obtain.

The Etherington trio met with a reception the moft polite, and Camilla was diftinguifhed by marks of peculiar favour. Few guefts were added to the party fhe had met there before, except the young lady who was its prefent foundrefs; and whofe voice fhe recollected to have heard, in the enquiries which had reached her ear from within the paddock.

Mifs Dennel was a pretty, blooming, tall girl, but as childifh in intellect as in experience; though felf-perfuaded fhe was a woman in both, fince fhe was called from fchool to fit at the head of her father's table.

Camilla required nothing further for entertainment than to liſten to her new friend; Lavinia, though more amazed than amuſed, always modeſtly hung back as a mere looker on; and the company in general made their diverſion from viewing, through various glaſſes, the ſeats of the neighbouring gentlemen, and re-viewing, with yet more ſcrutiny, their characters and circumſtances. But Lionel, ever reſtleſs, ſeized the opportunity to patrole the attic regions of the houſe, where, meeting with a capacious lumber room, he returned to aſſure the whole party it would make an admirable theatre, and to aſk who would come forth to ſpout with him.

Mr. Macderſey ſaid, he did not know one word of any part, but he could never refuſe any thing that might contribute to the company's pleaſure.

Away they ſped together, and in a few minutes reverſed the face of every thing. Old ſofas, bedſteads, and trunks, large family cheſts, deal boxes and hampers, carpets

carpets and curtains rolled up for the ſummer, tables with two legs, and chairs without bottoms, were truckled from the middle to one end of the room, and arranged to form a ſemi-circle, with ſeats in front, for a pit. Carpets were then uncovered and untied, to be ſpread for the ſtage, and curtains, with as little mercy, were unfurled, and hung up to make a ſcene.

They then applied to Miſs Dennel, who had followed to peep at what they were about, and aſked if ſhe thought the audience might be admitted.

She declared ſhe had never ſeen any place ſo neat and elegant in her life.

Such an opinion could not but be deciſive; and they prepared to re-aſcend; when the ſight of a ſmall door, near the entrance of the large apartment, excited the ever ready curioſity of Lionel, who, though the key was on the outſide, contrived to turn it wrong; but while endeavouring to rectify by force what he had ſpoilt by aukwardneſs, a ſudden noiſe

from within ſtartled them all, and occaſioned quick and reiterated ſcreams from Miſs Dennel, who, with the utmoſt velocity burſt back upon the company on the leads, calling out; "O Lord! how glad I am I'm come back alive! Mr. Macderſey and young Mr. Tyrold are very likely killed! for they've juſt found I don't know how many robbers ſhut up in a dark cloſet!"

The gentlemen waited for no explanation to this unintelligible ſtory, but haſtened to the ſpot; and Mrs. Arlbery ordered all the ſervants who were in waiting to follow and aſſiſt.

Miſs Dennel then entreated to have the trap door through which they aſcended, from a ſmall ſtair caſe, to the leads, double locked till the gentlemen ſhould declare upon their honours that the thieves were all dead.

Mrs. Arlbery would not liſten to this, but waited with Lavinia and Camilla the event.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, reached the

ſcene

ſcene of action, at the moment when Macderſey, ſtriking firſt his foot, and then his whole perſon againſt the door, had forced it open with ſuch ſudden violence, that he fell over a pail of water into the adjoining room.

The ſervants arriving at the ſame time, announced that this was merely a cloſet for mops, brooms, and pails, belonging to the houſe maid: and it appeared, upon examination, that the noiſe from within, had ſimply been produced by the falling down of a broom, occaſioned by their ſhaking the door in endeavouring to force the lock.

The Enſign, wetted or ſplaſhed all over, was in a fury; and, turning to Lionel, who laughed vociferouſly, whilſt the reſt of the gentlemen were ſcarce leſs moderate, and the ſervants joined in the chorus, peremptorily demanded to know if he had put the pail there on purpoſe; "In which caſe, ſir," ſaid he, "you muſt never let me ſee you laugh again to the longeſt hour you have to live!"

"My good Macdersey," said the General, "go into another room, and have your cloaths wiped and dried; it will be time enough then to settle who shall laugh longest."

"General," said he, "I scorn to mind being either wet or dry; a soldier ought to be above such delicate effeminacy: it is not, therefore, the sousing I regard, provided I can once be clear it was not done for a joke."

Lionel, when he could speak, declared, that far from placing the pail there on purpose, he had not known there was such a closet in the house, nor had ever been up those stairs till they all mounted them together.

"I am perfectly satisfied, then, my good friend," said the Ensign, shaking him by the hand with an heartiness that gave him no small share of the pail's contents; "when a gentleman tells me a thing seriously, I make it a point to believe him; especially if he has a good honest countenance, that assures me he would not refuse

refuse me satisfaction, in the case he had meant to make game of me."

"And do you always terminate your jests with the ceremony of a tilting match?" cried Sir Sedley.

"Yes, Sir! if I'm made a joke of by a man of any honour. For, to tell you a piece of my mind, there's no one thing upon earth I hate like a joke; unless it's against another person; and then it only gives me a little joy inwardly; for I make it a point of complaisance not to laugh out: except where I happen to wish for a little private conversation with the person that gives me the diversion."

"Facetious in the extreme!" cried Sir Sedley, "an infallibly excellent mode to make a man die of laughter? Droll to the utmost!"

"With regard to that, Sir, I have no objection to a little wit or humour, provided a person has the politeness to laugh only at himself, and his own particular friends and relations; but if once he takes the liberty to turn me into ridicule, I look

look upon it as an affront, and expect the proper reparation."

"O, to refuſe that would be without bowels to a degree!"

Lionel now ran up ſtairs, to beg the ladies would come and ſee the theatre; but ſuddenly exclaimed, as he looked around, "Ah ha!" and haſtily galloped down, and to the bottom of the houſe. Mrs. Arlbery deſcended with her young party, and the enſign, in mock heroics, ſolemnly proſtrated himſelf to Miſs Dennel, pouring into her delighted ears, from various ſhreds and ſcraps of different tragedies, the moſt high flown and egregiouſly ill-adapted compliments: while the Major, leſs abſurdly, though ſcarce leſs paſſionately, made Camilla his Juliet, and whiſpered the tendereſt lines of Romeo.

Lionel preſently running, out of breath, up ſtairs again, cried: "Mrs. Arlbery, I have drawn you in a new beau."

"Have you?" cried ſhe, cooly; "why then I permit you to draw him out again. Had you told me he had forced himſelf

in,

in, you had made him welcome. But I foster only willing slaves. So off, if you please, with your boast and your beau."

"I can't, upon my word, ma'am, for he is at my heels."

Mandlebert, at the same moment, not hearing what passed, made his appearance.

The surprised and always unguarded Camilla, uttered an involuntary exclamation, which instantly catching his ear, drew his eye towards the exclaimer, and there fixed it; with an astonishment which suspended wholly his half made bow, and beginning address to Mrs. Arlbery.

Lionel had descried him upon the little hill before the house; where, as he was passing on, his own attention had been caught by the sound of horns and clarinets, just as, without any explanation, Lionel flew to tell him he was wanted, and almost forced him off his horse, and up the stairs.

Mrs. Arlbery, in common with those who dispense with all forms for themselves,

ſelves, exacted them punctiliouſly from all others. The viſit therefore of Mandlebert not being deſigned for her, afforded her at firſt no gratification, and produced rather a contrary feeling, when ſhe obſerved the total abſence of all pleaſure in the ſurpriſe with which he met Camilla at her houſe. She gave him a reception of cold civility, and then chatted almoſt wholly with the General, or Sir Sedley.

Edgar ſcarce ſaw whether he was received or not; his bow was mechanical, his apology for his intruſion was unintelligible. Amazement at ſeeing Camilla under this roof, diſappointment at her breach of implied promiſe, and mortification at the air of being at home, which he thought he remarked in her ſituation, though at an acquaintance he had taken ſo much pains to keep aloof from her, all conſpired to diſpleaſe and perplex him; and though his eyes could with difficulty look any other way, he neither ſpoke to nor approached her.

Nor was even thus meeting her all he had to give him diſturbance; the palpable devoirs of Major Cerwood incenſed as well aſtoniſhed him; for, under pretext of only following the humour of the day, in affecting to act the hero in love, the Major aſſailed her, without reſerve, with declarations of his paſſion, which though his words paſſed off as quotations, his looks and manner made appropriate. How, already, thought Edgar, has he obtained ſuch a privilege? ſuch confidence? To have uttered one ſuch ſentence, my tongue would have trembled, my lips would have quivered!

Camilla felt confounded by his preſence, from the conſciouſneſs of the ill opinion ſhe muſt excite by this ſecond apparent diſregard of a given engagement. She would fain have explained to him it's hiſtory; but ſhe could not free herſelf from the Major, whoſe theatrical effuſions were not now to be repreſſed, ſince, at firſt, ſhe had unthinkingly attended to them.

Lionel joined with Macderſey in directing ſimilar heroics to Miſs Dennel, who, ſimply enchanted, called out: "I'm determined when I've a houſe of my own, I'll have juſt ſuch a room as this at the top of it, on purpoſe to act a play every night."

"And when, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "do you expect to have a houſe of your own?"

"O, as ſoon as I am married, you know."

"Is your marrying, then, already decided?"

"Dear no, not that I know of, aunt. I'm ſure I never trouble myſelf about it; only I ſuppoſe it will happen ſome day or other."

"And when it does, you are very ſure your huſband will approve your acting plays every night?"

"O, as to that, I ſhan't aſk him. Whenever I'm married I'll be my own miſtreſs, that I'm reſolved upon. But

papa's

papa's ſo monſtrous croſs, he ſays he won't let me act plays now."

"Papas and mamas," cried Sir Sedley, "are ever moſt egregiouſly in the way. 'Tis prodigiouſly ſurpriſing they have never yet been baniſhed ſociety. I know no mark more irrefragable of the ſupineneſs of mankind."

Then riſing, and exclaiming: "What ſavage heat! I wiſh the weather had a little feeling!" he broke up the party by ordering his curricle, and being the firſt to depart.

"That creature," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "if one had the leaſt care for him, is exactly an animal to drive one mad! He labours harder to be affected than any ploughman does for his dinner. And, completely as his conceit obſcures it, he has every endowment nature can beſtow, except common ſenſe!"

They now all deſcended to take leave, except the Enſign and Lionel, who went, arm in arm, prowling about, to view all the garrets, followed on tip-toe by Miſs

Dennel. Lavinia called vainly after her brother; but Camilla, hoping every inſtant ſhe might clear her conduct to Edgar, was not ſorry to be detained.

They had not, however, been five minutes in the parlour, before a violent and angry noiſe from above, induced them all to remount to the top of the houſe; and there, upon entering a garret whence it iſſued, they ſaw Miſs Dennel, decorated with the Enſign's cocked hat and feather, yet looking pale with fright; Lionel accoutred in the maid's cloaths, and almoſt in a convulſion of laughter; and Macderſey, in a rage utterly incomprehenſible, with the coachman's large bob-wig hanging looſe upon his head.

It was ſometime before it was poſſible to gather, that having all paraded into various garrets, in ſearch of adventures, Lionel, after attiring himſelf in the maid's gown, cap, and apron, had ſuddenly depoſited upon Miſs Dennel's head the Enſign's cocked hat, replacing it with the coachman's beſt wig upon the toupee of

of Macdersey; whose resentment was so violent at this liberty, that it was still some minutes before he could give it articulation.

The effect of this full buckled bob-jerom, which stuck hollow from the young face and powdered locks of the Ensign, was irresistibly ludicrous; yet he would have deemed it a greater indignity to take it quietly off, than to be viewed in it by thousands; though when he saw the disposition of the whole company to sympathise with Lionel, his wrath rose yet higher, and stamping with passion, he fiercely said to him—"Take it off, sir!—take it off my head!"

Lionel, holding this too imperious a command to be obeyed, only shouted louder. Macdersey then, incensed beyond endurance, lowered his voice with stiffled cholor, and putting his arms akimbo, said—"If you take me for a fool, sir, I shall demand satisfaction; for it's what I never put up with!"

Then, turning to the rest, he solemnly added—

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A few Explanations.

THE last words of Dr. Marchmont, in taking leave of Edgar, were injunctions to circumſpection, and repreſentations of the difficulty of drawing back with honour, if once any incautious eagerneſs betrayed his partiality To this counſel he was impelled to ſubmit, leſt he ſhould riſk for Camilla a report ſimilar to that which for Indiana had given him ſo much diſturbance. There, indeed, he felt himſelf wholly blameleſs. His admiration was but ſuch as he always experienced at ſight of a beautiful picture, nor had it ever been demonſtrated in any more ſerious manner. He had diſtinguiſhed her by no particular attention, ſingled her out by no pointed addreſs, taken no pains to engage her

her good opinion, and manifefted no flattering pleafure at her approach or prefence.

His fenfe of right was too juft to miflead him into giving himfelf fimilar abfolution with refpect to Camilla. He had never, indeed, indulged a voluntary vent to his preference; but the candour of his character convinced him that what fo forcibly he had felt, he muft occafionally have betrayed. Yet the idea excited regret without remorfe; for though it had been his wifh, as well as intention, to conceal his beft hopes, till they were ratified by his judgment, he had the confcious integrity of knowing that, fhould her heart become his prize, his deareft view in life would be to folicit her hand.

To preferve, therefore, the appearance of an undefigning friend of the houfe, he had forced himfelf to refrain, for two days, from any vifit to the rectory, whither he was repairing, when thus, unlooked and unwifhed for, he furprized Camilla at the Grove.

Diſappointed and diſapproving feelings kept him, while there, aloof from her; by continual ſuggeſtions, that her character was of no ſtability, that Dr. Marchmont was right in his doubts, and Miſs Margland herſelf not wrong in accuſing her of caprice; and when he perceived, upon her preparing to walk home with her brother and ſiſter, that Major Cerwood ſtept forward to attend her, he indignantly reſolved to arrange without delay his continental excurſion. But again, when, as ſhe quitted the room, he ſaw her head half turned round, with an eye of enquiry if he followed, he determined frankly, and at once, in his capacity of a friend, to requeſt ſome explanation of this meeting.

The aſſiduities of the Major made it difficult to ſpeak to her; but the aid of her deſire for a converſation, which was equally anxious, and leſs guarded than his own, anticipated his principal inveſtigation, by urging her, voluntarily to ſeize an opportunity of relating to him the

hiſtory

history of her first visit to Mrs. Arlbery; and of assuring him that the second was indispensably its consequence.

Softened by this apparent earnestness for his good opinion, all his interest and all his tenderness for her returned; and though much chagrined at the accident, or rather mischief, which had thus established the acquaintance, he had too little to say, whatever he had to feel, of positive weight against it, to propose its now being relinquished. He thanked her impressively for so ready an explanation; and then gently added; "I know your predilection in favour of this lady, and I will say nothing to disturb it; but as she is yet new to you, and as all residence, all intercourse, from your own home or relations, is new to you also—tell me, candidly, sincerely tell me, can you condescend to suffer an old friend, though in the person of but a young man, to offer you, from time to time, a hint, a little counsel, a few brief words of occasional advice? and even, perhaps, now and then,

to torment you into a little ferious reflection?"

"If you," cried fhe, gaily, "will give me the reflection, I promife, to the beft of my power, to give you in return, the feriousnefs; but I can by no means engage for both!"

"O, never, but from your own prudence," he anfwered, gratefully, "may your delightful vivacity know a curb! If now I feem myfelf to fear it, it is not from morofenefs, it is not from infenfibility to its charm——"

He was ftopt here by Macderfey, who, fuddenly overtaking him, entreated an immediate fhort conference upon a matter of moment.

Though cruelly vexed by the interruption, he could not refufe to turn back with him; and Camilla again was left wholly to the gallant Major; but her heart felt fo light that fhe had thus cleared herfelf to Edgar, fo gratified by his requeft to become himfelf her monitor, and fo enchanted to find her acquaintance with

with Mrs. Arlbery no longer diſputed, that ſhe was too happy to admit any vexation; and the Major had never thought her ſo charming, though of the Major ſhe thought not one moment.

Macderſey, with a long, ceremonious, and not very clear apology, confeſſed he had called Mandlebert aſide only to enquire into the certain truth, if it were not a poſitive ſecret, of his intended nuptials with the beautiful Miſs Lynmere. Mandlebert, with ſurprize, but without any heſitation, declared himſelf wholly without any pretenſions to that lady. Macderſey then embraced him, and they parted mutually ſatisfied.

It ſeemed now too late to Mandlebert to go to Etherington till the next day, whither, as ſoon as he had breakfaſted, he then rode.

According to his general cuſtom, he went immediately to the ſtudy, where he met with a calm, but kind reception from Mr. Tyrold; and after half an hour's converſation, upon Liſbon, Dr. Marchmont,

and Mrs. Tyrold, he left him to ſeek his young friends.

In the parlour, he found Lavinia alone; but before he could enquire for her ſiſter, who was accidentally up ſtairs, Lionel, juſt diſmounted from his horſe, appeared.

"O, ho, Edgar!" cried he, "you are here, are you? this would make fine confuſion, if that beauty of nature, Miſs Margland, ſhould happen to call. They've juſt ſent for you to Beech Park. I don't know what's to be done to you; but if you have any inclination to ſave poor Camilla's eyes, or cap, at leaſt, from that meek, tender creature, you'll ſet off for Cleves before they know you are in this houſe."

Edgar amazed, deſired an explanation; but he proteſted the wrath of Miſs Margland had been ſo comical, and given him ſo much diverſion, that he had not been able to get at any particulars; he only knew there was a great commotion, and that Edgar was declared in love with

ſome of his ſiſters or couſins, and Miſs Margland was in a rage that it was not with herſelf; and that, in ſhort, becauſe he only happened to drop a hint of the latter notion, that delectable paragon had given him ſo violent a blow with her fine eyes, that in order to vent an ungovernable fit of laughter, without the riſk of having the houſe pulled about his ears, he had haſtily mounted his horſe, and galloped off.

The contempt of Edgar for Miſs Margland would have made him diſdain another queſtion, if the name of Camilla had not been mingled in this relation; no queſtion, however, could procure further information. Lionel, enchanted that he had tormented Miſs Margland, underſtood nothing more of the matter, and could only repeat his own merry ſayings, and their effect.

Lavinia expreſſed, moſt innocently, her curioſity to know what this meant; and was going for Camilla, to aſſiſt in ſome

conjecture; but Edgar, who by this ſtrange ſtory had loſt his compoſure, felt unequal to hearing it diſcuſſed in her preſence, and, pleading ſudden haſte, rode away.

He did not, however, go to Cleves; he hardly knew if Lionel had not amuſed him with a feigned ſtory; but he no ſooner arrived at Beech Park, than he found a meſſage from Sir Hugh, begging to ſee him with all ſpeed.

The young Enſign was the cauſe of this preſent ſummons and diſturbance. Elated by the declaration of Mandlebert, that the rumour of his contract was void of foundation, and buoyed up by Mrs. Arlbery, to whom he returned with the communication, he reſolved to make his advances in form. He preſented himſelf, therefore, at Cleves, where he aſked an audience of Sir Hugh, and at once, with his accuſtomed vehemence, declared himſelf bound eternally, life and ſoul, to his fair niece, Miſs Lynmere; and deſired

fired that, in order to pay his addreſſes to her, he might be permitted to ſee her at odd times, when he was off duty.

Sir Hugh was ſcarce able to underſtand him, from his volubility, and the extravagance of his phraſes and geſtures; but he imputed them to his violent paſſion, and therefore anſwered him with great gentleneſs, aſſuring him he did not mean to doubt his being a proper alliance for his niece, though he had never heard of him before; but begging he would not be affronted if he could not accept him, not knowing yet quite clearly if ſhe were not engaged to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood.

The Enſign now loudly proclaimed his own news: Mandlebert had proteſted himſelf free, and the whole county already rang with the miſtake.

Sir Hugh, who always at a loſs how to ſay no, thought this would have been a good anſwer, now ſent for Miſs Margland, and deſired her to ſpeak herſelf with the young gentleman.

Miſs Margland, much gratified, aſked Macderſey if ſhe could look at his rent roll.

He had nothing of the kind at hand, he ſaid, not being yet come to his eſtate, which was in Ireland, and was ſtill the property of a firſt couſin, who was not yet dead.

Miſs Margland, promiſing he ſhould have an anſwer in a few days, then diſmiſſed him; but more irritated than ever againſt Mandlebert, from the contraſt of his power to make ſettlements, ſhe burſt forth into her old declarations of his ill uſage of Miſs Lynmere; attributing it wholly to the contrivances of Camilla, whom ſhe had herſelf, ſhe ſaid, ſurprized wheedling Edgar into her ſnares, when ſhe called laſt at Etherington; and who, ſhe doubted not, they ſhould ſoon hear was going to be married to him.

Sir Hugh always underſtood literally whatever was ſaid; theſe aſſertions therefore of ill humour, merely made to vent black bile, affected him deeply for the

honour and welfare of Camilla, and he haſtily ſent a meſſenger for Edgar, determining to beg, if that were the caſe, he would openly own the whole, and not leave all the blame to fall all upon his poor niece.

At this period, Lionel had called, and, by inflaming Miſs Margland, had aggravated the general diſturbance.

When Edgar arrived, Sir Hugh told him of the affair, aſſuring him he ſhould never have taken amiſs his preferring Camilla, which he thought but natural, if he had only done it from the firſt.

Edgar, though eaſily through all this he ſaw the malignant yet ſhallow offices of Miſs Margland, found himſelf, with infinite vexation, compelled to declare off equally from both the charges; conſcious, that till the very moment of his propoſals, he muſt appear to have no preference nor deſigns. He ſpoke, therefore, with the utmoſt reſpect of the young ladies, but again ſaid it was uncertain if

he ſhould not travel before he formed any eſtabliſhment.

The buſineſs thus explicitly decided, nothing more could be done: but Miſs Margland was ſomewhat appeaſed, when ſhe heard that her pupil was not ſo diſgracefully to be ſupplanted.

Indiana herſelf, to whom Edgar had never ſeemed agreeable, ſoon forgot ſhe had ever thought of him; and elated by the acquiſition of a new lover, doubted not, but, in a ſhort time, the publication of her liberty would prove ſlavery to all mankind.

Early the next morning, the carriage of Sir Hugh arrived at the rectory for Camilla. She never refuſed an invitation from her uncle, but ſhe felt ſo little equal to paſſing a whole day in the preſence of Miſs Margland, after the unacountable, yet alarming relation ſhe had gathered from Lionel, that ſhe entreated him to accompany her, and to manage that ſhe ſhould return with him as ſoon as the horſes were fed and reſted.

Lionel,

Lionel, ever good humoured, and ready to oblige, willingly complied; but demanded that ſhe ſhould go with him, in their way back, to ſee a new houſe which he wanted to examine.

Sir Hugh received her with his uſual affection, Indiana with indifference, and Miſs Margland with a malicious ſmile: but Eugenia, ſoon taking her aſide, diſcloſed to her that Edgar, the day before, had publicly and openly diſclaimed any views upon Indiana, and had declared himſelf without any paſſion whatever, and free from all inclination or intention but to travel.

The bluſh of pleaſure, with which Camilla heard the firſt ſentence of this ſpeech, became the tingle of ſhame at the ſecond, and whitened into ſurpriſe and ſorrow at the laſt.

Eugenia, though ſhe ſaw ſome diſturbance, underſtood not theſe changes. Early abſorbed in the ſtudy of literature and languages, under the direction of a preceptor who had never mingled with

the world, her capacity had been occupied in conſtant work for her memory; but her judgment and penetration had been wholly unexerciſed. Like her uncle, ſhe concluded every body, and every thing to be preciſely what they appeared; and though, in that given point of view, ſhe had keener intellects to diſcern, and more ſkill to appreciate perſons and characters, ſhe was as unpractiſed as himſelf in thoſe diſcriminative powers, which dive into their own conceptions to diſcover the latent ſprings, the multifarious and contradictory ſources of human actions and propenſities.

Upon their return to the company, Miſs Margland choſe to relate the hiſtory herſelf. Mr. Mandlebert, ſhe ſaid, had not only thought proper to acknowledge his utter inſenſibility to Mis Lynmere, but had declared his indifference for every woman under the ſun, and proteſted he held them all cheap alike. "So I would adviſe nobody," ſhe continued, "to flatter themſelves with making a conqueſt of him,

him, for they may take my word for it, he won't be caught very eaſily."

Camilla diſdained to underſtand this but in a general ſenſe, and made no anſwer. Indiana, pouting her lip, ſaid ſhe was ſure ſhe did not want to catch him: ſhe did not fear having offers enough without him, if ſhe ſhould happen to chuſe to marry.

"Certainly," ſaid Miſs Margland, "there's no doubt of that; and this young officer's coming the very moment he heard of your being at liberty, is a proof that the only reaſon of your having had no more propoſals, is owing to Mr. Mandlebert. So I don't ſpeak for you, but for any body elſe, that may ſuppoſe they may pleaſe the difficult gentleman better."

Camilla now breathed hard with reſentment; but ſtill was ſilent, and Indiana, anſwering only for herſelf, ſaid: "O, yes! I can't ſay I'm much frightened. I dare ſay if Mr. Melmond had known, ... but he thought like every body elſe ... however,

however, I'm ſure, I'm very glad of it, only I wiſh he had ſpoke a little ſooner, for I ſuppoſe Mr. Melmond thinks me as much out of his reach as if I was married. Not that I care about it; only it's provoking."

"No, my dear," ſaid Miſs Margland, "it would be quite below your dignity to think about him, without knowing better who he is, or what are his expectations and connexions. As to this young officer, I ſhall take proper care to make enquiries, before he has his anſwer. He belongs to a very good family; for he's related to Lord O'Lerney, and I have friends in Ireland who can acquaint me with his ſituation and fortune. There's time enough to look about you; only as Mr. Mandlebert has behaved ſo unhandſomely, I hope none of the family will give him their countenance. I am ſure it will be to no purpoſe, if any body ſhould think of doing it by way of having any deſign upon him. It will be loſt labour, I can tell them."

" As to that, I am quite eafy," faid Indiana, toffing her head, " any body is welcome to him for me;—my coufin, or any body elfe."

Camilla, now, abfolutely called upon to fpeak, with all the fpirit fhe could affume, faid, " With regard to me, there is no occafon to remind me how much I am out of the queftion; yet fuffer me to fay, refpect for myfelf would fecure me from forming fuch plans as you furmife, if no other fenfe of propriety could fave me from fuch humiliation."

" Now, my dear, you fpeak properly," faid Mifs Margland, taking her hand; " and I hope you will have the fpirit to fhew him you care no more for him than he cares for you."

" I hope fo too," anfwered Camilla, turning pale; " but I don't fuppofe—I can't imagine—that it is very likely he fhould have mentioned any thing good or bad—with regard to his care for me?"

This was painfully uttered, but from a curiosity irrepressible.

"As to that, my dear, don't deceive yourself; for the question was put home to him very properly, that you might know what you had to expect, and not keep off other engagements from a false notion."

"This indeed," said Camilla, colouring with indignation, "this has been a most useless, a most causeless enquiry!"

"I am very glad you treat the matter as it deserves, for I like to see young ladies behave with dignity."

"And pray, then, what—was there any—did he make—was there any—any answer—to this—to—."

"O, yes, he answered without any great ceremony, I can assure you! He said, in so many words, that he thought no more of you than of your cousin, and was going abroad to divert and amuse himself, better than by entering into marriage with either one or other of you; or with any body else."

Camilla felt half killed by this anſwer; and preſently quitting the room, ran out into the garden, and to a walk far from the houſe, before ſhe had power to breathe, or recollection to be aware of the ſenſibility ſhe was betraying.

She then as haſtily went back, ſecretly reſolving never more to think of him, and to ſhew both to himſelf and to the world, by every means in her power, her perfect indifference.

She could not, however, endure to encounter Miſs Margland again, but called for Lionel, and begged him to hurry the coachman.

Lionel complied—ſhe took a haſty leave of her uncle, and only ſaying, "Good by, good by!" to the reſt, made her eſcape.

Sir Hugh, ever unſuſpicious, thought her merely afraid to detain her brother; but Eugenia, calm, affectionate, and diveſted of cares for herſelf, ſaw evidently that ſomething was wrong, though ſhe divined not what, and entreated leave

to

to go with her ſiſter to Etherington, and thence to return, without keeping out the horſes.

Sir Hugh was well pleaſed, and the two ſiſters and Lionel ſet off together.

CHAP. II.

Specimens of Taſte.

THE preſence of Lionel ſtifled the enquiries of Eugenia; and pride, all up in arms, abſorbed every ſofter feeling in Camilla.

When they had driven half a mile, "Now, young ladies," ſaid he, "I ſhall treat you with a frolic." He then ſtopt the carriage, and told the coachman to drive to Cornfield; ſaying, "Tis but two miles about, and Coachy won't mind that; will you Coachy?"

The coachman, looking forward to half a crown, ſaid his horſes would be all the better for a little more exerciſe; and Jacob, familiarly fond of Lionel from a boy, made no difficulty.

Lionel deſired his ſiſters to aſk no queſtions, aſſuring them he had great deſigns,

defigns, and a moft agreeable furprife in view for them.

In purfuance of his directions, they drove on till they came before a fmall houfe, juft new fronted with deep red bricks, containing, on the ground floor, two little bow windows, in a fharp triangular form, enclofing a door ornamented with fmall panes of glafs, cut in various fhapes; on the firft ftory, a little balcony, decorated in the middle and at each corner with leaden images of Cupids; and, in the attic ftory, a very fmall venetian window, partly formed with minute panes of glafs, and partly with glazed tiles; reprefenting, in blue and white, various devices of dogs and cats, mice and birds, rats and ferrets, as emblems of the conjugal ftate.

"Well, young ladies, what fay you to this?" cried he, "does it hit your fancy? If it does, 'tis your own!"

Eugenia afked what he meant.

"Mean? to make a prefent of it to which ever is the beft girl, and can firft

cry

cry bo! to a goose. Come, don't look disdainfully. Eugenia, what say you? won't it be better to be mistress of this little neat, tight, snug box, and a pretty little tidy husband, that belongs to it, than to pore all day long over a latin theme with old Dr. Orkborne? I have often thought my poor uncle was certainly out of his wits, when he set us all, men, women, and children, to learn latin, or else be whipt by the old doctor. But we all soon got our necks out of the collar, except poor Eugenia, and she's had to work for us all. However, here's an opportunity—see but what a pretty place—not quite finished, to be sure, but look at that lake? how cool, how rural, how refreshing!"

"Lake?" repeated Eugenia, "I see nothing but a very dirty little pond, with a mass of rubbish in the middle. Indeed I see nothing else but rubbish all round, and every where."

"That's the very beauty of the thing, my dear; it's all in the exact state for being

being finiſhed under your own eye, and according to your own taſte."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It's uninhabited yet; but it's preparing for a very ſpruce young ſpark, that I adviſe you both to ſet your caps at. Hold!" I ſee ſomebody peeping; I'll go and get ſome news for you."

He then jumped from the coach, and ran up five deep narrow ſteps, formed of ſingle large rough ſtones, which mounted ſo much above the threſhold of the houſe, that upon opening the door, there appeared a ſtool to aſſiſt all comers to reach the floor of the paſſage.

Eugenia, with ſome curioſity, looked out, and ſaw her brother, after nearly forcing his entrance, ſpeak to a very mean little man, dreſſed in old dirty cloaths, who ſeemed willing to hide himſelf behind the door, but whom he almoſt dragged forward, ſaying aloud, "O, I can take no excuſe, I inſiſt upon your ſhewing the houſe. I have brought two young ladies on purpoſe to ſee it; and who

who knows but one of them may take a fancy to it, and make you a happy man for life."

"As to that, ſir," ſaid the man, ſtill endeavouring to retreat, "I can't ſay as I've quite made my mind up yet as to the marriage ceremony. I've known partly enough of the ſtate already; but if ever I marry again, which is a moot point, I ſha'n't do it hand over head, like a boy, without knowing what I'm about. However, it's time enough o'conſcience to think of that, when my houſe is done, and my workmen is off my hands."

Camilla now, by the language and the voice, gathered that this was Mr. Dubſter.

"Pho, pho," anſwered Lionel, "you muſt not be ſo hard-hearted when fair ladies are in the caſe. Beſides, one of them is that pretty girl you flirted with at Northwick. She's a ſiſter of mine, and I ſhall take it very ill if you don't hand her out of the coach, and do the honours of your place to her."

Camilla, much provoked, earnestly called to her brother, but utterly in vain.

"Lauk-a-day! why it is not half finished," said Mr. Dubster; "nor a quarter neither: and as to that young lady, I can't say as it was much in my mind to be over civil to her any more, begging pardon, after her giving me the slip in that manner. I can't say as I think it was over and above handsome, letting me get my gloves. Not that I mind it in the least, as to that."

"Pho, pho, man, you must never bear malice against a fair lady. Besides, she's come now on purpose to make her excuses."

"O, that's another thing; if the young lady's sorry, I sha'n't think of holding out. Besides, I can't say but what I thought her agreeable enough, if it had not been for her behaving so comical just at the last. Not that I mean in the least to make any complaint, by way of getting of the young lady scolded."

"You

"You muſt make friends now, man, and think no more of it;" cried Lionel, who would have drawn him to the carriage; but he proteſted he was quite aſhamed to be ſeen in ſuch a diſabille, and ſhould go firſt and dreſs himſelf. Lionel, on the contrary, declaring nothing ſo manly, nor ſo becoming, as a neglect of outward appearance, pulled him to the coach door, notwithſtanding all his efforts to diſengage himſelf, and the moſt baſhful diſtortions with which he ſtrove to ſneak behind his conductor.

"Ladies," ſaid he, "Mr. Dubſter deſires to have the honour of walking over his houſe and grounds with you."

Camilla declared ſhe had no time to alight; but Lionel inſiſted, and ſoon forced them both from the coach.

Mr. Dubſter, no longer ſtiff, ſtarched, and proud, as when full dreſſed, was ſunk into the ſmalleſt inſignificance; and when they were compelled to enter his grounds, through a ſmall Chineſe gate, painted of a deep blue, would entirely have kept

out of ſight; but for a whiſper from Lionel, that the ladies had owned they thought he looked to particular advantage in that careleſs attire.

Encouraged by this, he came boldly forward, and ſuddenly facing them, made a low bow ſaying: "Young ladies, your humble."

They courtſied ſlightly, and Camilla ſaid ſhe was very ſorry to break in upon him.

"O, it don't much matter," cried he, extremely pleaſed by this civility, "I only hope, young ladies, you won't take umbrage at my receiving you in this pickle; but you've popt upon me unawares, as one may ſay. And my beſt coat is at this very minute at Tom Hicks's, nicely packed and papered up, and tied all round, in a drawer of his, up ſtairs, in his room. And I'd have gone for it with the greateſt pleaſure in life, to ſhew my reſpect, if the young gentleman would have let me."

And then, recollecting Eugenia, "Good lauk, ma'am," ſaid he, in a low voice to Camilla, "that's that ſame lame little lady as I ſaw at the ball?"

"That lady, ſir," anſwered ſhe, provoked, "is my ſiſter."

"Mercy's me!" exclaimed he, lifting up his hands, "I wiſh I'd known as much at the time. I'm ſure, ma'am, if I'd thought the young lady was any ways related to you, I would not have ſaid a word diſreſpectful upon no account."

Lionel aſked how long he had had this place.

"Only a little while. I happened of it quite lucky. A friend of mine was juſt being turned out of it, in default of payment, and ſo I got it a bargain. I intend to fit it up a little in taſte, and then, whether I like it or no, I can always let it."

They were now, by Lionel, dragged into the houſe, which was yet unfurniſhed, half papered, and half white waſhed. The workmen, Mr. Dubſter ſaid, were

juſt gone to dinner, and he rejoiced that they had happened to come ſo conveniently, when he ſhould be no loſer by leaving the men to themſelves, in order to oblige the young ladies with his company.

He inſiſted upon ſhewing them not only every room, but every cloſet, every cupboard, every nook, corner, and hiding place; praiſing their utility, and enumerating all their poſſible appropriations, with the moſt minute encomiums.

"But I'm quite ſorry," cried he, "young ladies, to think as I've nothing to offer you. I eats my dinner always at the Globe, having nobody here to cook. However I'd have had a morſel of cake or ſo, if the young gentleman had been ſo kind as to give me an item beforehand of your intending me the favour. But as to getting things into the houſe hap hazard, really every thing is ſo dear—it's quite out of reaſon."

The ſcampering of horſes now carrying them to a window, they ſaw ſome hounds

in

in full cry, followed by horſe-men in full gallop. Lionel declared he would borrow Jacob's mare, and join them, while his ſiſters walked about the grounds: but Camilla, taking him aſide, made a ſerious expoſtulation, proteſting that her father, with all his indulgence, and even her uncle himſelf, would be certainly diſpleaſed, if he left them alone with this man; of whom they knew nothing but his very low trade.

"Why what is his trade?"

"A tinker's: Mrs. Arlbery told me ſo."

He laughed violently at this information, proteſting he was rejoiced to find ſo much money could be made by the tinkering buſineſs, which he was determined to follow in his next diſtreſs for caſh: yet added, he feared this was only the malice of Mrs. Arlbery, for Dubſter, he had been told, had kept a ſhop for ready made wigs.

He gave up, however, his project, forgetting the chace when he no longer

heard the hounds, and desired Mr. Dubster to proceed in shewing his lions.

"Lauk a day! sir, I've got no lions, nor tygers neither. It's a deal of expence keeping them animals; and though I know they reckon me near, I sha'n't do no such thing; for if a man does not take a little care of his money when once he has got it, especially if it's honestly, I think he's a fool for his pains; begging pardon for speaking my mind so freely."

He then led them again to the front of the house, where he desired they would look at his pond. "This," said he, "is what I value the most of all, except my summer house and my labyrinth. I shall stock it well; and many a good dinner I hope to eat from it. It gets me an appetite, sometimes, I think, only to look at it."

"'Tis a beautiful piece of water," said Lionel, "and may be useful to the outside as well as the inside, for, if you go in head foremost, you may bathe as well as feed from it."

"No,

"No, I ſha'n't do that, ſir, I'm not over and above fond of water at beſt. However I ſhall have a ſwan."

"A ſwan? why ſure you won't be contented with only one?"

"O yes, I ſhall. It will only be made of wood, painted over in white. There's no end of feeding them things if one has 'em alive. Beſides it will look juſt as pretty; and won't bite. And I know a friend of mine that one of them creatures flew at, and gave him ſuch a bang as almoſt broke his leg, only for throwing a ſtone at it, out of mere play. They are mortal ſpiteful, if you happen to hurt them when you're in their reach."

He then begged them to go over to his iſland, which proved to be what Eugenia had taken for a maſs of rubbiſh. They would fain have been excuſed croſſing a plank which he called a bridge, but Lionel would not be denied.

"Now here," ſaid he, "when my iſland's finiſhed, I ſhall have ſomething

thefe young ladies will like; and that's a lamb."

"Alive, or dead?" cried Lionel.

"Alive," he replied, "for I fhall have good pafture in a little bit of ground juft by, where I fhall keep me a cow; and here will be grafs enough upon my ifland to keep it from ftarving on Sundays, and for now and then, when I've fomebody come to fee me. And when it's fit for killing, I can change it with the farmer down the lane, for another young one, by a bargain I've agreed with him for already; for I don't love to run no rifks about a thing for mere pleafure."

"Your place will be quite a paradife," faid Lionel.

"Why, indeed, fir, I think I've earned having a little recreeting, for I worked hard enough for it, before I happened of meeting with my firft wife."

"O, ho! fo you began with marrying a fortune?"

"Yes, fir, and very pretty fhe was too, if fhe had not been fo puny. But fhe

was

was always ailing. She coſt me a mort of money to the potecary before ſhe went off. And ſhe was a tedious while a dying, poor ſoul!"

"Your firſt wife? ſurely you have not been twice married already?"

"Yes, I have. My ſecond wife brought me a very pretty fortune too. I can't ſay but I've rather had the luck of it, as far as I've gone yet awhile."

They now repaſſed the plank, and were conducted to an angle, in which a bench was placed cloſe to the chineſe rails, which was ſomewhat ſhaded by a willow, that grew in a little piece of ſtagnant water on the other ſide. A ſyringa was planted in front, and a broom-tree on the right united it with the willow; in the middle there was a deal table.

"Now, young ladies," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "if you have a taſte to breathe a little freſh country air, here's where I adviſe you to take your reſt. When I come to this place firſt, my arbour, as I call this, had no look out, but juſt to the

fields, ſo I cut away them lilacs, and now there's a good pretty look out. And it's a thing not to be believed what a ſight of people and coaches, and gentlemen's whiſkeys, and ſtages, and flys, and waggons, and all ſorts of things as ever you can think of, goes by all day long. I often think people's got but little to do at home."

Next, he deſired to lead them to his grotto, which he ſaid was but juſt begun. It was, indeed, as yet, nothing but a little ſquare hole, dug into a chalky ſoil, down into which, no ſteps being yet made, he ſlided as well as he could, to the no ſmall whitening of his old brown coat, which already was thread bare.

He begged the ladies to follow, that he might ſhew them the devices he had marked out with his own hand, and from his own head, for fitting up the inſide. Lionel would not ſuffer his ſiſters to refuſe compliance, though Mr. Dubſter himſelf cautioned them to come carefully, "in particular," he ſaid, "the little

little lady, as ſhe has happened of an ugly accident already, as I judge, in one of her hips, and 'twould be pity, at her time of life, if ſhe ſhould happen of another at t'other ſide."

Eugenia, not aware this misfortune was ſo glaring, felt much hurt by this ſpeech; and Camilla, very angry with its ſpeaker, ſought to ſilence him by a reſentful look; but not obſerving it; "Pray, ma'am," he continued, "was it a fall? or was you born ſo?"

Eugenia looked ſtruck and ſurprized; and Camilla haſtily whiſpered it was a fall, and bid him ſay no more about it; but, not underſtanding her, "I take it, then," he ſaid, "that was what ſtinted your growth ſo, Miſs? for, I take it, you're not much above the dwarf as they ſhew at Exeter Change? Much of a muchneſs, I gueſs. Did you ever ſee him, ma'am?"

"No, ſir,"

"It would be a good ſight enough to ſee you together. He'd think himſelf a

man in a minute. You muſt have had the ſmall pox mortal bad, ma'am. I ſuppoſe you'd the conflint ſort?"

Camilla here, without waiting for help, ſlid down into the intended grotto, and aſked a thouſand queſtions to change the ſubject; while Eugenia, much diſconcerted, ſlowly followed, aided by Lionel.

Mr. Dubſter then diſplayed the ingenious intermixture of circles and diamonds projected for the embelliſhment of his grotto; the firſt of which were to be formed with cockle-ſhells, which he meant to colour with blue paint; and the ſecond he propoſed ſhaping with bits of ſhining black coal. The ſpaces between would each have an oyſter-ſhell in the middle, and here and there he deſigned to leave the chalk to itſelf, which would always, he obſerved, make the grotto light and cheary. Shells he ſaid, unluckily, he did not happen to have; but as he had thoughts of taking a little pleaſure ſome ſummer at Brighthelmſtone or Margate, for he intended to ſee

all

all thofe places, he fhould make a collection then; being told he might have as curious fhells, and pebbles too, as a man could wifh to look at, only for the trouble of picking them up off the fhore.

They next went to what he called his labyrinth, which was a little walk he was cutting, zig-zag, through fome brufhwood, fo low that no perfon above three foot height could be hid by it. Every ftep they took here, coft a rent to fome lace or fome muflin of one of the fifters; which Mr. Dubfter obferved with a delight he could not conceal; faying this was a true country walk, and would do them both a great deal of good; and adding: "we that live in town, would give our ears for fuch a thing as this." And though they could never proceed a yard at a time, from the continual neceffity of difentangling their drefs from thorns and briars, he exultingly boafted that he fhould give them a good appetite for their dinner; and afked if this rural ramble did not make

them

them begin to feel hungry. "For my part," continued he, "if once I get ſettled a bit, I ſhall take a turn in this zig-zag every day before dinner, which may ſave me my five grains of rhubarb, that the doctor ordered me for my ſtomach, ſince my having my illneſs, which come upon me almoſt as ſoon as I was a gentleman; from change of life, I believe, for I never knew no other reaſon; and none of the doctor's could tell me nothing about it. But a man that's had a deal to do, feels quite unked at firſt, when he's only got to look and ſtare about him, and juſt walk from one room to another, without no employment."

Lionel ſaid he hoped, at leaſt, he would not require his rhubarb to get down his dinner to day.

"I hope ſo too, 'ſquire," anſwered he, licking his lips, "for I've ordered a pretty good one, I can tell you; beef ſteaks and onions; and I dont know what's better. Tom Hicks is to dine with me at the Globe,

Globe, as ſoon as I've give my workmen their taſks, and ſeen after a young lad that's to do me a job there, by my grotto. Tom Hicks is a very good fellow; I like him beſt of any acquaintance I've made in theſe here parts. Indeed, I've made no other, on account of the unconvenence of dreſſing, while I'm ſo much about with my workmen. So I keep pretty incog from the genteel; and Tom does well enough in the interim."

He then requeſted them to make haſte to his ſummer-houſe, becauſe his workmen would be ſoon returned, and he could not then ſpare a moment longer, without ſpoiling his own dinner.

"My ſummer houſe," ſaid he, "is not above half complete yet; but it will be very pretty when it's done. Only I've got no ſtairs yet to it; but there's a very good ladder, if the ladies a'n't afraid."

The ladies both deſired to be excuſed mounting; but Lionel proteſted he would not have his friend affronted; and as neither of them were in the habit of

CHAP. III.

A few Compliments.

THE two young ladies and Mr. Dubſter, left thus together, and ſo ſituated that ſeparation without aſſiſtance was impoſſible, looked at one another for ſome time in nearly equal diſmay; and then Mr. Dubſter, with much diſpleaſure, exclaimed — " Them young gentlemen are as full of miſchief, as an egg's full of meat! Who'd have thought of a perſon's going to do ſuch a thing as this?—it's mortal unconvenent, making me leave my workmen at this rate; for I dare ſay they're come, or coming, by this time. I wiſh I'd tied the ladder to this here rafter."

The ſiſters, though equally provoked, thought it neceſſary to make ſome apology for the wild behaviour of their brother.

" O, young

"O, young ladies," ſaid he, formally waving his hand by way of a bow, "I don't in the leaſt mean to blame you about it, for you're very welcome to ſtay as long as it's agreeable; only I hope he'll come back by my dinner time; for a cold beef-ſteak is one or other the worſt morſel I know."

He then kept an unremitting watch from one window to another, for ſome paſſenger from whom he could claim aid; but, much as he had boaſted of the numbers perpetually in ſight, he now doloroufly confeſſed, that, ſometimes, not a ſoul came near the place for half a day together: "And, as to my workmen," continued he, "the deuce can't make 'em hear if once they begin their knocking and hammering."

And then, with a ſmirk at the idea, he added—"I'll tell you what; I'd beſt give a good ſquall at once, and then if they are come, I may catch 'em; in the proviſo you won't mind it, young ladies."

This

This ſcheme was put immediately into practice; but though the ſiſters were obliged to ſtop their ears from his vociferation, it anſwered no purpoſe.

"Well, I'll bet you what you will," cried he, "they are all deaf: however, it's as well as it is, for if they was to come, and ſee me hoiſted up in this cage, like, they'd only make a joke of it; and then they'd mind me no more than a pin never again. It's ſurpriſing how them young gentlemen never think of nothing. If he'd ſerved me ſo when I was a 'prentice, he'd have paid pretty dear for his frolic; maſter would have charged him half a day's work, as ſure as a gun."

Soon after, while looking out of the window, "I do think," he exclaimed, "I ſee ſomebody!—It ſhall go hard but what I'll make 'em come to us."

He then ſhouted with great violence; but the perſon croſſed a ſtyle into a field, without ſeeing or hearing him.

This provoked him very ſeriouſly; and turning to Camilla, rather indignantly, he

he ſaid—"Really, ma'am, I wiſh you'd tell your brother, I ſhould take it as a favour he'd never ſerve me o' this manner no more!"

She hoped, ſhe ſaid, he would in future be more conſiderate.

"It's a great hindrance to buſineſs, ma'am, ſuch things; and it's a ſheer love of miſchief, too, begging pardon, for it's of no manner of uſe to him, no more than it is to us."

He then deſired, that if any body ſhould paſs by again, they might all ſquall out at once; ſaying, it was odds, then, but they might be heard.

"Not that it's over agreeable, at the beſt," added he; "for if one was to ſtop any poor perſon, and make 'em come round, and look for the ladder, one could not be off giving them ſomething: and as to any of the gentlefolks, one might beg and pray as long as one would before they'd ſtir a ſtep for one: and as to any of one's acquaintance, if they was to go by, it's ten to one but they'd only fall a

laughing. People's generally ill-natured when they fees one in jeopardy."

Eugenia, already thoughtful and difcompofed, now grew uneafy, left her uncle fhould be furprifed at her long abfence; this a little appeafed Mr. Dubfter, who, with lefs refentment, faid—"So I fee, then, we're all in the fame quandary! However, don't mind it, young ladies; you can have no great matters to do with your time, I take it; fo it does not fo much fignify. But a man's quite different. He looks like a fool, as one may fay, poked up in fuch a place as this, to be ftared at by all comers and goers; only nobody happens to pafs by."

His lamentations now were happily interrupted by the appearance of three women and a boy, who, with bafkets on their heads, were returning from the next market town. With infinite fatisfaction, he prepared to affail them, faying, he fhould now have fome chance to get a bit of dinner: and affuring the ladies, that if they fhould like a little fcrap for a relifh, he

he ſhould be very willing to ſend 'em it by their footman; "For it's a long while," ſaid he, "young ladies, to be faſting, that's the truth of it."

The market women now approached, and were moſt clamorouſly hailed, before their own loud diſcourſe, and the ſinging and whiſtling of the boy, permitted their hearing the appeal.

"Pray, will you be ſo kind," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, when he had made them ſtop, "as to ſtep round by the houſe, and ſee if you can ſee the workmen; and if you can, tell 'em a young gentleman, as come here while they was at dinner, has taken away the ladder, and left us ſtuck up here in the lurch."

The women all laughed, and ſaid it was a good merry trick; but were preparing to follow his directions, when Mr. Dubſter called after the boy, who loitered behind, with an encouraging nod: "If you'll bring the ladder with you upon your ſhoulders, my lad, I'll give you a half-penny!"

 The

The boy was well contented; but the women, a little alarmed, turned back and ſaid—“ And what will you give to us, maſter?”

“ Give?” repeated he, a little embarraſſed; “ why, I'll give—why I'll thank you kindly; and it won't be much out of your way, for the houſe is only round there.”

“ You'll thank us kindly, will you?” ſaid one of the women; it's like you may! But what will you do over and above?”

“ Do? why it's no great matter, juſt to ſtop at the houſe as you go by, and tell 'em——”

Here Eugenia whiſpered ſhe would herſelf ſatisfy them, and begged he would let them make their own terms.

“ No, Miſs, no; I don't like to ſee nobody's money fooled away, no more than my own. However, as you are ſo generous, I'll agree with 'em to give 'em a pot of beer.”

He

He then, with ſome parade, made this conceſſion; but ſaid, he muſt ſee the ladder, before the money ſhould be laid down.

"A pot of beer for four!—a pot of beer for four!" they all exclaimed in a breath; and down every one put her baſket, and ſet her arms a-kembo, unanimouſly declaring, they would ſhame him for ſuch ſtingineſs.

The moſt violent abuſe now followed, the boy imitating them, and every other ſentence concluding with—"A pot of beer for four!—ha!"

Camilla and Eugenia, both frightened, beſought that they might have any-thing, and every thing, that could appeaſe them; but Mr. Dubſter was inflexible not to ſubmit to impoſition, becauſe of a few foul words; "For, dear heart," ſaid he, "what harm will they do us!—they an't of no conſequence."

Then, addreſſing them again, "As to four," he cried, "that's one over the

bargain, for I did not reckon the boy for nothing."

"You didn't, didn't you?" cried the boy; "i'cod, I hope I'm as good as you, any day in the year!"

"You'll thank us kindly, will you?" ſaid one of the women; "I'fackens, and ſo you ſhall, when we're fools enough to ſarve you!—A pot of beer for four!"

"We help you down!—we get you a ladder!" cried another; "yes, forſooth, it's like we may!—no, ſtay where you are, like a toad in a hole as you be!"

Camilla and Eugenia now, tired of vain application to Mr. Dubſter, who heard all this abuſe with the moſt ſedate unconcern, advanced themſelves to the window; and Eugenia, ever foremoſt where money was to be given, began—"Good women——" when, with a violent loud ſhout, they called out—"What! are you all in Hob's pound? Well, they as will may let you out for we; ſo I wiſh you a merry time of it!"

Eugenia

Eugenia began again her—"Good women——" when the boy exclaimed—"What were you put up there for, Miſs? to frighten the crows?"

Eugenia, not underſtanding him, was once more re-commencing; but the firſt woman ſaid—"I ſuppoſe you think we'll ſarve you for looking at?—no need to be paid?"

"Yes, yes," cried the ſecond, "Miſs may go to market with her beauty; ſhe'll not want for nothing if ſhe'll ſhew her pretty face!"

"She need not be afeard of it, however," ſaid the third, "for 'twill never be no worſe. Only take care, Miſs, you don't catch the ſmall pox!"

"O fegs, that would be pity!" cried the boy, "for fear Miſs ſhould be marked."

Eugenia, aſtoniſhed and confounded, made no farther attempt; but Camilla, though at that moment ſhe could have inflicted any puniſhment upon ſuch unprovoked aſſailants, affected to give but

little weight to what they faid, and gently drew her away.

"Hoity, toity!" cried one of the women, as ſhe moved off, "why, Miſs, do you walk upon your knees?"

"Why my Poll would make two of her," ſaid another, "though ſhe's only nine years old."

"She won't take much for cloaths," cried another, "that's one good thing."

"I'd anſwer to make her a gown out of my apron," ſaid the third.

"Your apron?" cried another, "your pocket handkerchief you mean!—why ſhe'd be loſt in your apron, and you might look half an hour before you'd find her."

Eugenia, to whom ſuch language was utterly new, was now in ſuch viſible conſternation, that Camilla, affrighted, earneſtly charged Mr. Dubſter to find any means, either of menace or of reward, to make them depart.

"Lauk, don't mind them, ma'am," cried he, following Eugenia, "they can't

do

do you no hurt; though they are rather rude, I muſt needs confeſs the truth, to ſay ſuch things to your face. But one muſt not expect people to be over polite, ſo far from London. However, I ſee the ſporting gentry coming round, over that way, yonder; and I warrant they'll gallop 'em off. Hark'ee, Miſtreſſes! them gentlemen that are coming here, ſhall take you before the juſtice, for affronting Sir Hugh's Tyrold's Heireſſes to all his fortunes."

The women, to whom the name and generous deeds of Sir Hugh Tyrold were familiar, were now quieted and diſmayed. They offered ſome aukward apologies, of not gueſſing ſuch young ladies could be poſted up in ſuch a place; and hoped it would be no detriment to them at the enſuing Chriſtmas, when the good Baronet gave away beef and beer; but Mr. Dubſter pompouſly ordered them to make off, ſaying, he would not accept the ladder from them now, for the gentry that were coming would get it for

nothing: "So troop off," cried he; "and as for you," to the boy, "you ſhall have your jacket well trimmed, I promiſe you: I know who you are, well enough; and I'll tell your maſter of you, as ſure as you're alive."

Away then, with complete, though not well-principled repentance, they all marched.

Mr. Dubſter, turning round with exultation, cried—"I only ſaid that to frighten them, for I never ſee 'em before, as I know of. But I don't mind 'em of a ruſh; and I hope you don't neither. Though I can't pretend it's over agreeable being made fun of. If I ſee any body ſnigger at me, I always aſk 'em what it's for; for I'd as lieve they'd let it alone."

Eugenia, who, as there was no ſeat, had ſunk upon the floor for reſt and for refuge, remained ſilent, and ſeemed almoſt petrified; while Camilla, affectionately leaning over her, began talking upon other ſubjects, in hopes to diſſipate a ſhock ſhe was aſhamed to conſole.

She

She made no reply, no comment; but, ſighed deeply.

"Lauk!" cried Mr. Dubſter, "what's the matter with the young lady! I hope ſhe don't go for to take to heart what them old women ſays? ſhe'll be never the worſe to look at, becauſe of their impudence. Beſides, fretting does no good to nothing. If you'll only come and ſtand here, where I do, Miſs, you may have a peep at ever ſo many dogs, and all the gentlemen, riding helter ſkelter round that hill. It's a pretty ſight enough for them as has nothing better to mind. I don't know but I might make one among them myſelf, now and then, if it was not for the expenſiveneſs of hiring of a horſe."

Here ſome of the party came galloping towards them; and Mr. Dubſter made ſo loud an out-cry, that two or three of the ſportſmen looked up, and one of them, riding cloſe to the ſummer houſe, perceived the two young ladies, and, inſtantly diſmounting, faſtened his

horſe to a tree, and contrived to ſcramble up into the little unfiniſhed building.

Camilla then ſaw it was Major Cerwood. She explained to him the miſchievous frolick of her brother, and accepted his offered ſervices to find the ladder and the carriage.

Eugenia meanwhile roſe and courtſied in anſwer to his enquiries after her health, and then, gravely fixing her eyes upon the ground, took no further notice of him.

The object of the Major was not Eugenia; her taciturnity therefore did not affect him; but pleaſed to be ſhut up with Camilla, he ſoon found out that though to mount had been eaſy, to deſcend would be difficult; and, after various mock efforts, pronounced it would be neceſſary to wait till ſome aſſiſtance arrived from below: adding, young Mr. Tyrold would ſoon return, as he had ſeen him in the hunt.

Camilla, whoſe concern now was all for her ſiſter, heard this with indifference;

ence; but Mr. Dubſter loſt all patience. "So here," ſaid he, "I may ſtay, and let Tom Hicks eat up all my dinner! for I can't expect him to faſt, becauſe of this young gentleman's comical tricks. I've half a mind to give a jump down myſelf, and go look for the ladder; only I'm not over light. Beſides, if one ſhould break one's leg, it's but a hard thing upon a man to be a cripple in the middle of life. It's no ſuch great hindrance to a lady, ſo I don't ſay it out of diſreſpect; becauſe ladies can't do much at the beſt."

The Major, finding Dubſter was his hoſt, thought it neceſſary to take ſome notice of him, and aſked him if he never rode out.

"Why no, not much of that, Sir," he anſwered; "for when a man's not over uſed to riding, one's apt to get a bad tumble ſometimes. I believe it's as well let alone. I never ſee as there was much wit in breaking one's neck before one's time. Beſides, half them gentlemen are

no better than ſharpers, begging pardon, for all they look as if they could knock one down."

"How do you mean ſharpers, Sir?"

"Why they don't pay every one his own, not one in ten of them. And they're as proud as Lucifer. If I was to go among them to-morrow, I'll lay a wager they'd take no notice of me: unleſs I was to aſk them to dinner. And a man may ſoon eat up his ſubſtance, if he's ſo over complaiſant."

"Surely, Major," cried Camilla, "my brother cannot be much longer before he joins us?—remembers us rather."

"Who elſe could deſert or forget you?" cried the Major.

"It's a moot point whether he'll come or no, I ſee that," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, quite enraged; "them young 'ſquires never know what to do for their fun. I muſt needs ſay I think it's pity but what he'd been brought up to ſome calling. 'Twould have ſteadied him a little, I warrant.

warrant. He don't ſeem to know much of the troubles of life."

A ſhower of rain now revived his hopes that the fear of being wet might bring him back; not conſidering how little ſportſmen regard wet jackets.

"However," continued he, "it's really a piece of good luck that he was not taken with a fancy to leave us upon my iſland; and then we might all have been ſouſed by this here rain: and he could juſt as well have walked off with my bridge as with the ladder."

Here, to his inexpreſſible relief, Lionel, from the road, hailed them; and Camilla, with emotion the moſt violent, perceived Edgar was by his ſide.

Mr. Dubſter, however, angry as well as glad, very ſolemnly ſaid, "I wonder, Sir, what you think my workmen has been doing all this time, with nobody to look after them? Beſides that I promiſed a pot o'beer to a lad to wheel me away all that rubbiſh that I'd cut out of my grotto; and it's a good half day's

work,

work, do it who will; and ten to one if they've ſtirred a nail, all left to themſelves ſo."

"Pho, pho, man, you've been too happy, I hope, to trouble your mind about buſineſs. How do do my little girls? how have you been entertained?"

"This is a better joke to you than to us 'ſquire; but pray, Sir, begging pardon, how come you to forget what I told you about the Globe? I know very well that they ſay it's quite alley-mode to make fun, but I can't pretend as I'm over fond of the cuſtom."

He then deſired that, at leaſt, if he would not get the ladder himſelf, he would tell that other gentleman, that was with him, what he had done with it.

Edgar, having met Lionel, and heard from him how and where he had left his ſiſters, had impatiently ridden with him to their relief; but when he ſaw that the Major made one in the little party, and that he was ſtanding by Camilla, he felt hurt

hurt and amazed, and proceeded no farther.

Camilla believed herself careless of his opinion; what she had heard from Miss Margland of his professed indifference, gave her now as much resentment, as at first it had caused her grief. She thought such a declaration an unprovoked indignity; she deigned not even to look at him, resolved for ever to avoid him; yet to prove herself, at the same time, unmortified and disengaged, talked cheerfully with the Major.

Lionel now, producing the ladder, ran up it to help his sisters to descend; and Edgar, dismounting, could not resist entering the grounds, to offer them his hand as they came down.

Eugenia was first assisted; for Camilla talked on with the Major, as if not hearing she was called: and Mr. Dubster, his complaisance wholly worn out, next followed, bowing low to every one separately, and begging pardon, but saying he could really afford to waste no more time,

without

without going to give a little look after his workmen, to ſee if they were alive or dead.

At this time the horſe of the Major, by ſome accident, breaking looſe, his maſter was forced to run down, and Lionel ſcampered after to aſſiſt him.

Camilla remained alone; Edgar, ſlowly mounting the ladder, gravely offered his ſervices; but, haſtily leaning out of the window, ſhe pretended to be too much occupied in watching the motions of the Major and his horſe, to hear or attend to any thing elſe.

A ſigh now tore the heart of Edgar, from doubt if this were preference to the Major, or the firſt dawn of incipient coquetry; but he called not upon her again; he ſtood quietly behind, till the horſe was ſeized, and the Major re-aſcended the ladder. They then ſtood at each ſide of it, with offers of aſſiſtance.

This appeared to Camilla a fortunate moment for making a ſpirited diſplay of her indifference: ſhe gave her hand to the

the Major, and, ſlightly courteſying to Edgar as ſhe paſſed, was conducted to the carriage of her uncle.

Lionel again was the only one who ſpoke in the ſhort route to Etherington, whence Eugenia, without alighting, returned to Cleves.

CHAP. IV.

The Danger of Disguise.

EDGAR remained behind, almoſt petrified: he ſtood in the little building, looking after them, yet neither deſcending nor ſtirring, till one of the workmen advanced to fetch the ladder. He then haſtily quitted the ſpot, mounted his horſe, and galloped after the carriage; though without any actual deſign to follow it, or any formed purpoſe whither to go.

The ſight, however, of the Major, purſuing the ſame route, made him, with deep diſguſt, turn about, and take the ſhorteſt road to Beech Park.

He hardly breathed the whole way from indignation; yet his wrath was without definition, and nearly beyond comprehenſibility even to himſelf, till ſuddenly recurring to the lovely ſmile with

with which Camilla had accepted the aſſiſtance of Major Cerwood, he involuntarily claſped his hands and called out: "O happy Major!"

Awakened by this ejaculation to the true ſtate of his feelings, he ſtarted as from a ſword held at his breaſt. "Jealouſy!" he cried, "am I reduced to ſo humiliating a paſſion? Am I capable of love without truſt? Unhappy enough to cheriſh it with hope? No! I will not be ſuch a ſlave to the deluſions of inclination. I will abandon neither my honour nor my judgment to my wiſhes. It is not alone even her heart that can fully ſatisfy me; its delicacy muſt be mine as well as its preference. Jealouſy is a paſſion for which my mind is not framed, and which I muſt not find a torment, but an impoſſibility!"

He now began to fear he had made a choice the moſt injudicious, and that coquetry and caprice had only waited opportunity, to take place of candour and frankneſs.

Yet,

Yet, recollecting the difclaiming fpeeches he had been compelled to make at Cleves, he thought, if fhe had heard them, fhe might be actuated by refentment. Even then, however, her manner of fhewing it was alarming, and fraught with mifchief. He reflected with frefh repugnance upon the gay and diffipated fociety with which fhe was newly mixing, and which, from her extreme opennefs and facility, might fo eafily, yet fo fatally, fully the fair artleffnefs of her mind.

He then felt tempted to hint to Mr. Tyrold, who, viewing all things, and all people in the beft light, rarely forefaw danger, and never fufpected deception, the expediency of her breaking off this intercourfe, till fhe could purfue it under the fecurity of her mother's penetrating protection. But it occurred to him, next, it was poffible the Major might have pleafed her. Ardent as were his own views, they had never been declared, while thofe of the Major feemed proclaimed without referve. He felt his

face

face tingle at the idea, though it nearly made his heart ceafe to beat; and determined to fatisfy this conjecture ere he took any meafure for himfelf.

To fpeak to her openly, he thought the fureft as well as faireft way, and refolved, with whatever anguifh, fhould he find the Major favoured, to aid her choice in his fraternal character, and then travel till he fhould forget her in every other.

For this purpofe, it was neceffary to make immediate enquiry into the fituation of the Major, and then, if fhe would hear him, relate to her the refult; well affured to gather the ftate of her heart upon this fubject, by her manner of attending to the leaft word by which it fhould be introduced.

Camilla, meanwhile, was fomewhat comforted by the exertion fhe had fhewn, and by her hopes it had ftruck Edgar with refpect.

* * * *

The

The next morning, Sir Hugh ſent for her again, and begged ſhe would paſs the whole day with her ſiſter Eugenia, and uſe all her pretty ways to amuſe her; for ſhe had returned home, the preceding morning, quite moped with melancholy, and had continued pining ever ſince; refuſing to leave her room, even for meals, yet giving no reaſon for her behaviour. What had come to her he could not tell; but to ſee her ſo, went to his heart; for ſhe had always, he ſaid, till now, been chearful and even tempered, though thinking over her learning made her not much of a young perſon.

Camilla flew up ſtairs, and found her, with a look of deſpondence, ſeated in a corner of her room, which ſhe had darkened by nearly ſhutting all the ſhutters.

She knew but too well the rude ſhock ſhe had received, and ſought to revive her with every expreſſion of ſoothing kindneſs. But ſhe ſhook her head, and continued

continued mute, melancholy, and wrapt in meditation.

More than an hour was ſpent thus, the ſtrict orders of Sir Hugh forbidding them any intruſion: but when, at length, Camilla ventured to ſay, " Is it poſſible, my deareſt Eugenia, the paſſing inſolence of two or three brutal wretches can affect you thus deeply?" She awakened from her ſilent trance, and raiſing her head, while ſomething bordering upon reſentment began to kindle in her breaſt, cried, " Spare me this queſtion, Camilla, and I will ſpare you all reproach."

" What reproach, my dear ſiſter," cried Camilla, amazed, " what reproach have I merited?"

" The reproach," anſwered ſhe, ſolemnly; " that, from me, all my family merit! the reproach of repreſenting to me, that thouſands reſembled me! of aſſuring me I had nothing peculiar to myſelf, though I was ſo unlike all my family—of deluding me into utter ignorance of my unhappy defects, and then

casting me, all unconscious and unprepared, into the wide world to hear them!"

She would now have shut herself into her book-closet; but Camilla, forcing her way, and almost kneeling to be heard, conjured her to drive such cruel ideas from her mind, and to treat the barbarous insults that she had suffered with the contempt they deserved.

"Camilla," said she, firmly; "I am no longer to be deceived nor trifled with. I will no more expose to the light a form and face so hideous:—I will retire from all mankind, and end my destined course in a solitude that no one shall discover."

Camilla, terrified, besought her to form no such plan, bewailed the unfortunate adventure of the preceding day, inveighed against the inhuman women, and pleaded the love of all her family with the most energetic affection.

"Those women," said she, calmly, "are not to blame; they have been untutored, but not false; and they have only

uttered ſuch truths as I ought to have learnt from my cradle. My own blindneſs has been infatuated; but it ſprung from inattention and ignorance.—It is now removed!—Leave me, Camilla; give notice to my Uncle he muſt find me ſome retreat. Tell all that has paſſed to my father. I will myſelf write to my mother—and when my mind is more ſubdued, and when ſincerely and unaffectedly I can forgive you all from my heart, I may conſent to ſee you again."

She then poſitively inſiſted upon being left.

Camilla, penetrated with her undeſerved, yet irremediable diſtreſs, ſtill continued at her door, ſupplicating for readmittance in the ſofteſt terms; but without any ſucceſs till the ſecond dinner bell ſummoned her down ſtairs. She then fervently called upon her ſiſter to ſpeak once more, and tell her what ſhe muſt do, and what ſay?

Eugenia steadily answered: "You have already my commission: I have no change to make in it."

Unable to obtain any thing further, she painfully descended: but the voice of her Uncle no sooner reached her ears from the dining parlour, than, shocked to convey to him so terrible a message, she again ran up stairs, and casting herself against her sister's door, called out "Eugenia, I dare not obey you! would you kill my poor Uncle? My Uncle, who loves us all so tenderly? Would you afflict—would you make him unhappy?"

"No, not for the universe!" she answered, opening the door; and then, more gently, yet not less stedfastly, looking at her, "I know," she continued, "you are all very good; I know all was meant for the best; I know I must be a monster not to love you for the very error to which I am a victim.—I forgive you therefore all! and I blush to have felt angry.—But yet—at the age of fifteen—at the instant

inſtant of entering into the world—at the approach of forming a connection which—O Camilla! what a time, what a period, to diſcover—to know—that I cannot even be ſeen without being derided and offended!"

Her voice here faultered, and, running to the window curtain, ſhe entwined herſelf in its folds, and called out: "O hide me! hide me! from every human eye; from every thing that lives and breathes! Purſue me, perſecute me no longer, but ſuffer me to abide by myſelf, till my fortitude is better ſtrengthened to meet my deſtiny!"

The leaſt impatience from Eugenia was too rare to be oppoſed; and Camilla, who, in common with all her family, notwithſtanding her extreme youth, reſpected as much as ſhe loved her, ſought only to appeaſe her by promiſing compliance. She gave to her, therefore, an unreſiſted, though unreturned embrace, and went to the dining parlour.

Sir Hugh was much diſappointed to ſee her without her ſiſter; but ſhe evaded any account of her commiſſion till the meal was over, and then begged to ſpeak with him alone.

Gently and gradually ſhe diſcloſed the ſource of the ſadneſs of Eugenia: but Sir Hugh heard it with a diſmay that almoſt overwhelmed him. All his contrition for the evils of which, unhappily, he had been the cauſe, returned with ſevereſt force, and far from oppoſing her ſcheme of retreat, he empowered Camilla to offer her any reſidence ſhe choſe; and to tell her he would keep out of her ſight, as the cauſe of all her misfortunes; or give her the immediate poſſeſſion and diſpoſal of his whole eſtate, if that would make her better amends than to wait till his death.

This meſſage was no ſooner delivered to Eugenia, than loſing at once every angry impreſſion, ſhe haſtened down ſtairs, and caſting herſelf at the knees of

her Uncle, begged him to pardon her design, and promised never to leave him while she lived.

Sir Hugh, most affectionately embracing her, said—" You are too good, my dear, a great deal too good, to one who has used you so ill, at the very time when you were too young to help yourself. I have not a word to offer in my own behalf; except to hope you will forgive me, for the sake of its being all done out of pure ignorance."

" Alas, my dearest Uncle! all I owe to your intentions, is the deepest gratitude; and it is your's from the bottom of my heart. Chance alone was my enemy; and all I have to regret is, that no one was sincere enough, kind enough, considerate enough, to instruct me of the extent of my misfortunes, and prepare me for the attacks to which I am liable."

" My dear girl," said he, while tears started into his eyes, " what you say nobody can reply to; and I find I have been doing you one wrong after another, in-

ſtead of the leaſt good: for all this was by my own order; which it is but fair to your brothers and ſiſters, and father and mother, and the ſervants, to confeſs. God knows, I have faults enough of my own upon my head, without taking another of pretending to have none!"

Eugenia now ſought to condole him in her turn, voluntarily promiſing to mix with the family as uſual, and only deſiring to be excuſed from going abroad, or ſeeing any ſtrangers.

"My dear," ſaid he, "you ſhall judge juſt what you think fit, which is the leaſt thing I can do for you, after your being ſo kind as to forgive me; which I hope to do nothing in future not to deſerve more; meaning always to aſk my brother's advice; which might have ſaved me all my worſt actions, if I had done it ſooner: for I've uſed poor Camilla no better; except not giving her the ſmall pox, and that bad fall. But don't hate me, my dears, if you can help it, for it was none of it done for want of love; only

not knowing how to ſhew it in the proper manner; which I hope you'll excuſe for the ſcore of my bad education."

"O, my Uncle!" cried Camilla, throwing her arms round his neck, while Eugenia embraced his knees, "what language is this for nieces who owe ſo much to your goodneſs, and who, next to their parents, love you more than any thing upon earth!"

"You are both the beſt little girls in the world, my dears, and I need have nothing upon my conſcience if you two paſs it over; which is a great relief to me; for there's nobody elſe I've uſed ſo bad as you two young girls; which, God knows, goes to my heart whenever I think of it.—Poor little innocents!—what had you ever done to provoke me?"

The two ſiſters, with the moſt virtuous emulation, vied with each other in demonſtrative affection, till he was tolerably conſoled.

The reſt of the day was ruffled but for one moment; upon Sir Hugh's anſwering,

to a propoſition of Miſs Margland for a party to the next Middleton races,—that there was no refuſing to let Eugenia take that pleaſure, after her behaving ſo nobly: her face was then again overcaſt with the deepeſt gloom; and ſhe begged not to hear of the races, nor of any other place, public or private, for going abroad, as ſhe meant during the reſt of her life, immoveably to remain at home.

He looked much concerned, but aſſured her ſhe ſhould be miſtreſs in every thing.

Camilla left them in the evening, with a promiſe to return the next day; and with every anxiety of her own, loſt in pity for her innocent and unfortunate ſiſter.

She was ſoon, however, called back to herſelf, when, with what light yet remained, ſhe ſaw Edgar ride up to the coach door.

With indefatigable pains he had devoted the day to the ſearch of information concerning the Major. Of Mrs.

Arlbery

Arlbery he had learned, that he was a man of faſhion, but ſmall fortune; and from the Enſign he had gathered, that even that ſmall fortune was gone, and that the eſtate in which it was veſted, had been mortgaged for three thouſand pounds, to pay certain debts of honour.

Edgar had already been to the Parſonage Houſe, but hearing Camilla was at Cleves, had made a ſhort viſit, and determined to walk his horſe upon the road till he met the carriage of Sir Hugh; believing he could have no better opportunity of ſeeing her alone.

Yet when the coach, upon his riding up to the door, ſtopt, he found himſelf in an embarraſſment for which he was unprepared. He aſked how ſhe did; deſired news of the health of all the family one by one; and then, ſtruck by the coldneſs of her anſwers, ſuffered the carriage to drive on.

Confounded at ſo ſudden a loſs of all preſence of mind, he continued, for a minute or two, juſt where ſhe left him;

and then galloped after the coach, and again presented himself at its window.

In a voice and manner the most hurried, he apologised for this second detention. "But, I believe," he said, "some genius of officiousness has to-day taken possession of me; for I began it upon a Quixote sort of enterprise, and a spirit of knight-errantry seems willing to accompany me through it to the end."

He stopt; but she did not speak. Her first sensation at his sight had been wholly indignant: but when she found he had something to say which he knew not how to pronounce, her curiosity was awakened, and she looked earnest for an explanation.

"I know," he resumed, with considerable hesitation, "that to give advice and to give pain is commonly the same thing:—I do not, therefore, mean—I have no intention—though so lately you allowed me a privilege never to be forgotten"—

He could not get on; and his embarrassment, and this recollection, soon robbed

bed Camilla of every angry emotion. She looked down, but her countenance was full of ſenſibility, and Edgar, recovering his voice, proceeded—

"My Quixotiſm, I was going to ſay, of this morning, though for a perſon of whom I know almoſt nothing, would urge me to every poſſible effort—were I certain the reſult would give pleaſure to the perſon for whom alone—ſince with regard to himſelf,—I---it is merely——"

Involved in expreſſions he knew not how to clear or to finiſh, he was again without breath: and Camilla, raiſing her eyes, looked at him with aſtoniſhment..

Endeavouring then to laugh, "One would think," cried he, "this ſame Quixotiſm had taken poſſeſſion of my intellects, and rendered them as confuſed as if, inſtead of an agent, I were a principal."—

Still wholly in the dark as to his aim, yet, ſatisfied by theſe laſt words, it had no reference to himſelf, ſhe now loſt enough

of the acuteneſs of her curioſity to dare avow what yet remained; and begged him, without further preface, to be more explicit.

Stammering, he then ſaid, that the evident admiration with which a certain gentleman was ſeen to ſigh in her train, had awakened for him an intereſt, which had induced ſome inquiries into the ſtate of his proſpects and expectations. "Theſe," he continued, "turn out to be, though not high, nor by any means adequate to—to——however they are ſuch as ſome previous friendly exertions, with ſettled future œconomy, might render more propitious: and for thoſe previous exertions—Mr. Tyrold has a claim which it would be the pride and happineſs of my life to ſee him honour;—if—if----"

The if almoſt dropt inarticulated: but he added—"I ſhall make ſome further enquiries before I venture to ſay any more."

"For

"For yourſelf, then, be they made, Sir!" cried ſhe, ſuddenly ſeizing the whole of the meaning—"not for me?—whoever this perſon may be to whom you allude—to me he is utterly indifferent."

A flaſh of involuntary delight beamed in the eyes of Edgar at theſe words: he had almoſt thanked her, he had almoſt dropt the reins of his horſe to claſp his hands: but filled only with her own emotions, without watching his, or waiting for any anſwer, ſhe coldly bid him good night, and called to the coachman to drive faſt home.

Edgar, however, was left with a ſun-beam of the moſt lively delight. "He is wholly indifferent to her," he cried, "ſhe is angry at my interference; ſhe has but acted a part in the apparent preference—and for *me*, perhaps, acted it!"

Momentary, however, was the pleaſure ſuch a thought could afford him;—"O,

Camilla," he cried, " if, indeed, I might hope from you any partiality, why act any part at all?—how plain, how easy, how direct your road to my heart, if but straightly pursued!"

CHAP. V.

Strictures on Deformity.

CAMILLA went on to Etherington in deep diſtreſs; every ray of hope was chaced from her proſpects, with a certainty more cruel, though leſs offenſive, to her feelings, than the cruſh given them by Miſs Margland. He cares not for me! ſhe cried; he even deſtines me for another! He is the willing agent of the Major; he would portion me, I ſuppoſe, for him, to accelerate the impoſſibility of ever thinking of me! And I imagined he loved me!—what a dream! —what a dream!—how has he deceived me!—or, alas! how have I deceived myſelf!

She rejoiced, however, that ſhe had made ſo decided an anſwer with regard to Major Cerwood, whom ſhe could not doubt to be the perſon meant, and who, preſented

presented in such a point of view, grew utterly odious to her.

The tale she had to relate to Mr. Tyrold, of the sufferings and sad resolution of Eugenia, obviated all comment upon her own disturbance. He was wounded to the heart by the recital. "Alas!" he cried, "your wise and excellent mother always foresaw some mischief would ensue, from the extreme caution used to keep this dear unfortunate child ignorant of her peculiar situation. This dreadful shake might have been palliated, at least, if not spared, by the lessons of fortitude that noble woman would have inculcated in her young and ductile mind. But I could not resist the painful entreaties of my poor brother, who, thinking himself the author of her calamities, believed he was responsible for saving her from feeling them; and, imagining all the world as soft-hearted as himself, concluded, that what her own family would not tell her, she could never hear elsewhere. But who should leave any events to the capri-

ces

ces of chance, which the precautions of foresight can determine?"

These reflections, and the thoughts of her sister, led at once and aided Camilla to stifle her own unhappiness; and for three days following, she devoted herself wholly to Eugenia.

On the morning of the fourth, instead of sending the carriage, Sir Hugh arrived himself to fetch Camilla, and to tell his brother, he must come also, to give comfort to Eugenia; for, though he had thought the worst was over, because she appeared quiet in his presence, he had just surprised her in tears, by coming upon her unawares. He had done all he could, he said, in vain; and nothing remained but for Mr. Tyrold to try his hand himself: "For it is but justice," he added, "to Dr. Orkborne, to say she is wiser than all our poor heads put together; so that there is no answering her for want of sense." He then told him to be sure to put one of his best sermons in his pocket to read to her.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold was extremely touched for his poor Eugenia, yet ſaid he had half an hour's buſineſs to tranſact in the neighbourhood, before he could go to Cleves. Sir Hugh waited his time, and all three then proceeded together.

Eugenia received her Father with a deliberate coldneſs that ſhocked him. He ſaw how profound was the impreſſion made upon her mind, not merely of her perſonal evils, but of what ſhe conceived to be the miſconduct of her friends.

After a little general diſcourſe, in which ſhe bore no ſhare, he propoſed walking in the park; meaning there to take her aſide, with leſs formality than he could otherwiſe deſire to ſpeak with her alone.

The ladies and Sir Hugh immediately looked for their hats or gloves: but Eugenia, ſaying ſhe had a ſlight head-ache, walked away to her room.

"This, my dear brother," cried Sir Hugh, ſorrowfully following her with his eyes, "is the very thing I wanted you for; ſhe ſays ſhe'll never more ſtir out of

theſe

these doors as long as ſhe's alive; which is a ſad thing to ſay, conſidering her young years; and nobody knowing how Clermont may approve it. However, it's well I've had him brought up from the beginning to the claſſics, which I rejoice at every day more and more, it being the only wiſe thing I ever did of my own head; for as to talking Latin and Greek, which I ſuppoſe is what they will chiefly be doing, there's no doubt but they may do it juſt as well in a room as in the fields, or the ſtreets."

Mr. Tyrold, after a little conſideration, followed her. He tapped at her door; ſhe aſked, in a tone of diſpleaſure, who was there?—"Your Father, my dear," he anſwered; and then, haſtily opening it, ſhe propoſed returning with him down ſtairs.

"No," he ſaid; "I wiſh to converſe with you alone. The opinion I have long cheriſhed of your heart and your underſtanding, I come now to put to the proof."

Eugenia,

Eugenia, certain of the ſubject to which he would lead, and feeling ſhe could not have more to hear than to ſay, gave him a chair, and compoſedly ſeated herſelf next to him.

"My dear Eugenia," ſaid he, taking her paſſive hand, "this is the moment that more grievouſly than ever I lament the abſence of your invaluable Mother. All I have to offer to your conſideration ſhe could much better have laid before you; and her dictates would have met with the attention they ſo completely deſerve.

"Was my Mother, then, Sir," ſaid ſhe, reproachfully, "unapprized of the worldly darkneſs in which I have been brought up? Is ſhe unacquainted that a little knowledge of books and languages is what alone I have been taught?"

"We are all but too apt," anſwered Mr. Tyrold, mildly, though ſurpriſed, "to deem nothing worth attaining but what we have miſſed, nothing worth poſſeſſing but what we are denied. How many

many are there, amongſt the untaught and unaccompliſhed, who would think an eſcape, ſuch as yours, of all intellectual darkneſs, a compenſation for every other evil!"

"They could think ſo only, Sir, while, like me, they lived immured always in the ſame houſe, were ſeen always by the ſame people, and were total ſtrangers to the ſenſations they might excite in any others."

"My dear Eugenia, grieved as I am at the preſent ſubject of your ruminations, I rejoice to ſee in you a power of reflection, and of combination, ſo far above your years. And it is a ſoothing idea to me to dwell upon the ultimate benevolence of Providence, even in circumſtances the moſt afflicting: for if chance has been unkind to you, Nature ſeems, with foſtering foreſight, to have endowed you with preciſely thoſe powers that may beſt ſet aſide her malignity."

"I ſee, Sir," cried ſhe, a little moved, "the kindneſs of your intention; but pardon

pardon me if I anticipate to you its ill success. I have thought too much upon my situation and my destiny to admit any fallacious comfort. Can you, indeed, when once her eyes are opened, can you expect to reconcile to existence a poor young creature who sees herself an object of derision and disgust? Who, without committing any crime, without offending any human being, finds she cannot appear but to be pointed at, scoffed and insulted!"

"O my child! with what a picture do you wound my heart, and tear your own peace and happiness! Wretches who in such a light can view outward deficiencies cannot merit a thought; are below even contempt, and ought not to be disdained, but forgotten. Make a conquest, then, my Eugenia, of yourself; be as superior in your feelings as in your understanding, and remember what Addison admirably says in one of the Spectators: 'A too acute sensibility of personal defects, is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love.'"

"I

"I ſhould be ſorry, Sir, you ſhould attribute to vanity what I now ſuffer. No! it is ſimply the effect of never hearing, never knowing, that ſo ſevere a call was to be made upon my fortitude, and therefore never arming myſelf to ſuſtain it."

Then, ſuddenly, and with great emotion claſping her hands: "O if ever I have a family of my own," ſhe cried, "my firſt care ſhall be to tell my daughter's of all their infirmities! They ſhall be familiar, from their childhood, to their every defect—Ah! they muſt be odious indeed, if they reſemble their poor mother!"

"My deareſt Eugenia! let them but reſemble you mentally, and there is no perſon, whoſe approbation is worth deſerving, that will not love and reſpect them. Good and evil are much more equally divided in this world than you are yet aware: none poſſeſs the firſt without alloy, nor the ſecond without palliation. Indiana, for example, now in the full bloom of all that beauty can beſtow,

tell

tell me, and aſk yourſelf ſtrictly, would you change with Indiana?"

"With Indiana?" ſhe exclaimed; "O! I would forfeit every other good to change with Indiana! Indiana, who never appears but to be admired, who never ſpeaks but to be applauded."

"Yet a little, yet a moment, queſtion, and underſtand yourſelf before you ſettle you would change with her. Look forward, and look inward. Look forward, that you may view the ſhort life of admiration and applauſe for ſuch attractions from others, and their inutility to their poſſeſſor in every moment of ſolitude or repoſe; and look inward, that you may learn to value your own peculiar riches, for times of retirement, and for days of infirmity and age!"

"Indeed, Sir,—and pray believe me, I do not mean to repine I have not the beauty of Indiana; I know and have always heard her lovelineſs is beyond all compariſon. I have no more, therefore, thought of envying it, than of envying the

the brightneſs of the ſun. I knew, too, I bore no competition with my ſiſters; but I never dreamt of competition. I knew I was not handſome, but I ſuppoſed many people beſides not handſome, and that I ſhould paſs with the reſt; and I concluded the world to be full of people who had been ſufferers as well as myſelf, by diſeaſe or accident. Theſe have been occaſionally my paſſing thoughts; but the ſubject never ſeized my mind; I never reflected upon it at all, till abuſe, without provocation, all at once opened my eyes, and ſhewed me to myſelf! Bear with me, then, my father, in this firſt dawn of terrible conviction! Many have been unfortunate,— but none unfortunate like me! Many have met with evils—but who with an accumulation like mine!"

Mr. Tyrold, extremely affected, embraced her with the utmoſt tenderneſs: "My dear, deſerving, excellent child," he cried, "what would I not endure, what ſacrifice not make, to ſoothe this cruel diſturbance, till time and your own

underſtanding can exert their powers?" then, while ſtraining her to his breaſt with the fondeſt parental commiſeration, the tears, with which his eyes were overflowing, bedewed her cheeks.

Eugenia felt them, and, ſinking to the ground, preſſed his knees. "O my father," ſhe cried, "a tear from your revered eyes afflicts me more than all elſe! Let me not draw forth another, leſt I ſhould become not only unhappy, but guilty. Dry them up, my deareſt father—let me kiſs them away."

"Tell me, then, my poor girl, you will ſtruggle againſt this ineffectual ſorrow! Tell me you will aſſert that fortitude which only waits for your exertion; and tell me you will forgive the miſjudging compaſſion which feared to impreſs you earlier with pain!"

"I will do all, every thing you deſire! my injuſtice is ſubdued! my complaints ſhall be huſhed! you have conquered me, my beloved father! Your indulgence, your lenity ſhall take place of every hard-

ſhip, and leave me nothing but filial affection!"

Seizing this grateful moment, he then required of her to relinquiſh her melancholy ſcheme of ſecluſion from the world: "The ſhyneſs and the fears which gave birth to it," ſaid he, "will but grow upon you if liſtened to; and they are not worthy the courage I would inſtil into your boſom—the courage, my Eugenia, of virtue—the courage to paſs by, as if unheard, the inſolence of the hard-hearted, and ignorance of the vulgar. Happineſs is in your power, though beauty is not; and on that to ſet too high a value would be pardonable only in a weak and frivolous mind; ſince, whatever is the involuntary admiration with which it meets, every eſtimable quality and accompliſhment is attainable without it: and though, which I cannot deny, its immediate influence is univerſal, yet in every competition and in every deciſion of eſteem, the ſuperior, the elegant, the better part of mankind give their ſuffrages to merit alone;

alone. And you, in particular, will find yourself, through life, rather the more than the leſs valued, by every mind capable of juſtice and compaſſion, for misfortunes which no guilt has incurred."

Obſerving her now to be ſoftened, though not abſolutely conſoled, he rang the bell, and begged the ſervant, who anſwered it, to requeſt his brother would order the coach immediately, as he was obliged to return home; "And you, my love," ſaid he, "ſhall accompany me; it will be the leaſt exertion you can make in firſt breaking through your averſeneſs to quit the houſe."

Eugenia would not reſiſt; but her compliance was evidently repugnant to her inclination; and in going to the glaſs to put on her hat, ſhe turned aſide from it in ſhuddering, and hid her face with both her hands.

"My deareſt child," cried Mr. Tyrold, wrapping her again in his arms, "this ſtrong ſuſceptibility will ſoon wear away; but you cannot be too ſpeedy nor

too firm in refifting it. The omiffion of what never was in our power cannot caufe remorfe, and the bewailing what never can become in our power cannot afford comfort. Imagine but what would have been the fate of Indiana, had your fituations been reverfed, and had fhe, who can never acquire your capacity, and therefore never attain your knowledge, loft that beauty which is her all; but which to you, even if retained, could have been but a fecondary gift. How fhort will be the reign of that all! how ufelefs in ficknefs! how unavailing in folitude! how inadequate to long life! how forgotten, or repiningly remembered in old age! You will live to feel pity for all you now covet and admire; to grow fenfible to a lot more laftingly happy in your own acquirements and powers; and to exclaim, with contrition and wonder, Time was when I would have changed with the poor mind-dependent Indiana!"

The carriage was now announced; Eugenia, with reluctant ſteps, deſcended; Camilla was called to join them, and Sir Hugh ſaw them ſet off with the utmoſt delight.

CHAP. VI.

Strictures on Beauty.

TO lengthen the airing, Mr. Tyrold ordered the carriage by a new road; and to induce Eugenia to break yet another ſpell, in walking as well as riding, he propoſed their alighting, when they came to a lane, and leaving the coach in waiting while they took a ſhort ſtroll.

He walked between his daughters a conſiderable way, paſſing, wherever it was poſſible, cloſe to cottages, labourers, and children. Eugenia ſubmitted with a ſigh, but held down her head, affrighted at every freſh object they encountered, till, upon approaching a ſmall miſerable hut, at the door of which ſeveral children were playing, an unlucky boy called out, "O come! come! look!—here's the little hump-back gentlewoman!"

She then, clinging to her father, could not ſtir another ſtep, and caſt upon him a look of appeal and reproach that almoſt overſet him; but, after ſpeaking to her ſome words of kindneſs, he urged her to go on, and alone, ſaying, "Throw only a ſhilling to the ſenſeleſs little crew, and let Camilla follow and give nothing, and ſee which will become the moſt popular."

They both obeyed, Eugenia fearfully and with quickneſs caſting amongſt them ſome ſilver, and Camilla quietly walking on.

"O, I have got a ſixpence!" cried one; "and I've got a ſhilling!" ſaid another; while the mother of the little tribe came from her waſh-tub, and called out, "God bleſs your ladyſhip!" and the father quitted a little garden at the ſide of his cottage, to bow down to the ground, and cry, "Heaven reward you, good madam! you'll have a bleſſing go with you, go where you will!"

The children then, dancing up to Camilla, begged her charity; but when, ſeconding

ſeconding the palpable intention of her father, ſhe ſaid ſhe had nothing for them, they looked highly diſſatisfied, while they redoubled their bleſſings to Eugenia.

"See, my child," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, now joining them, "how cheaply preference, and even flattery, may be purchaſed!"

"Ah, Sir!" ſhe anſwered, recovered from her terrour, yet deep in reflection, "this is only by bribery, and groſs bribery, too! And what pleaſure, or what confidence can accrue from preference ſo earned!"

"The means, my dear Eugenia, are not beneath the objects: if it is only from thoſe who unite native hardneſs with uncultured minds and manners, that civility is to be obtained by ſuch ſordid materials, remember, alſo, it is from ſuch only it can ever fail you. In the loweſt life, equally with the higheſt, wherever nature has been kind, ſympathy ſprings ſpontaneouſly for whatever is unfortunate, and reſpect for whatever ſeems innocent.

Steel yourſelf, then, firmly to withſtand attacks from the cruel and unfeeling, and reſt perfectly ſecure you will have none other to apprehend."

The clear and excellent capacity of Eugenia, comprehended in this leſſon, and its illuſtration, all the ſatisfaction Mr. Tyrold hoped to impart; and ſhe was ruminating upon it with abated deſpondence, when, as they came to a ſmall houſe, ſurrounded with a high wall, Mr. Tyrold, looking through an iron gate at a female figure who ſtood at one of the windows, exclaimed—"What a beautiful creature! I have rarely, I think ſeen a more perfect face."

Eugenia felt ſo much hurt by this untimely ſight, that, after a ſingle glance, which confirmed the truth of what he ſaid, ſhe bent her eyes another way; while Camilla herſelf was aſtoniſhed that her kind father ſhould call their attention to beauty, at ſo ſore and critical a juncture.

"The examination of a fine picture," ſaid he, fixing his eyes upon the window, and

and ſtanding ſtill at the iron gate, " is a conſtant as well as exquiſite pleaſure; for we look at it with an internal ſecurity, that ſuch as it appears to us to-day, it will appear again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; but in the pleaſure given by the examination of a fine face, there is always, to a contemplative mind, ſome little mixture of pain; an idea of its fragility ſteals upon our admiration, and blends with it ſomething like ſolicitude; the conſciouſneſs how ſhort a time we can view it perfect, how quickly its brilliancy of bloom will be blown, and how ultimately it will be nothing.—"

" You would have me, Sir," ſaid Eugenia, now raiſing her eyes, " learn to ſee beauty with unconcern, by depreciating its value? I feel your kind intention; but it does not come home to me; reaſoning ſuch as this may be equally applicable to any thing elſe, and degrade whatever is deſirable into inſignificance."

" No, my dear child, there is nothing, either in its poſſeſſion or its loſs, that can

be compared with beauty; nothing so evanescent, and nothing that leaves behind it a contrast which impresses such regret. It cannot be forgotten, since the same features still remain, though they are robbed of their effect upon the beholder; the same complexion is there, though faded into a tint bearing no resemblance with its original state; and the same eyes present themselves to the view, though bereft of all the lustre that had rendered them captivating."

"Ah, Sir! this is an argument but formed for the moment. Is not the loss of youth the same to every body? and is not age equally unwelcome to the ugly and to the handsome?"

"For activity, for strength, and for purposes of use, certainly, my dear girl, there can be no difference; but for motives to mental regret, there can be no comparison. To those who are commonly moulded, the gradual growth of decay brings with it its gradual endurance; because little is missed from day to

day;

day; hope is not roughly chilled, nor expectation rudely blasted; they see their friends, their connections, their contemporaries, declining by the same laws, and they yield to the immutable and general lot rather imperceptibly than resignedly; but it is not so with the beauty; her loss is not only general, but peculiar; and it is the peculiar, not the general evil, that constitutes all hardship. Health, strength, agility, and animal spirits, she may sorrowing feel diminish; but she hears every one complain of similar failures, and she misses them unmurmuring, though not unlamenting; but of beauty, every declension is marked with something painful to self-love. The change manifested by the mirror might patiently be borne; but the change manifested in the eyes of every beholder, gives a shock that does violence to every pristine feeling."

"This may certainly, sir, be cruel; trying at least; but, then,—what a youth has she first passed! Mortification comes

upon

upon her, at leaft, in fucceffion; fhe does not begin the world with it,—a ftranger at all periods to any thing happier!"

"Ah, my child! the happinefs caufed by perfonal attractions pays a dear after-price! The foldier who enters the field of battle requires not more courage, though of a different nature, than the faded beauty who enters an affembly-room. To be wholly difregarded, after engaging every eye; to be unaffifted, after being habituated to feeing crowds anxioufly offer their fervices; to be unheard, after monopolifing every ear—can you, indeed, perfuade yourfelf a change fuch as this demands but ordinary firmnefs? Yet the altered female who calls for it, has the leaft chance to obtain it; for even where nature has endowed her with fortitude, the world and its flatteries have almoft uniformly enervated it, before the feafon of its exertion."

"All this may be true," faid Eugenia, with a figh; "and to me, however fad in itfelf, it may prove confolatory; and yet

yet—forgive my ſincerity, when I own—I would purchaſe a better appearance at any price, any expence, any payment, the world could impoſe!"

Mr. Tyrold was preparing an anſwer, when the door of the houſe, which he had ſtill continued facing, was opened, and the beautiful figure, which had for ſome time retired from the window, ruſhed ſuddenly upon a lawn before the gate againſt which they were leaning.

Not ſeeing them, ſhe ſat down upon the graſs, which ſhe plucked up by hands full, and ſtrewed over her fine flowing hair.

Camilla, fearing they ſhould ſeem impertinent, would have retreated; but Eugenia, much ſtruck, ſadly, yet with earneſtneſs, compelled herſelf to regard the object before her, who was young, fair, of a tall and ſtriking figure, with features delicately regular.

A ſigh, not to be checked, acknowledged how little either reaſoning or eloquence could ſubdue a wiſh to reſemble

ſuch

ſuch an appearance, when the young perſon, flinging herſelf ſuddenly upon her face, threw her white arms over her head, and ſobbed aloud with violence.

Aſtoniſhed, and deeply concerned, Eugenia internally ſaid, alas! what a world is this! even beauty ſo exquiſite, without waiting for age or change, may be thus miſerable!

She feared to ſpeak, leſt ſhe ſhould be heard; but ſhe looked up to her father, with an eye that ſpoke conceſſion, and with an intereſt for the fair afflicted, which ſeemed to requeſt his aſſiſtance.

He motioned to her to be quiet; when the young perſon, abruptly half riſing, burſt into a fit of loud, ſhrill, and diſcordant laughter.

Eugenia now, utterly confounded, would have drawn her father away; but he was intently engaged in his obſervations, and ſteadily kept his place.

In two minutes, the laugh ceaſed all at once, and the young creature, haſtily riſing, began turning round with a velocity that no machine could have exceeded.

The

The ſiſters now fearfully interchanged looks that ſhewed they thought her mad, and both endeavoured to draw Mr. Tyrold from the gate, but in vain; he made them hold by his arms, and ſtood ſtill.

Without ſeeming giddy, ſhe next began to jump; and he now could only detain his daughters, by ſhewing them the gate, at which they ſtood, was locked.

In another minute, ſhe perceived them, and, coming eagerly forward, dropt ſeveral low courteſies, ſaying, at every freſh bend—"Good day!—Good day!—Good day!"

Equally trembling, they now both turned pale with fear; but Mr. Tyrold, who was ſtill immovable, anſwered her by a bow, and aſked if ſhe were well.

"Give me a ſhilling!" was her reply, while the ſlaver drivelled unreſtrained from her mouth, rendering utterly diſguſting a chin that a ſtatuary might have wiſhed to model.

"Do you live at this houſe?" ſaid Mr. Tyrold.

"Yes,

"Yes, pleaſe—yes, pleaſe—yes, pleaſe," ſhe anſwered, twenty times following, and almoſt black in the face before ſhe would allow herſelf to take another breath.

A cat now appearing at the door, ſhe ſeized it, and tried to twine it round her neck with great fondling, wholly unreſiſting the ſcratches which tore her fine ſkin.

Next, capering forward with it towards the gate, "Look! look!" ſhe cried, "here's puſs! — here's puſs! — here's puſs!"

Then, letting it fall, ſhe tore her handkerchief off her neck, put it over her face, ſtrained it as tight as ſhe was able, and tied it under her chin; and then ſtruck her head with both her hands, making a noiſe that reſembled nothing human.

"Take, take me away, my father!" cried Eugenia, "I ſee, I feel your awful leſſon! but impreſs it no further, leſt I die in receiving it!"

Mr. Tyrold immediately moved off without ſpeaking; Camilla, penetrated for her ſiſter, obſerved the ſame ſilence; and Eugenia, hanging upon her father, and abſorbed in profound rumination, only by the depth of her ſighs made her exiſtence known; and thus, without the interchange of a word, ſlowly and penſively they walked back to the carriage.

Eugenia broke the ſilence as ſoon as they were ſeated: "O, my father!" ſhe exclaimed, "what a ſight have you made me witneſs! how dread a reproof have you given to my repining ſpirit! Did you know this unhappy beauty was at that houſe? Did you lead me thither purpoſely to diſplay to me her ſhocking imbecility?"

"Relying upon the excellence of your underſtanding, I ventured upon an experiment more powerful, I well knew, than all that reaſon could urge; an experiment not only ſtriking at the moment, but which, by playing upon the imagination, as well as convincing the judgment,

judgment, muſt make an impreſſion that can never be effaced. I have been informed, for ſome time, that this poor girl was in our neighbourhood; ſhe was born an ideot, and therefore, having never known brighter days, is inſenſible to her terrible ſtate. Her friends are opulent, and that houſe is taken, and a woman is paid, to keep her in exiſtence and in obſcurity. I had heard of her uncommon beauty, and when the news reached me of my dear Eugenia's diſtreſs, the idea of this meeting occurred to me; I rode to the houſe, and engaged the woman to detain her unfortunate charge at the window till we appeared, and then to let her looſe into the garden. Poor, ill fated young creature! it has been, indeed, a melancholy ſight."

"A ſight," cried Eugenia, "to come home to me with ſhame!—O, my dear Father! your preſcription ſtrikes to the root of my diſeaſe!—ſhall I ever again dare murmur!—will any egotiſm ever again make me believe no lot ſo hapleſs

as

as my own! I will think of her when I am difcontented; I will call to my mind this fpectacle of human degradation—and fubmit, at leaft with calmnefs, to my lighter evils and milder fate."

"My excellent child! this is juft what I expected from the candour of your temper, and the rectitude of your fentiments. You have feen, here, the value of intellects in viewing the horrour of their lofs; and you have witneffed, that beauty, without mind, is more dreadful than any deformity. You have feized my application, and left me nothing to enforce; my dear, my excellent child! you have left for your fond Father nothing but tender approbation! With the utmoft thankfulnefs to Providence, I have marked from your earlieft childhood, the native juftnefs of your underftanding; which, with your ftudious inclination to fedentary accomplifhments, has proved a reviving fource of confolation to your mother and to me, for the cruel accidents we have inceffantly

ſantly lamented. How will that admirable mother rejoice in the recital I have to make to her! What pride will ſhe take in a daughter ſo worthily her own, ſo reſembling her in nobleneſs of nature, and a ſuperior way of thinking! Her tears, my child, like mine, will thank you for your exertions! ſhe will ſtrain you to her fond boſom, as your father ſtrains you at this moment!"

" Yes, Sir," cried Eugenia, " your kind taſk is now completed with your vanquiſhed Eugenia! her thoughts, her occupations, her happineſs, ſhall henceforth all be centered in filial gratitude and contentment."

The affectionate Camilla, throwing her arms about them both, bathed each with the tears of joy and admiration, which this ſoothing concluſion to an adventure ſo ſevere excited.

CHAP. VII.

The Pleadings of Pity.

To oblige Mr. Tyrold, who had made the arrangement with Sir Hugh, Eugenia consented to dine and spend the day at Etherington, which she quitted at night in a temper of mind perfectly composed.

Camilla was deeply penetrated by the whole of this affair. The sufferings, so utterly unearned by fault or by folly, of a sister so dear to her, and the affecting fortitude which, so quickly upon her wounds, and at so early a period of life, she already began to display, made her blush at the dejection into which she was herself cast by every evil, and resolve to become in future more worthy of the father and the sister, who at this moment absorbed all her admiration.

Too

Too reaſonable, in ſuch a frame of mind, to plan forgetting Mandlebert, ſhe now only determined to think of him as ſhe had thought before her affections became entangled; to think of him, in ſhort, as he ſeemed himſelf to deſire; to ſeek his friendly offices and advice, but to reject every offered eſtabliſhment, and to live ſingle for life.

Gratified by indulgent praiſe, and ſuſtained by exerted virtue, the revived Eugenia had nearly reached Cleves, on her return, when the carriage was ſtopt by a gentleman on horſeback, who, approaching the coach window, ſaid, in a low voice, as if unwilling to be heard by the ſervants—"O, Madam! has Fate ſet aſide her cruelty? and does Fortune permit me to live once more?"

She then recollected Mr. Bellamy. She had only her maid in the carriage, who was ſent for her by Sir Hugh, Miſs Margland being otherwiſe engaged.

All that had ſo lately paſſed upon her perſon and appearance being full upon

her mind, ſhe involuntarily ſhrunk back, hiding her face with her cloak.

Bellamy, by no means conceiving this mark of emotion to be unfavourable, ſteadied his horſe, by leaning one hand on the coach-window, and ſaid, in a yet lower voice—" O, Madam! is it poſſible you can hate me ſo barbarouſly?—will you not even deign to look at me, though I have ſo long been baniſhed from your preſence?"

Eugenia, during this ſpeech, called to mind, that though new, in ſome meaſure, to herſelf, ſhe was not ſo to this gentleman, and ventured to uncover her face; when the grief painted on the fine features of Bellamy, ſo forcibly touched her, that ſhe ſoftly anſwered—" No, Sir, indeed I do not hate you; I am incapable of ſuch ingratitude; but I conjure—I beſeech you to forget me!"

" Forget you?—O, Madam! you command an impoſſibility!—No, I am conſtancy itſelf, and not all the world united ſhall tear you from my heart!"

Jacob, who caught a word or two, now rode up to the other window, and as Eugenia began—"Conquer, Sir, I entreat you, this ill-fated partiality!—" told her the horſes had been hard-worked, and muſt go home.

As Jacob was the oracle of Sir Hugh about his horſes, his will was preſcriptive law: Eugenia never diſputed it, and only ſaying—"Think of me, Sir, no more!" bid the coachman drive on.

Bellamy, reſpectfully ſubmitting, continued, with his hat in his hand, as the maid informed her miſtreſs, looking after the carriage till it was out of ſight.

A tender ſorrow now ſtole upon the juſt revived tranquillity of the gentle and generous Eugenia. "Ah!" thought ſhe, "I have rendered, little as I ſeem worthy of ſuch power, I have rendered this amiable man miſerable, though poſſibly, and probably, he is the only man in exiſtence whom I could render happy!—Ah! how may I dare expect from Clermont a ſimilar paſſion?"

Molly

Molly Mill, a very young girl, and daughter of a poor tenant of Sir Hugh, interrupted theſe reflections from time to time, with remarks upon their object. "Dearee me, Miſs," ſhe cried, "what a fine gentleman that was!—he ſighed like to ſplit his heart when you ſaid, don't think about me no more. He's ſome loveyer, like, I'm ſure."

Eugenia returned home ſo much moved by this incident, that Sir Hugh, believing his brother himſelf had failed to revive her, was diſturbed all anew with acute contrition for her diſaſters, and feeling very unwell, went to bed before ſupper time.

Eugenia retired alſo; and after ſpending the evening in ſoft compaſſion for Bellamy, and unfixed apprehenſions and diſtaſte for young Lynmere, was preparing to go to bed, when Molly Mill, out of breath with haſte, brought her a letter.

She eagerly opened it, whilſt enquiring whence it came.

 "O, Miſs,

"O, Miſs, the fine gentleman—that ſame fine gentleman—brought it himſelf: and he ſent for me out, and I did not know who I was to go to, for Mary only ſaid a boy wanted me; but the boy ſaid, I muſt come with him to the ſtyle; and when I come there, who ſhould I ſee but the fine gentleman himſelf! And he gave me this letter, and he aſked me to give it you—and ſee! look Miſs! what I got for my trouble!"

She then exhibited a half-guinea.

"You have not done right, Molly, in accepting it. Money is bribery; and you ſhould have known that the letter was improperly addreſſed, if bribery was requiſite to make it delivered."

"Dearee me, Miſs, what's half-a-guinea to ſuch a gentleman as that? I dare ſay he's got his pockets full of them!"

"I ſhall not read it, certainly," cried Eugenia, "now I know this circumſtance. Give me the wax—I will ſeal it again."

She then heſitated whether ſhe ought to return it, or ſhew it to her uncle, or commit it to the flames.

That

That to which ſhe was moſt unwilling, appeared, to the ſtrictneſs of her principles, to be moſt proper: ſhe therefore determined that the next morning ſhe would relate her evening's adventure, and deliver the unread letter to Sir Hugh.

Had this epiſtle not perplexed her, ſhe had meant never to name its writer. Perſuaded her laſt words had finally diſmiſſed him, ſhe thought it a high point of female delicacy never to publiſh an unſucceſsful conqueſt.

This reſolution taken, ſhe went to bed, ſatisfied with herſelf, but extremely grieved at the ſufferings ſhe was preparing for one who ſo ſingularly loved her.

The next morning, however, her uncle did not riſe to breakfaſt, and was ſo low ſpirited, that fearing to diſturb him, ſhe deemed it moſt prudent to defer the communication.

But when, after ſhe had taken her leſſon from Dr. Orkborne, ſhe returned to her room, ſhe found Molly Mill impatiently waiting for her: "O, Miſs," ſhe

cried, "here's another letter for you! and you muſt read it directly, for the gentleman ſays if you don't it will be the death of him."

"Why did you receive another letter?" ſaid Eugenia, diſpleaſed.

"Dearee me, Miſs, how could I help it? if you'd ſeen the taking he was in, you'd have took it yourſelf. He was all of a quake, and ready to go down of his two knees. Dearee me, if it did not make my heart go pit-pat to ſee him! He was like to go out of his mind, he ſaid, and the tears, poor gentleman, were all in his eyes."

Eugenia now turned away, ſtrongly affected by this deſcription.

"Do, Miſs," continued Molly, "write him a little ſcrap, if its never ſo ſcratched and bad. He'll take it kinder than nothing. Do, Miſs, do. Don't be ill-natured. And juſt read this little letter, do, Miſs, do;—it won't take you much time, you reads ſo nice and faſt."

"Why,"

"Why," cried Eugenia, "did you go to him again? how could you so incautiously entrust yourself to the conduct of a strange boy?"

"A strange boy! dearee me, Miss, don't you know it was Tommy Hodd? I knows him will enough; I knows all the boys, I warrant me, round about here. Come, Miss, here's pen and ink; you'll run it off before one can count five, when you've a mind to it. He'll be in a sad taking till he sees me come back."

"Come back? is it possible you have been so imprudent as to have promised to see him again?"

"Dearee me, yes, Miss! he'd have made away with himself if I had not. He'd been there ever since six in the morning, without nothing to eat or drink, a riding up and down the road, till he could see me coming to the style. And he says he'll keep a riding there all day long, and all night too, till I goes to him."

Eugenia conceived herself now in a situation of unexampled distress. She

forced Molly Mill to leave her, that ſhe might deliberate what courſe to purſue.

Having read no novels, her imagination had never been awakened to ſcenes of this kind; and what ſhe had gathered upon ſuch ſubjects in the poetry and hiſtory ſhe had ſtudied with Dr. Orkborne, had only impreſſed her fancy in proportion as love bore the character of heroiſm, and the lover that of an hero. Though highly therefore romantic, her romance was not the common adoption of a circulating library: it was ſimply that of elevated ſentiments, formed by animated credulity playing upon youthful inexperience.

"Alas!" cried ſhe, "what a conflict is mine! I muſt refuſe a man who adores me to diſtraction, in diſregard of my unhappy defects, to caſt myſelf under the guidance of one who, perhaps, may eſtimate beauty ſo highly as to deſpiſe me for its want!"

This idea pleaded ſo powerfully for Bellamy, that ſomething like a wiſh to

open

open his letters, obtained pardon to her little maid for having brought them. She ſuppreſſed, however, the deſire, though ſhe held them alternately to her eyes, conjecturing their contents, and bewailing for their impaſſioned writer the cruel anſwer they muſt receive.

Though checked by ſhame, ſhe had ſome deſire to conſult Camilla; but ſhe could not ſee her in time, Mrs. Arlbery having inſiſted upon carrying her in the evening to a play, which was to be performed, for one night only, by a company of paſſing ſtrollers at Northwick.

"My deciſion," ſhe cried, "muſt be my own, and muſt be immediate. Ah! how leave a man ſuch as this, to wander night and day neglected and uncertain of his fate! With tears he ſent me his letters!—what muſt not have been his deſpair when ſuch was his ſenſibility? tears in a man!—tears, too, that could not be reſtrained even till his meſſenger was out of ſight!—how touching!—"

Her own then fell, in tender commiſeration, and it was with extreme repugnance ſhe compelled herſelf to take ſuch meaſures as ſhe thought her duty required. She ſealed the two letters in an empty cover, and having directed them to Mr. Bellamy, ſummoned Molly Mill, and told her to convey them to the gentleman, and poſitively acquaint him ſhe muſt receive no more, and that thoſe which were returned had never been read. She bid her, however, add, that ſhe ſhould always wiſh for his happineſs, and be grateful for his kind partiality; though ſhe earneſtly conjured him to vanquiſh a regard which ſhe did not deſerve, and muſt never return.

Molly Mill would fain have remonſtrated; but Eugenia, with that firmneſs which, even in the firſt youth, accompanies a conſciouſneſs of preferring duty to inclination, ſilenced, and ſent her off.

Relieved for herſelf, now the ſtruggle was over, ſhe ſecretly rejoiced that it was

not

not for Melmond she had so hard a part to act: and this idea, while it rendered Bellamy less an object of regret, diminished also something of her pity for his conflict, by reminding her of the success which had attended her own similar exertions.

But when Molly returned, her distress was renewed: she brought her these words, written with a pencil upon the back of her own cover:

"I do not dare, cruellest of your sex, to write you another letter; but if you would save me from the abyss of destruction, you will let me hear my final doom from your own mouth. I ask nothing more! Ah! walk but one moment in the park, near the pales; deny not your miserable adorer this last single request, and he will fly this fatal climate which has swallowed up his repose for ever! But, till then, here he will stay, and never quit the spot whence he sends you these lines, till you have deigned to pronounce verbally his

S 6 doom,

doom, though he ſhould famiſh for want of food!

ALPHONSO BELLAMY."

Eugenia read this with horrour and compaſſion. She imagined he perhaps thought her confined, and would therefore believe no anſwer that did not iſſue immediately from her own lips. She ſent Molly to him again with the ſame meſſage; but Molly returned with a yet worſe account of his deſperation, and a ſtrong aſſurance, that if ſhe would only utter to him a ſingle word, he would obey, depart, and live upon it the reſt of his life.

This completely ſoftened her. Rather than imperiouſly ſuffer ſuch a pattern of reſpectful conſtancy to periſh, ſhe conſented to ſpeak her own negative. But fearing ſhe might be moved to ſome ſympathy by his grief, ſhe reſolved to be accompanied by Camilla, and deferred, therefore, the interview till the next day.

Molly brought back his humble acknowledgments for this conceſſion, and

an

an account that, at laſt, ſlowly and ſadly, he had ridden away.

Her feelings were now better ſatisfied than her underſtanding. She feared what ſhe had granted was a favour; yet her heart was too tender to reproach a compliance made upon ſuch conditions, and to prevent ſuch evils.

CHAP. VIII.

The disastrous Buskins.

CAMILLA, though her personal sorrows were blunted by the view of the calamities and resignation of her sister, was so little disposed for amusement, that she had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, only from wanting spirit to resist its urgency. Mr. Tyrold was well pleased that such a recreation came in her way, but desired Lavinia might be of the party: not only that she might partake of the same pleasure, but from a greater security in her prudence, than in that of her naturally thoughtless sister..

The town of Etherington afforded no theatre; and the room fitted up for the night's performance could contain but two boxes, one of which was secured for Mrs. Arlbery and her friends.

The

The attentive Major was ready to offer his hand to Camilla upon her arrival. The reſt of the officers were in the box.

The play was Othello; and ſo miſerably repreſented, that Lavinia would willingly have retired after the firſt ſcene: but the native ſpirits of Camilla reviſited her in the view of the ludicrous perſonages of the drama. And they were ſoon joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel, whoſe quaint conceits and remarks aſſiſted the riſibility of the ſcene. She thought him the leaſt comprehenſible perſon ſhe had ever known; but as he was totally indifferent to her, his oddity entertained without tormenting her.

The actors were of the loweſt ſtrolling kind, and ſo utterly without merit, that they had never yet met with ſufficient encouragement to remain one week in the ſame place. They had only a ſingle ſcene for the whole performance, which depictured a camp, and which here ſerved for a ſtreet, a ſenate, a city, a caſtle, and a bed-chamber.

The dreſſes were almoſt equally parſimonious, every one being obliged to take what would fit him, from a wardrobe that did not allow quite two dreſſes a perſon for all the plays they had to enact. Othello, therefore, was equipped as king Richard the third, ſave that inſtead of a regal front he had a black wig, to imitate wool: while his face had been begrimed with a ſmoked cork.

Iago wore a ſuit of cloaths originally made for Lord Foppington: Brabantio had borrowed the armour of Hamlet's Ghoſt: Caſſio, the Lieutenant General in the chriſtian army, had only been able to equip himſelf in Oſmyn's Turkiſh veſt; and Roderigo, accoutred in the garment of Shylock, came forth a complete Jew.

Deſdemona, attired more ſuitably to her fate than to her expectations, went through the whole of her part, except the laſt ſcene, in the ſable weeds of Iſabella. And Amelia was fain to content herſelf with the habit of the firſt witch in Macbeth.

The geſtures, both of the gentlemen and ladies, were as outrageous as if meant rather to intimidate the audience, than to ſhew their own animation; and the men approached each other ſo cloſely with arms a-kimbo, or double fiſts, that Sir Sedley, with pretended alarm, ſaid they were giving challenges for a boxing match.

The ladies alſo, in the energy of their deſire not to be eclipſed, took ſo much exerciſe in their action, that they tore out the ſleeves of their gowns; which, though pinned up every time they left the ſtage, completely expoſed their ſhoulders at the end of every act; and they raiſed their arms ſo high while facing each other, that Sir Sedley expreſſed frequent fears they meant to finiſh by pulling caps.

So imperfect were they alſo in their parts, that the prompter was the only perſon from whom any ſingle ſpeech paſſed without a blunder.

Iago, who was the maſter of the troop, was the ſole performer who ſpoke not with a provincial dialect: the reſt all be-

trayed

trayed their birth and parentage the firſt line they uttered.

Caſſio proclaimed himſelf from Norfolk:

The Deuk dew greet yew, General,

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Being not at yew're lodging to be feund - - -
The ſenate ſent above tree ſeveral queſts, &c.

Othello himſelf proved a true Londoner; and with his famed ſoldier-like eloquence in the ſenate-ſcene, thus began his celebrated defence.

Moſt potent, grawe, and rewerend Seignors,
My wery noble and approwed good maſters,
That I have ta'en avay this old man's darter—
I vill a round, unwarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love: vhat drugs, vhat charms,
Vhat conjuration, and vhat mighty magic
I von his darter vith ———
Her father lov'd me, oft inwited me——
——— My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a vorld of ſighs,
She ſvore in faith 'tvas ſtrange, 'tvas paſſingſtrange,
'Tvas pitiful, 't'vas vondrous pitiful;
She viſh'd ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe viſh'd
That Heawen had made her ſuch a man.——
This only is the vitchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her vitneſs it.

This

This happily making the gentle Desdemona recognised, notwithstanding her appearance was so little bridal, her Somersetshire father cried:

> I preay you hear 'ur zpeak.
> If a confez that a waz half the woer
> Deztruction on my head, if my bead bleame
> Light o' the mon!

His daughter, in the Worcestershire pronunciation, answered:

> Noble father,
> Hi do perceive ere a divided duty;
> To you hi howe my life hand heducation,
> My life hand heducation both do teach me
> Ow to respect you. You're the lord hof duty;
> Hi'm itherto your daughter: but ere's my usband!——.

The fond Othello then exclaimed:

> Your woices, lords! beseech you let her vill
> Have a free vay!——

And Brabantio took leave with

> Look to'ur, Moor! if th' azt eyez to zee;
> A haz deceiv'd 'ur veather, and may thee.—

They were detained so long between the first and second act, that Sir Sedley said he feared poor Desdemona had lost

the

the thread-paper from which ſhe was to mend her gown, and recommended to the two young ladies to have the charity to go and aſſiſt her. "Conſider," he ſaid, "the trepidation of a fair bride but juſt entered into her ſhackles. Who knows but Othello may be giving her a ſtrapping, in private, for wearing out her cloaths ſo faſt! you young ladies think nothing of theſe little conjugal freedoms."

Mrs. Arlbery, though for ſome time ſhe had been as well diverted by the play as Camilla, leſs new to ſuch exhibitions, was ſoon tired of the ſameneſs of the blunders, and, at the end of the fourth act, propoſed retiring. But Camilla, who had long not felt ſo much entertained, looked ſo diſappointed, that her good humour overcame her fatigue, and ſhe was inſiſting upon ſtaying; when a gentleman, who viſited them from the oppoſite box, propoſed that the young ladies ſhould be carried home by his mother, a lady who lived at Etherington, and was acquainted at the rectory, and

who

who intended to ſtay out not only the play but the farce. Lavinia conſented; the ſon went with the propoſition, and the buſineſs was ſoon arranged. Mrs. Arlbery, who had three miles to go beyond the parſonage-houſe, and who, though ſhe delighted to oblige, was but little in the habit of practiſing ſelf-denial, then conſigned the young ladies to General Kinſale, to be conducted to the oppoſite box, and was handed by Colonel Andover to her coach.

The General guarded the eldeſt ſiſter; the Major took care of Camilla: but they were all ſtopt in their paſſage by the ſudden ſeizure of a pickpocket, and forced haſtily back to the box they had quitted.

This commotion, though it had diſturbed all the audience, had not ſtopt the performance; and Deſdemona being juſt now diſcovered in bed, Camilla, not to loſe the intereſting ſcene, perſuaded her ſiſter to wait till the play was over, before they attempted again to croſs to the oppoſite box; into which, in a few

minutes after, ſhe ſaw Mandlebert enter.

They had both already ſeated themſelves as much out of ſight as poſſible; and Camilla now began to regret ſhe had not accompanied Mrs. Arlbery. She had thought only of the play and its entertainment, till the ſight of Mandlebert told her that her ſituation was improper; and the idea only occured to her by conſidering that it would occur to him.

Mandlebert had dined out with a party of men, and had ſtept in to ſee what was going forwards, without any knowledge whom he ſhould meet: he inſtantly diſcerned Lavinia, and felt anxious to know why Camilla was not with her, and why ſhe ſat ſo much out of ſight: but Camilla ſo completely hid herſelf, he could only ſee there was a female, whom he concluded to be ſome Etherington lady; and he determined to make further enquiry when the act ſhould be over.

The

The performance now became ſo truly ludicrous, that Camilla, notwithſtanding all her uneaſineſs, was excited to almoſt perpetual laughter.

Deſdemona, either from the effect of a bad cold, or to give more of nature to her repoſe, breathed ſo hard, as to raiſe a general laugh in the audience; Sir Sedley, ſtopping his ears, exclaimed, "O! if ſhe ſnores I ſhall plead for her no more, if ſhe tear her gown to tatters! Suffocation is much too lenient for her. She's an immenſe horrid perſonage! naſal to alarm!"

Othello then entered, with a tallow candle in his hand, flaring and dropping greaſe at every ſtep; and, having juſt declared he would not

Scar that vhiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,

perceived a thief in the candle, which made it run down ſo faſt over his hand, and the ſleeve of his coat, that, the moment not being yet arrived for extinguiſhing it, he was forced to lay down his ſword,

and, for want of better means, ſnuff it with his fingers.

Sir Sedley now proteſted himſelf completely diſordered: "I muſt be gone," cried he, "incontinently; this exceeds reſiſtance: I ſhan't be alive in another minute. Are you able to form a notion of any thing more annihilating? If I did not build upon the pleaſure of ſeeing him ſtop up thoſe diſtreſſing noſtrils of the gentle Deſdemona, I could not breathe here another inſtant."

But juſt after, while Othello leant over the bed to ſay—

"Vhen I've pluck'd the roſe
I cannot give it wital growth again,
It needs muſt vither"—

his black locks caught fire.

The candle now fell from his hand, and he attempted to pull off his wig; but it had been tied cloſe on, to appear more natural, and his fright diſabled him; he therefore flung himſelf upon the bed, and rolled the coverlid over his head.

Deſdemona,

Desdemona, excessively frightened, started up, and jumped out, shrieking aloud—" O, Lord! I shall be burnt!"

This noble Venetian Dame then exhibited, beneath an old white satin bed-gown, made to cover her arms and breast, the dress in which she had equipped herself, between the acts, to be ready for trampling home; namely, a dirty red and white linen gown, an old blue stuff quilted coat, and black shoes and stockings.

In this pitiable condition, she was running, screaming, off the stage, when Othello, having quenched the fire, unconscious that half his curls had fallen a sacrifice to the flames, hastily pursued her, and, in a violent passion, called her a fool, and brought her back to the bed; in which he assisted her to compose herself, and then went behind the scenes to light his candle; which having done, he gravely returned, and, very carefully putting it down, renewed his part with the line.

"Be thus vhen thou art dead, and I vill kill thee
And love thee after—"

 Amidst

Amidst roars of laughter from the whole audience, who, when he kissed her, almost with one voice called out—"Ay ay, that's right—kiss and friends!"

And when he said—

"I must veep"---

"So must I too, my good friend," cried Sir Sedley, wiping his eyes, "for never yet did sorrow cost me more salt rheum! Poor Blacky! thou hast been most indissolubly comic, I confess. Thou hast unstrung me to a degree. A baby of half an hour might demolish me."

And again, when Othello exclaimed—

"She vakes!"

"The deuce she does?" cried Sir Sedley, "what! has she been asleep again already? She's a very caricatura of Morpheus. Ay, do thy worst, honest Mungo. I can't possibly beg her off. I would sooner snift thy farthing candle once a day, than sustain that nasal cadence ever more."

"He's the finest fellow upon the face of the earth," cried Mr. Macdersey, who had

had liſtened to the whole play with the moſt ſerious intereſt; "the inſtant he ſuſpects his wife, he cuts her off without ceremony; though ſhe's dearer to him than his eye ſight, and beautiful as an angel. How I envy him!"

"Don't you think 'twould have been as well," ſaid General Kinſale, "if he'd firſt made ſome little enquiry?"

"He can do that afterwards, General; and then nobody will dare ſurmiſe it's out of weakneſs. For to be ſure and certain, he ought to right her fame; that's no more than his duty, after once he has ſatisfied his own. But a man's honour is deareſt to him of all things. A wife's a bauble to it—not worth a thought."

The ſuffocating was now beginning; but juſt as Deſdemona begged to be ſpared—

"But alf han our"—

the door-keeper forced his way into the the pit, and called out—"Pray, is one Miſs Tyrold here in the play-houſe?"

The ſiſters, in much amazement hung back, entreating the Gentlemen to ſcreen them; and the man, receiving no anſwer, went away.

While wondering what this could mean, the play was finiſhed, when one of the comedians, a brother of the Worceſterſhire Deſdemona, came to the pit door, calling out—"Hi'm deſired to haſk hif Miſs Camilla Tyrold's hany way ere hin the ouſe, for hi'm hordered to call er hout, for her Huncle's hill and dying."

A piercing ſhriek from Camilla now completed the interruption of all attention to the performance, and betrayed her hiding place. Concealment, indeed, was baniſhed her thoughts, and ſhe would herſelf have opened the box door to ruſh out, had not the Major anticipated her, ſeizing, at the ſame time, her hand to conduct her through the crowd.

CHAP. IX.

Three Golden Maxims.

LAVINIA, almoſt equally terrified, followed her ſiſter; and Sir Sedley, burying all foppery in compaſſion and good nature, was foremoſt to accompany and aſſiſt. Camilla had no thought but to get inſtantly to Cleves; ſhe conſidered not how; ſhe only forced herſelf rapidly on, perſuaded ſhe could walk it in ten minutes, and ejaculating inceſſantly, "My Uncle!—my dear Uncle!"—

They almoſt inſtantly encountred Edgar, who, upon the fatal call, had darted round to meet them, and finding each provided with an attendant, inquired whoſe carriage he ſhould ſeek?

Camilla, in a broken voice, anſwered ſhe had no carriage, and ſhould walk.

"Walk?" he repeated; "you are near five miles from Cleves!"

Scarce in her ſenſes, ſhe hurried on without reply.

"What carriage did you come in, Miſs Tyrold?" ſaid Edgar to Lavinia.

"We came with Mrs. Arlbery."

"Mrs. Arlbery?—ſhe has been gone this half hour; I met her as I entered."

Camilla had now ruſhed out of doors, ſtill handed by the Major.

"If you have no carriage in waiting," ſaid Edgar, "make uſe, I beſeech, you, of mine!"

"O, gladly! O, thankfully!" cried Camilla, almoſt ſobbing out her words.

He flew then to call for his chaiſe, and the door keeper, for whom Sir Sedley had inquired, came to them, accompanied by Jacob.

"O, Jacob!" ſhe cried, breaking violently from the Major, "tell me!—tell me!—my Uncle!—my deareſt Uncle!"

Jacob, in a tone of deep and unfeigned ſorrow, ſaid, his Maſter had been ſeized ſuddenly with the gout in his ſtomach, and that the doctor, who had been in-

ſtantly

ſtantly fetched, had owned there was little hope.

She could hear no more; the ſhock overpowered her; and ſhe ſunk nearly ſenſeleſs into the arms of her ſiſter.

She was recovered, however, almoſt in a minute, and carried by Edgar into his chaiſe, in which he placed her between himſelf and the weeping Lavinia; haſtily telling the two gentlemen, that his intimate connection with the family authorized his aſſiſting and attending them at ſuch a period.

This was too well known to be diſputed; and Sir Sedley and the Major, with great concern, uttered their good wiſhes and retreated.

Jacob had already been for Mr. Tyrold, who had ſet off inſtantaneouſly on horſeback.

Camilla ſpoke not a word the firſt mile, which was ſpent in an hyſteric ſobbing: but, recovering a little afterwards, and ſinking on the ſhoulder of her ſiſter,

"O, Lavinia!" ſhe cried, "ſhould we loſe my Uncle——"

A ſhower of tears wetted the neck of Lavinia, who mingled with them her own, though leſs violently, from having leſs connection with Sir Hugh, and a ſenſibility leſs ungovernable.

She called herſelf upon the poſtillion to drive faſter, and preſſed Edgar continually to hurry him; but though he gave every charge ſhe could deſire, ſo much ſwifter were her wiſhes than any poſſible ſpeed, that twenty times ſhe entreated to get out, believing ſhe could walk quicker than the horſes galloped.

When they arrived at the park gate, ſhe was with difficulty held back from opening the chaiſe door; and when, at length, they ſtopt at the houſe porch, ſhe could not wait for the ſtep, and before Edgar could either precede or prevent her, threw herſelf into the arms of Jacob, who, having juſt diſmounted, was fortunately at hand to ſave her from falling.

She

She ſtopt not to aſk any queſtion; "My Uncle!—my Uncle!" ſhe cried, impetuouſly, and, ruſhing paſt all ſhe met, was in his room in a moment.

Edgar, though he could not obſtruct, followed her cloſe, dreading leſt Sir Hugh might already be no more, and determined, in that caſe, to force her from the fatal ſpot.

Eugenia, who heard her footſtep, received her at the door, but took her immediately from the room, ſoftly whiſpering, while her arms were thrown round her waiſt—"He will live! he will live, my ſiſter! his agonies are over—he is fallen aſleep, and he will live!"

This was too ſudden a joy for the deſponding Camilla, whoſe breath inſtantly ſtopt, and who muſt have fallen upon the floor, had ſhe not been caught by Edgar; who, though his own eyes copiouſly overflowed with delight, at ſuch unexpected good news of the univerſally beloved Baronet, had ſtrength and exertion ſufficient to carry her down ſtairs

 into

into the parlour, accompanied by Eugenia.

There, hartshorn and water prefently revived her, and then, regardlefs of the prefence of Edgar, fhe caft herfelf upon her knees, to utter a fervent thankfgiving, in which Eugenia, with equal piety, though more compofure, joined.

Edgar had never yet beheld her in a light fo refplendent—What a heart, thought he, is here! what feelings, what tendernefs, what animation!—O, what a heart!—were it poffible to touch it!"

The two fifters went both gently up ftairs, encouraging and congratulating each other in foft whifpers, and ftationed themfelves in an anti-room: Mr. Tyrold, by medical counfel, giving directions that no one but himfelf fhould enter the fick chamber.

Edgar, though he only faw the domeftics, could not perfuade himfelf to leave the houfe till near two o'clock in the morning: and by fix, his anxiety brought him thither again. He then heard, that

the

the Baronet had passed a night of more pain than danger, the gout having been expelled his stomach, though it had been threatening almost every other part.

Three days and nights passed in this manner; during which, Edgar saw so much of the tender affections, and softer character of Camilla, that nothing could have with-held him from manifesting his entire sympathy in her feelings, but the unaccountable circumstance of her starting forth from a back seat at the play, where she had sat concealed, attended by the Major, and without any matron protectress.

Miss Margland, meanwhile, scowled at him, and Indiana pouted in vain. His earnest solicitude for Sir Hugh surmounted every such obstacle to his present visits at Cleves; and he spent there almost the whole of his time.

On the fourth day of the attack, Sir Hugh had a sleep of five hours continuance, from which he awoke so much revived, that he raised himself in his bed,

and

and called out—"My dear Brother! you are ſtill here?—you are very good to me, indeed; poor ſinner that I am! to forgive me for all my bad behaviour to your Children."

"My deareſt Brother! my Children, like myſelf, owe you nothing but kindneſs and beneficence; and, like myſelf, feel for you nothing but gratitude and tenderneſs."

"They are very good, very good indeed," ſaid Sir Hugh, with a deep ſigh; "but Eugenia!—poor little Eugenia has nearly been the death of me; though not meaning it in the leaſt, being all her life as innocent as a lamb."

Mr. Tyrold aſſured him, that Eugenia was attached to him with the moſt unalterable fondneſs. But Sir Hugh ſaid, that the ſight of her, returning from Etherington, with nearly the ſame ſadneſs as ever, had wounded him to the heart, by ſhewing him ſhe would never recover; which had brought back upon him all his firſt contrition, about the ſmall-

pox,

pox, and the fall from the plank, and had caused his conscience to give him so many twitches, that it never let him rest a moment, till the gout seized upon his stomach, and almost took him off at once.

Mr. Tyrold attributed solely to his own strong imagination the idea of the continuance of the dejection of Eugenia, as she had left Etherington calm, and almost chearful. He instantly, therefore, fetched her, intimating the species of consolation she could afford.

"Kindest of Uncles!" cried she, "is it possible you can ever, for a moment, have doubted the grateful affection with which your goodness has impressed me from my childhood? Do me more justice, I beseech you, my dearest Uncle! recover from this terrible attack, and you shall soon see your Eugenia restored to all the happiness you can wish her."

"Nobody has got such kind nieces as me!" cried Sir Hugh, again dissolving into tenderness; "for all nobody has deserved so ill of them. My generous little

little Camilla, forgave me from the very first, before her young soul had any guile in it, which, God knows, it never has had to this hour, no more than your own. However, this I can tell you, which may serve to keep you from repenting being good, and that is, that your kindness to your poor Uncle may be the means of saving a christian's life; which, for a young person at your age, is as much as can be expected: for I think, I may yet get about again, if I could once be assured I should see you as happy as you used to be; and you've been the contentedest little thing, till those unlucky market-women, that ever was seen: always speaking up for the servants, and the poor, from the time you were eight years old. And never letting me be angry, but taking every body's part, and thinking them all as good as yourself, and only wanting to make them as happy."

"Ah, my dear Uncle! how kind a memory is your's! retaining only what can give pleasure, and burying in oblivion whatever might cause pain!—"

"Is

"Is my Uncle well enough to ſpeak?" cried Camilla, ſoftly opening the door, "and may I—for one ſingle moment,—ſee him?"- - - -

"That's the voice of my dear Camilla!" ſaid Sir Hugh; "come in, my little love, for I ſha'n't ſhock your tender heart now, for I'm going to get better."

Camilla, in an extacy, was inſtantly at his bed-ſide, paſſionately exclaiming, "My dear, dear Uncle! will you indeed recover?—"

Sir Hugh, throwing his feeble arms round her neck, and leaning his head upon her ſhoulder, could only faintly articulate, "If God pleaſes, I ſhall, my little darling, my heart's delight and joy! But don't vex, whether I do or not, for it is but in the courſe of nature for a man to die, even in his youth; but how much more when he comes to be old? Though I know you can't help miſſing me, in particular at the the firſt, becauſe of all your goodneſs to me.

"Miſſing you? O my Uncle! we can never be happy again without you! never

never!—when your loved countenance no longer ſmiles upon us,—when your kind voice no longer aſſembles us around you!- - - -"

"My dear child—my own little Camilla," cried Sir Hugh, in a faint voice, "I am ready to die!"

Mr. Tyrold here forced her away, and his brother grew ſo much worſe, that a dangerous relapſe took place, and for three days more, the phyſician, the nurſe, and Mr. Tyrold, were alone allowed to enter his room.

During this time, the whole family ſuffered the trueſt grief, and Camilla was inconſolable.

When again he began to revive, he called Mr. Tyrold to him, and ſaid that this ſecond ſhake perſuaded him he had but a ſhort time more for this world; and begged therefore he would prepare him for his exit.

Mr. Tyrold complied, and found, with more happineſs than ſurpriſe, his perfect and chearful reſignation either to live or to die, rejoicing as much as himſelf, in

the

the innocent benevolence of his paſt days.

Compoſed and ſtrengthened by religious duties, he then deſired to ſee Eugenia and Indiana, that he might give them his laſt exhortations and counſel, in caſe of a ſpeedy end.

Mr. Tyrold would fain have ſpared him this touching exertion, but he declared he could not go off with a clear conſcience, unleſs he told them the advice which he had been thinking of for them, between whiles, during all his illneſs.

Mr. Tyrold then feared that oppoſition might but diſcompoſe him, and ſummoned his youngeſt daughter and his niece, charging them both to repreſs their affliction, leſt it ſhould accelerate what they moſt dreaded.

Camilla, always upon the watch, glided in with them, ſupplicating her Father not to deny her admittance; though fearful of her impetuous ſorrows, he wiſhed her to retreat; but Sir Hugh no ſooner heard her murmuring voice, than he declared he would have her refuſed nothing, though

he

he had meant to take a particular leave of her alone, for the laſt thing of all.

Gratefully thanking him, ſhe advanced trembling to his bed-ſide; ſolemnly promiſing her Father that no expreſſion of her grief ſhould again riſk agitating a life and health ſo precious.

Sir Hugh then deſired to have Lavinia called alſo, becauſe, though he had thought of nothing to ſay to her, ſhe might be hurt, after he was gone, in being left out.

He was then raiſed by pillows and ſat upright, and they knelt round his bed. Mr. Tyrold entreated him to be conciſe, and inſiſted upon the extremeſt forbearance and fortitude in his little audience. He ſeated himſelf at ſome diſtance, and Sir Hugh, after ſwallowing a cordial medicine, began:

" My dear Nieces, I have ſent for you all upon a particular account, which I beg you to liſten to, becauſe, God only knows whether I may ever be able to give you ſo much advice again. I ſee you all look very melancholy, which I take very kind of you. However don't cry, my

little

little dears, for we muſt all go off, ſo it matters but little the day or the hour; dying being, beſides, the greateſt comfort of us all, taking us off from our cares; as my Brother will explain to you better than me.

"The chief of what I have got to ſay, in regard to what I have been ſtudying in my illneſs, is for you two, my dear Eugenia and Indiana; becauſe, having brought you both up, I can't get it out of my head what you'll do, when I am no longer here to keep you out of the danger of bad deſigners.

"My hope had been to have ſeen you both married while I was alive and amongſt you, and I made as many plans as my poor head knew how, to bring it about; but we've all been diſappointed alike, for which reaſon we muſt put up with it properly.

"What I have now laſt of all, to ſay to you, my little dears, is three maxims, which may ſerve for you all four alike, though I thought of them, at firſt, only for you two.

"In the firſt place, *Never be proud:* if you are, your ſuperiors will laugh at you, your

your equals won't love you, and your dependents will hate you. And what is there for poor mortal man to be proud of? — Riches? --- why they are but a charge, and if we don't uſe them well, we may envy the poor beggar that has ſo much leſs to anſwer for.—Beauty? --- why, we can neither get it when we have n't it; nor keep it when we have it.— Power! --- why we ſcarce ever uſe it one way, but what we are ſorry we did not uſe it another!

" In the ſecond place, *Never truſt a Flatterer.* If a man makes you a great many compliments, always ſuſpect him of ſome bad deſign, and never believe him your friend, till he tells you of ſome of your faults. Poor little things! you little imagine how many you have, for all you're ſo good!

" In the third place, *Do no harm to others, for the ſake of any good it may do to yourſelves;* becauſe the good will laſt you but a little while; and the repentance will ſtick by you as long as you live; and what is worſe, a great while longer, and beyond

any

any count the beſt Almanack-maker knows how to reckon.

"And now, my dear Nieces, this is all; except the recommending to my dear Eugenia to be kind to my poor ſervants, who have all uſed me ſo well, knowing I have nothing to leave them."

Eugenia, ſuppreſſing her ſobs, promiſed to retain them all, as long as they ſhould deſire to remain with her, and to provide for them afterwards.

"I know you'll forget nobody, my dear little girl," cried the Baronet, "which makes me die contented; not even Mrs. Margland, a little particularity not being to be conſidered at one's laſt end: and much leſs Dr. Orkborne, who has ſo much a better right from you. As to Indiana, ſhe'll have her own little fortune when ſhe comes of age; and I dare ſay her pretty face will marry her before long. —And as to Clermont, he'll come off rather ſhort, finding I leave him nothing; but you'll make up for the deficiency, by giving him the whole, as well as a good wife. As to Lionel, I leave him

my bleſſing; and as to any other legacy I never happened to promiſe him any; which is very good luck for me, as well as my beſt excuſe; and I may ſay the ſame to my dear Lavinia, which is the reaſon I called her in, becauſe ſhe may not often have an opportunity to hear a man ſpeak upon his death-bed. However all I wiſh for is, that I could leave you all equal ſhares, as well as give Eugenia the whole."

"O my dear Uncle!" exclaimed Eugenia, "make a new Will immediately! do every thing your tenderneſs can dictate!—or tell me what I ſhall do in your name, and every word, every wiſh ſhall be ſacredly obeyed!"

"Dear, generous, noble girl! no! I won't take from you a ſhilling! keep it all—nobody will ſpend it ſo well;—and I can't give you back your beauty; ſo keep it, my dear, all, for my oath's ſake, when I am gone; and don't make me die under a prevaricating; which would be but a grievous thing for a perſon to do; unleſs he was but a bad believer: which,

 God

God help us! there are enough, without my helping to make more."

Mr. Tyrold now again remonſtrated, motioning to the weeping group to be gone.

"Ah! my dear Brother!" ſaid Sir Hugh, "you are the only right perſon that ought to have had it all, if it had not been for my poor weak brain, that made me always be looking aſkew, inſtead of ſtrait forward. And indeed I always meant you to have had it for your life, till the ſmall pox put all things out of my head. However, I hope you won't object to preach my funeral ſermon, for all my bad faults; for nobody elſe will ſpeak of me ſo kindly; which may ſerve as a better leſſon for thoſe I leave behind."

Tears flowed faſt down the cheeks of Mr. Tyrold, as he uttered whatever he could ſuggeſt moſt tenderly ſoothing to his Brother: and the young mourners, not daring to reſiſt, were all gliding away, except Camilla, whoſe hand was faſt graſped in that of her Uncle.

"Ah,

"Ah, my Camilla," cried he, as ſhe would gently have withdrawn it, "how ſhall I part with my little dear darling? this is the worſt twitch to me of all, with all my contentedneſs! And the more becauſe I know you love your poor old Uncle, juſt as well as if he had left you all he was worth; though you wont't get one penny by his death!"

"O my dear, deareſt Uncle—" exclaimed Camilla, in a paſſionate flood of tears; when Mr. Tyrold, aſſuring them both the conſequences might be fatal, tore her away from the bed and the room.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.